



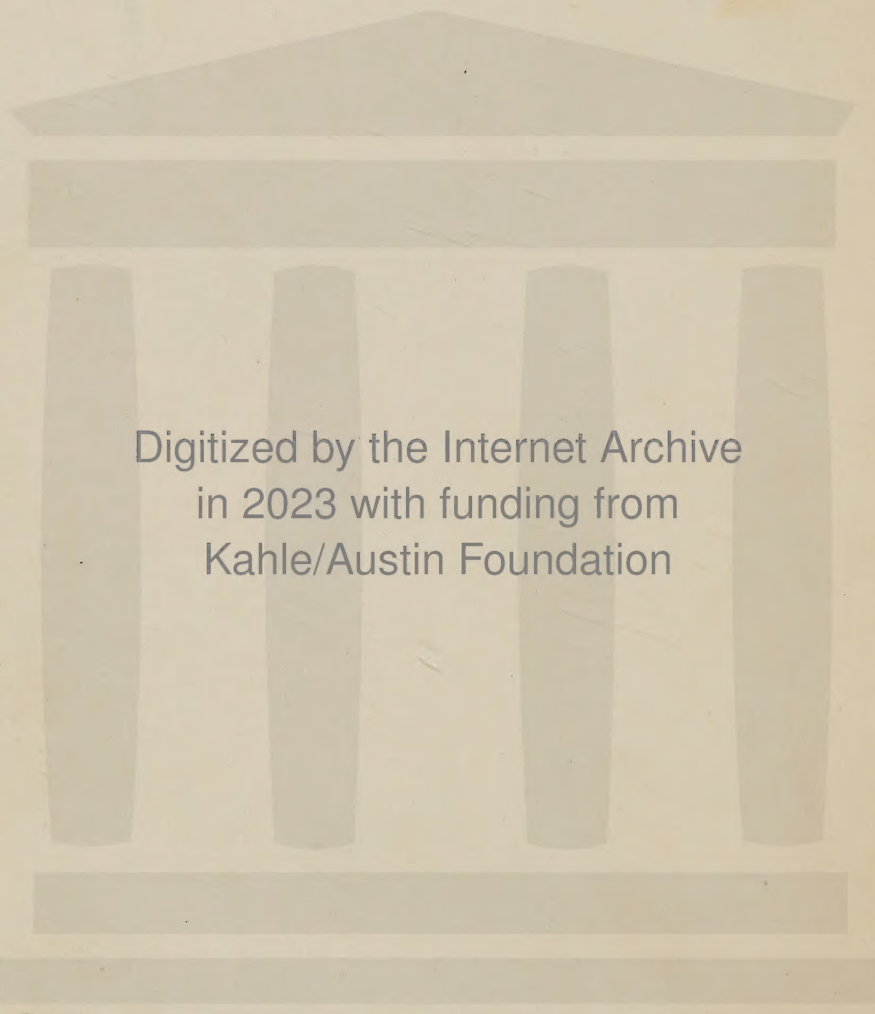
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WINDING WESTWARD





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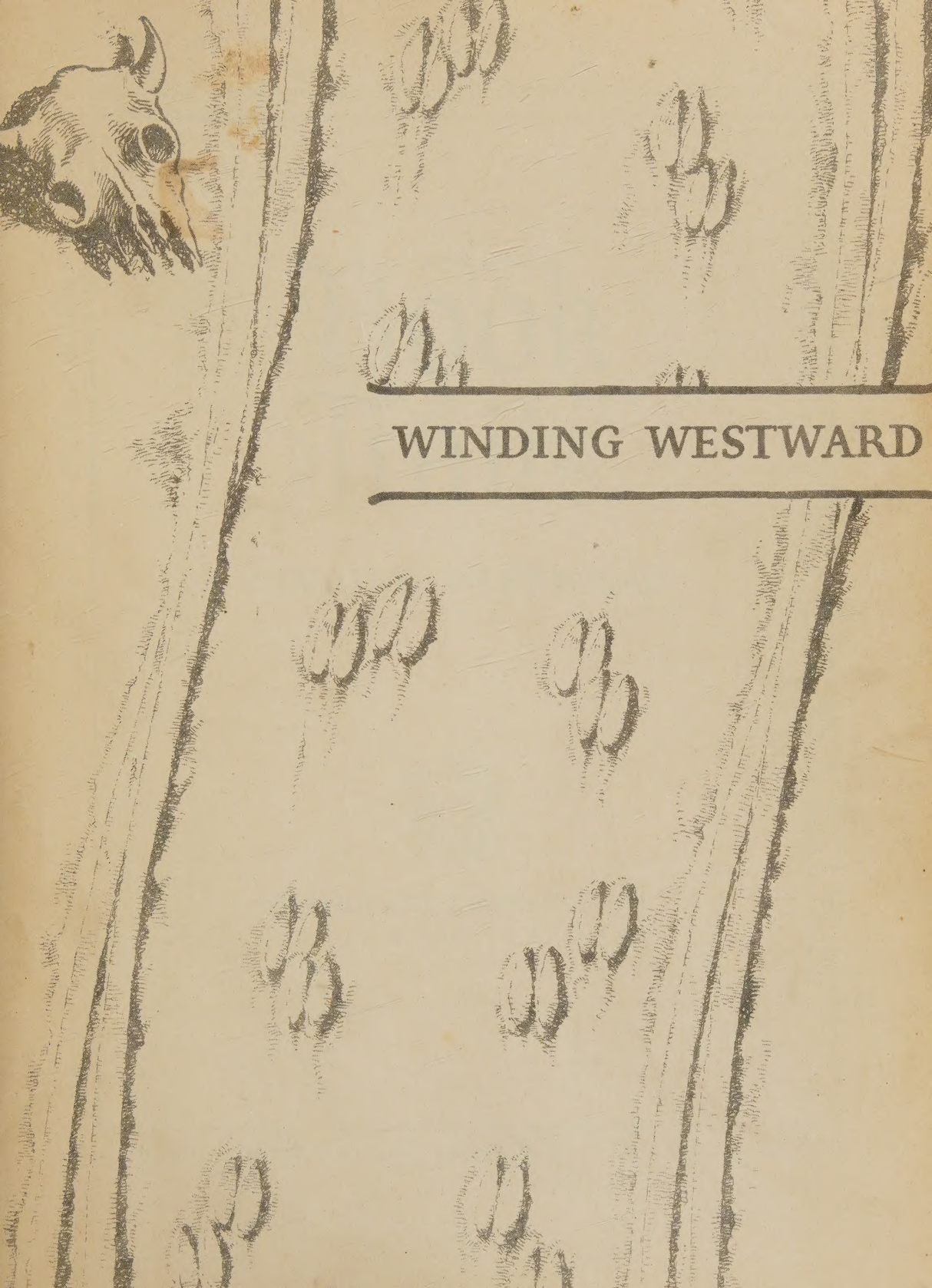


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WINDING WESTWARD




Book Trails

WINDING WESTWARD



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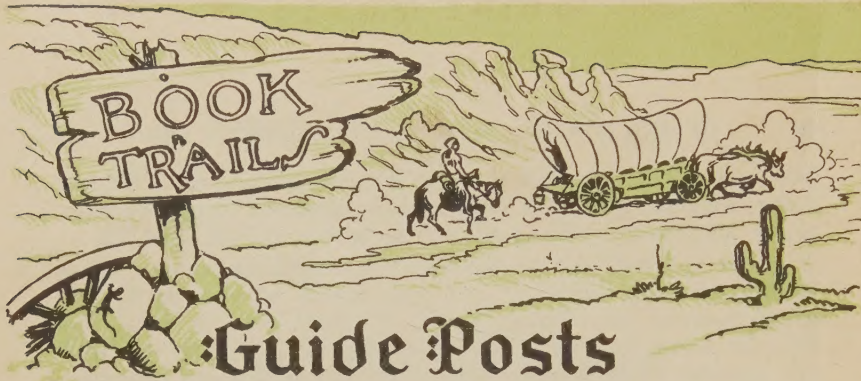
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The publishers and editors wish to express their thanks to the publishing houses and authors whose copyrighted stories and poems have been reprinted with their permission, as acknowledged on the pages where they appear.





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“AMERICA FOR ME”

'TIS fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

*So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.*

HENRY VAN DYKE

From *The Poems of Henry van Dyke*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



HOW LEIF THE LUCKY FOUND A NEW LAND

IN ANCIENT sagas the tale is told in this wise: Eric the Red set sail from Norway, being driven thence as result of a fatal quarrel, and made his way to Iceland. After a few years, for much the same reason, he again sailed westward¹ and this time he discovered a new country that he called Greenland. Now this new land had but a narrow strip of habitable coast, with a great, high table-land of snow and ice covering the territory that lay inland, but Eric gave the name Greenland to the new country in the hope that other settlers might be attracted thereby.

Eric was married to Thorhild, and their sons were Thorvald, Thorstein, and Leif. Eric's daughter was called Freydis. Leif was a sailor and had sailed to Norway sixteen years after his father had settled in Greenland. He went by way of the Hebrides, without going by Iceland, which was the usual route, so that men accounted him a great sailor.

When he reached Norway he betook himself to the court of King Olaf Tryggvason, where he was held in great esteem. The king at times had speech with Leif and expounded the Christian faith to him as he did to other heathen men who came to visit him. It proved easy for the king to convert Leif, and he was accordingly baptized, together with all his shipmates. All winter Leif remained at the king's court but as spring came on King Olaf one day asked him whether he planned sailing to Greenland again when summer came.

"It is my purpose," said Leif, "if it be thy will."

From translations of the *Flat Island (Flatey) Book*, written about 1370-80, and from *The Saga of Eric the Red*.

¹This was in 986 A.D.

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"I believe it will be well," answered the king, "and thou shalt go upon my errand, to proclaim Christianity there."

Leif replied that it should be as the king desired, though he feared it would be difficult to make such a mission successful in Greenland, where men still worshiped the ancient Norse gods. But the king heartened him, saying, "No man is better fitted for such a mission, and in thy hands it must surely prosper."

"That can only be if I enjoy the grace of thy protection," Leif modestly made reply.

Soon he made ready his long boat and manned it with the men who had gone with him to Norway, and with others who were hardy sailors. Then when summer came to the land, he made sail for Greenland.

Now while the ancient tales agree in many points, it is here that there are two ways of telling the tale: Some say that Leif reached Greenland and met Bjarni Herjulfson, and others say that he missed Greenland and went on beyond and thus reached strange lands. But it would seem most likely that Leif, who was a good sailor, made his port and at his father's house heard the tale of Bjarni.

This Bjarni was also a sailor, and one year when he came to spend the winter in his father's house in Iceland he found that his father had removed thence to Greenland, along with Eric the Red. So Bjarni again set sail, though neither he nor any of his men had been in that country, nor were they sure of the route. After a time they saw land, but it was flat and wooded, so that Bjarni knew it could not be Greenland of which men had told him. Farther on they again sighted wooded country, and here his sailors would have landed for wood and water and have explored this country. But Bjarni, who might well have been nicknamed "the incurious," was intent upon reaching his father's house and would in nowise permit a landing. So his prow was turned seaward again and in little time the land was in sight of Greenland's forbidding ice fields.

After a time Leif landed at Eric's firth and went home to his father's



house at Brattahlid where he was well received by everyone. He proclaimed Christianity throughout the land and give King Olaf Tryggvason's message to the people, telling them how much excellence and how great the glory that accompanied this faith. Many accepted the new religion, among them Thorhild, Eric's wife; but Eric himself was slow to forsake the gods of his fathers. Yet he permitted his wife to erect a church at some distance from their house, where she and the many others who had accepted Christianity were wont to offer their prayers.

About this time Bjarni came on a visit to the home of Eric the Red, and there told of the lands he had seen when he was driven westward off his course to Greenland. The people thought he had been lacking in enterprise not to explore these lands, but Leif was glad when he heard the tales, for he thought, "Now will I sail thither and explore these lands

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and see what manner of country there may be to the westward.”

Soon Leif went to Bjarni and bought from him a ship, after which he collected a crew of thirty-five men. Leif asked his father to become leader of the expedition, but Eric shook his head.

“I am old, my son, and the years lie heavily upon me. Look, now, I have found Greenland. It is thy task to discover new lands.”

But upon Leif’s urging, Eric finally consented to go along and they set out for the shore. When but a short distance from the ship, the horse which Eric rode stumbled, and Eric was thrown, injuring his foot, so that he could not be persuaded to continue. He therefore returned to his home at Brattahlid, and Leif sailed away with his companions.

They had not sailed many days before they came in sight of land, and they cast anchor, and went ashore, but they found only great flat rocks and no grass there. They named this place Helluland, because of the flat rocks, and returned to the ship and put out to sea. Soon they sighted a second land, which they also visited, and there they found a level wooded country, with broad stretches of white sand. The land was level by the sea, and this they called Markland. Then they sailed away with northeast winds until they came to an island. Again they went ashore and looked about them, and when they touched the dew upon the grass and then put their hands to their mouths, it seemed that they had never before tasted anything so sweet.

Once more they set sail and soon entered a sound which lay between an island and a cape, and as at ebb-tide there were broad reaches of shallow water, they ran their ship aground there. So anxious were they to go ashore that they could not wait until the tide should float their ship, so they climbed overboard and hastened to the land¹. They found a river that flowed out from a lake and when the tide rose they sailed their ship up the river and made anchor in the lake. The men carried their hammocks ashore and built booths beneath the trees.

After they had looked about the country, Leif decided to build a

¹This was in 1002.

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large house and establish a home for the winter, for the men found plenty of salmon in the river and lake, larger than any they had ever seen. The days and nights were more nearly equal than in Greenland or Iceland, and Leif noticed that there was little frost, so saw there would be no need for fodder in the winter if later on men should bring herds to this land.

Leif divided his men into two groups, and they went out on alternate days to explore the country, so that there was always one group afield and another at the house. Leif insisted that the men return by nightfall, and he himself often joined the exploring party. One night when the men came home, it was discovered that there was missing a German, named Tyrker, who had been with Leif and his father for many years and was devoted to Leif when he was a child. At once Leif set forth with twelve of his men; he had gone but a short distance on his search when he saw Tyrker coming towards him. Tyrker was greatly excited and spoke vehemently in German, which none of the party could understand; but after a time he grew calmer and again spoke in the Norse tongue.

"I did not go much farther than the rest of you," he said, excitedly, "yet I have something wonderful to relate. I have found vines and grapes!"

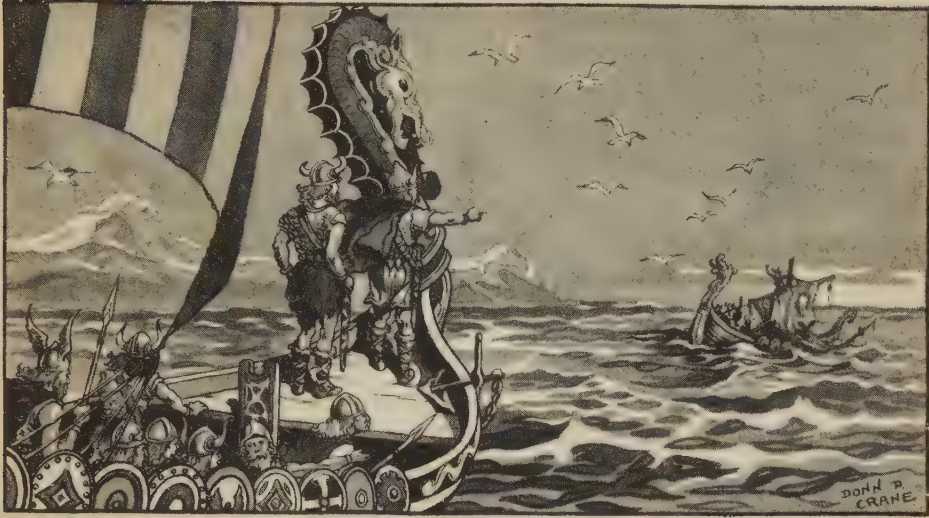
The Norsemen had heard of grapes but never had they seen them or beheld them grow, so this was indeed great news. Some even questioned whether it could be true, but Tyrker answered that he came from a land where there was lack of neither grapes nor vines.

It being late and night approaching, the men went no farther at that time but returned to their house. Early the following morning they set forth, led by the German, until they came to where the grapes grew.

"Each day," Leif directed, "we will gather grapes, cut vines, or fell trees, so as to make a cargo for our ship."

This they did until their after-boat was filled with grapes. When a full cargo of vines and wood was cut—for little wood grew upon Green-

Winding Westward



land, so that lumber was a valuable cargo—they sailed away, and Leif named the land Wineland, because of the grapes they had found there.¹

They sailed out to sea and had fair weather until Greenland was sighted once more. Then one of the men said to Leif, “Why do you head the ship so much into the wind?”

“There is something there ahead,” answered Leif, “though as yet I cannot tell whether it is a ship or not.”

Some little time passed before the men with him also could see the object. It was a skerry and there were upon it fifteen men who had been wrecked. Leif sent a boat to find whether the men were friends or foes, and the leader answered their questions, saying he was Thori, a Norseman. When he found that the leader of the men in the rescuing ship was Leif of Brattahlid, he gladly accepted the offer to have himself, his crew, and such of his possessions as could be salvaged, taken onto Leif’s boat. So they sailed away to Ericsfirth, and after a time came to Brattahlid. There Leif invited Thori and Gudrid, his wife, together with three others, to spend the winter with him, and he found winter

¹ The opinions of various authorities would seem to indicate that the Norse landings were made at different points from Labrador to Cape Cod and possibly farther south.

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quarters for all the men of both his own crew and that of Thori. Fifteen persons had Leif rescued from the skerry, and besides had gained great wealth because of his large share of the salvaged goods from the wreck, so that men began to call him Leif the Lucky, since he had goodly store of both property and honor.

There was now much talk about Leif's Wineland journey, and soon Leif's brother Thorvald wished to further explore that land. Leif gave him his ship, and Thorvald sailed away and reached Leif's booths in Wineland. He and his thirty men spent the winter in that place and in the spring they went exploring and found wooded lands, sandy beaches, and in the streams they caught much fish. At one place they were driven ashore and damaged the keel of their ship so that place they named Keelness. So much did Thorvald like that land that he wished to make his home there. One day they saw strange men in skin canoes approaching them. Unfortunately Thorvald set upon these "Skraelings," as they called them and slew all but one. This one escaped to his people, and they soon attacked the Norsemen. Thorvald was slain, so that he lies buried in Wineland. Then his companions went back to Greenland, after having loaded their ships with timber.

When they told their story at Eric'sfirth, Thorstein, the third son of Eric the Red, wished to sail to Wineland and avenge the death of his brother. He gathered a crew and set forth in Leif's boat, taking with him his wife, Gudrid the Fair. But storms drove them off their course and at last they were forced to land on the Greenland shore, on the side farthest from Brattahlid. Here another Thorstein, called Thorstein the Black, gave them shelter, and here Thorstein, Eric's son, died. Later Gudrid returned to the house of Eric the Red, where she later married a Norse trader named Karlsefni who also had come to Eric's house.

At this time there was much talk of Wineland the Good, wherefore Gudrid persuaded Karlsefni¹ to fit out ships and sail thither, taking her with him. There went also with them, Freydis, daughter of Eric the

¹ Karlsefni went to Wineland in 1020; Thorvald's visit was in 1004.



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Red, together with her husband. When they sailed they took cattle and sheep along, meaning to settle in that land. They visited Helluland, where they saw many foxes, and then they sailed southeast and saw Markland with its woods and wild animals ranging therein. They came at last to where the land was indented with inlets and into one of these they steered their ships. There on an island they landed their cattle and sheep and took their goods and made a settlement. After a time Karlsefni and Gudrid sailed southward, wishing to find Wineland, and came to where grain grew in the hollows and where the slopes were covered with vines. Here they met the Skraelings who had slain Thorvald, but Karlsefni, being wise in the ways of men, instead of offering battle, offered red cloth and other goods and bartered with the savages. Unfortunately, a bull belonging to Karlsefni ran towards them, bellowing loudly. This frightened the savages who fled back to their canoes. Some weeks afterward they returned but in a less friendly spirit, so that had it not been for Freydis, sister of Leif the Lucky, there had been serious battle. But Freydis went forth, flourishing a sword and beating her own body with its flat side, whereupon the Skraelings became afraid and ran away.

Then the Norsemen sailed northward and made their home for the winter in a stretch of wooded land and there was born Snorri, son of Gudrid and Karlsefni. When spring came, the boats were loaded and many of the men and women sailed back to Greenland with Karlsefni and his family.

Shortly after their return, Freydis again made a voyage, going with two brothers, Helgi and Finnbogi. But she dealt dishonestly with them, and finally with the aid of her husband Thorvard and their men, caused the brothers and their followers to be slain, so that ever after men shunned her, though she returned to Greenland with great riches.

It is said that Karlsefni sailed many times to Wineland where more and more people settled until a town called Norumbega grew up there. Men traded much between Norway, Iceland, Greenland, and Wineland

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the Good. Then came troubled times in the northlands, so that men did little trading at a distance, and moreover, a royal edict made trading with Greenland and lands farther westward a monopoly for the benefit of the King. Thus, after a time the voyages of the family of Eric the Red were forgotten.

Centuries rolled by and then men found old books, written on great sheets of parchment, that told of the voyages of Eric's children and of Karlsefni. There are slight differences in the accounts, since even today no two men see the same thing in exactly the same way, and often the story-teller will fit his tale to his audience. Yet in spite of this it seems not to be doubted that Bjarni first saw the American coast before the year 1,000, but that, lacking imagination and curiosity, he left it to Leif the Lucky to be the first known white man to land on American shores and carry back news of the country to Europe. And the first white child to be born in America was Snorri, son of Gudrid and Karlsefni.

Skoal to the Norseland and its brave sailors!



THE PILGRIM'S VISION

I SEE the living tide roll on,
It crowns with fiery towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's "land of flowers!"
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the northern showers,
From eastern rock to sunset wave,
The Continent is ours.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

KATHARINE B. JUDSON

NOW in early days, the Wyandots lived about the St. Lawrence River, in the mountains to the eastward. They were the first tribe of old. They had the first chieftainship. The chief said to his nephews, the Lenapées, "Go down to the seacoast and look. If you see anything, come and tell me."

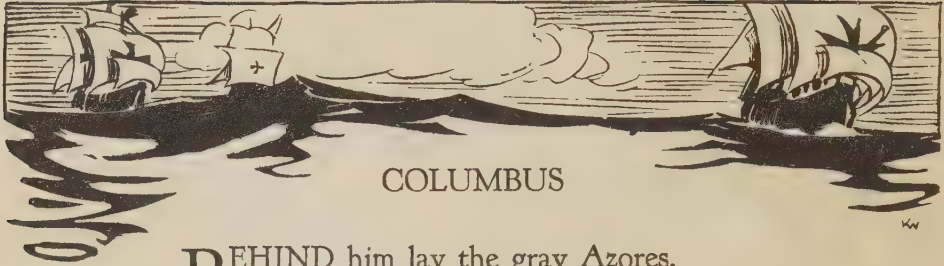
Now the Lenapées had a village by the sea. They often looked out, but they saw nothing. One day something came. When it came near the land, it stopped. Then the people were afraid. They ran into the woods. The next day two Indians went quietly to look. It was lying there in the water. Then something just like it came out of it and walked on two legs over the water.¹ When it came to the land, two men stepped out of it. They were different from us. They made signs for the Lenapées to come out of the woods. They gave presents. Then the Lenapées gave them skin clothes.

The white men went away. They came back many times. They asked the Indians for room to put a chair on the land. So it was given. But soon they began to pull the lacing out of the bottom and to walk inland with it.² They have not yet come to the end of the string.

From *Myths and Legends of the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

¹ A rowboat.

² The Indian way of saying, "They asked for an inch and they took an ell."



COLUMBUS

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.
 Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
 "Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
 My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why, you shall say at break of day,
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said,
 "Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
 He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

From *Autobiography and Favorite Poems*, by Joaquin Miller, San Francisco: Harr Wagner Publishing Company.

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They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER



WHEN WASHINGTON WAS PRESIDENT

THOMAS TWINING

The United States was a narrow strip along the Atlantic seaboard; Congress was meeting in Philadelphia, the seat of the federal government; men traveled by stage coach two days and half the night between Philadelphia and Baltimore (now two hours by rail), and George Washington, our President, lived in a small house next door to a hairdresser's shop, in the days when Thomas Twining visited the new republic and wrote his first-hand impressions in his diary. He journeyed by stage to the City of Washington, then like one of our modern real estate subdivisions, with streets laid out through marsh and virgin forest, and with the Capitol a half-built structure "encumbered with building materials." He was entertained by Mr. Law and his wife, the latter a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. Mrs. Law entrusted him with a miniature of the President which he was asked to convey personally to the latter.

Of Thomas Twining himself we know that he was one of the energetic Englishmen who laid the foundations of the Indian Empire, going to India in 1792 as a lad of sixteen and quitting it finally in 1805. His visit to the United States in the spring of 1796, almost at the beginning of our national existence, occurred in the course of his return to England for a visit, and was solely a visit of curiosity.

Authentic statements of impressions made upon intelligent and unprejudiced foreigners by the young republic, and descriptions of personal encounters with national leaders of that time are rare enough to be of great value. The following excerpts concern the first part of Twining's journey to the city of Washington, and his visit to General Washington on his return to Philadelphia.

14th April (1796).—At ten this morning the negro girl took my portmanteau under her arm, and accompanied me to the mailwagon office. At half-past ten the wagon started up High Street, passing before the window of Dr. Priestley. The vehicle was a long car with four benches. Three of these in the interior held nine passengers, and a tenth passenger was seated by the side of the driver on the front bench. A light roof was supported by eight slender pillars, four on each side. Three large leather curtains suspended to the roof, one at each side and the

From A Hundred Years Ago in America. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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third behind, were rolled up or lowered at the pleasure of the passengers. There was no place nor space for luggage, each person being expected to stow his things as he could under his seat or legs. The entrance was in front, over the driver's bench. Of course the three passengers on the back seat were obliged to crawl across all the other benches to get to their places. There were no backs to the benches to support and relieve us during a rough and fatiguing journey over a newly and ill-made road. It would be unreasonable to expect perfection in the arrangements of a new country; but though this rude conveyance was not without its advantages, and was really more suitable to the existing state of American roads than an English stage-coach would have been, it might have been rendered more convenient in some respects without much additional expense. Thus a mere strap behind the seats would have been a great comfort, and the ponderous leather curtains, which extended the whole length of the wagon, would have been much more convenient divided into two or three parts, and with a glass, however small, in each division to give light to the passengers in bad weather, and enable them to have a glimpse of the country. The disposal of the luggage also was extremely incommodious, not only to the owner, but to his neighbors.

We were quite full, having ten passengers besides the driver. Upon leaving the city we entered immediately upon the country, the transition from streets to fields being abrupt, and not rendered gradual by detached houses and villas, as in the vicinity of London. The fields, however, had nothing pleasing about them, being crossed and separated by the numerous intersections of the intended streets, and surrounded by large rough-hewed rails, placed zigzag, instead of hedges. We soon reached the Schuylkyl, a small river which descends from the Kittatany mountains, in the back part of Pennsylvania, and enters the Delaware seven miles below Philadelphia, after a course of about 120 miles. We crossed it upon a floating bridge, constructed of logs of wood placed by the side of each other upon the surface of the water, and planks nailed across



them. Although this bridge floated when not charged, or charged but lightly, the weight of our wagon depressed it several inches below the surface, the horses splashing through the water, so that a foot-passenger passing at the same time would have been exposed to serious inconvenience. The roughness and imperfection of this construction on the principal line of road in America, and not a mile from the seat of government, afforded the most striking instance I had yet seen of the little progress the country had hitherto made in the improvements of civilization. The existence of such a bridge seemed the more surprising, as it completely obstructed the navigation of the river, which would otherwise, I was told, admit small craft as high as Reading, nearly eighty miles further up. I mention this instance of backwardness, and other deficiencies of a similar kind, not as a reproach to America but as

singular facts, exemplifying the difficulties and necessarily slow advancement of a new country. I believe there is no nation that would have done more in so short a time, and most nations would assuredly have done infinitely less. The transplanted branch of the British oak had already taken root, and displayed the vigor and strength of the parent stock. It was flattering to an Englishman to see the intelligence, energy, and enterprise which were manifest. Everywhere the progress of improvement was visible; everything had advanced, and was advancing. The bridge of planks and logs had probably succeeded a more insecure boat, and would certainly in a few years be replaced by arches of brick or stone.

The sloping banks of the Schuylkyl appeared to offer delightful situations for villas and country-houses, whenever the wealth and taste of the citizens of Philadelphia should lead them to the imitation of European indulgence, unless the extension of the city to the river should cover its borders with wharfs and warehouses, thus realizing the original design of William Penn.

A little beyond the bridge we came to a turnpike gate, the first I had seen since leaving England. It was interesting on this account, and further so, as showing that America had adopted a custom of the mother country which Adam Smith¹ cites as one of the most equitable examples of taxation, the traveler paying for an evident convenience and in proportion as he enjoys it. It was probable that the tax collected here, or a part of it, was employed in securing the logs and planks of the bridge, or in replacing such as were carried away by the current—an accident which seemed likely to occur frequently.

The country now became hilly in some degree, and from the days of my journey in Scotland I was fond of hills. These were neither long nor high, but they presented some steep declivities, down which the wagon descended at a great rate, for not only was it unprovided with a drag to keep it back, but it seemed to be the principle of American driving to go as fast as possible downhill in order to make up for the

¹The first of modern political economists.

slowness inevitable on other parts of the road. This road being newly and roughly formed, furrowed with ruts, and strewed with large stones which had been separated from the mold or gravel, the jolting of the wagon in these rapid descents was almost insupportable, and even drew forth many a hard exclamation from my companions, accustomed to it as they were. At first our rapidity on these occasions, with a steep declivity, without rail or fence of any sort on one side, seemed to be attended with no trifling degree of danger; but I soon found that the driver managed his four active little horses with all the skill of an English coachman, although he had little the appearance of one, having neither his hat on one side, nor his greatcoat, nor his boots, but a coarse blue jacket, worsted stockings, and thick shoes.

When eight miles from Philadelphia we passed through the village of Derby, and in about as many more reached Chester, the end of the first stage.

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As we rattled down a steep hill leading to Chester, I thought there was a fair chance of our ending the first stage at the bottom of a precipice on our left, and so we probably should if we had *missed stays*; but when within three or four feet of the edge, the driver went cleverly on the *other tack* till brought up by the high bank on that side, when he again *put about*, and made for the precipice, and thus by great skill got us safe to the inn at the bottom.

13th May.—At one o'clock today I called at General Washington's with the picture and letter I had for him. He lived in a small red brick house on the left side of High Street (Philadelphia) not much higher up than Fourth Street. There was nothing in the exterior of the house that denoted the rank of its possessor. Next door was a hairdresser. Having stated my object to a servant who came to the door, I was conducted up a neat but rather narrow staircase, carpeted in the middle, and was shown into a middling-sized, well-furnished drawing-room on the left of the passage. Nearly opposite the door was the fireplace, with

❖ ❖ :Winding Westward ❖ ❖

a wood fire in it. The floor was carpeted. On the left of the fireplace was a sofa, which sloped across the room. There were no pictures on the walls, no ornaments on the chimneypiece. Two windows on the right of the entrance looked into the street. There was nobody in the room, but in a minute Mrs. Washington came in, when I repeated the object of my calling, and put into her hands the letter for General Washington, and his miniature. She said she would deliver them to the President, and, inviting me to sit down, retired for that purpose. She soon returned, and said the President would come presently. Mrs. Washington was a middle-sized lady, rather stout; her manner extremely kind and unaffected. She sat down on the sofa, and invited me to sit by her. I spoke of the pleasant days I had passed at Washington, and of the attentions I had received from her granddaughter, Mrs. Law.

While engaged in this conversation, but with my thoughts turned to the expected arrival of the General, the door opened, and Mrs. Washington and myself rising, she said, "The President," and introduced me to him. Never did I feel more interest than at this moment, when I saw the tall, upright, venerable figure of this great man advancing towards me to take me by the hand. There was a seriousness in his manner which seemed to contribute to the impressive dignity of his person, without diminishing the confidence and ease which the benevolence of his countenance and the kindness of his address inspired. There are persons in whose appearance one looks in vain for the qualities they are known to possess, but the appearance of General Washington harmonized in a singular manner with the dignity and modesty of his public life. So completely did he *look* the great and good man he really was, that I felt rather respect than awe in his presence, and experienced neither the surprise nor disappointment with which a personal introduction to distinguished individuals is often accompanied.

The General having thanked me for the picture, requested me to sit down next the fire, Mrs. Washington being on the sofa on the other side, and himself taking a chair in the middle. He now inquired about

my arrival in America, my voyage, my late journey, and his granddaughters, Mrs. Law and her sister, who had accompanied me to Alexandria. He asked me my opinion of that town, and seemed pleased with the account I gave of the extraordinary activity I had observed there. In the course of the conversation I mentioned the particular regard and respect with which Lord Cornwallis always spoke of him. He received this communication in the most courteous manner, inquired about his lordship, and expressed for him much esteem. Speaking about the intercourse between India and America, I said that I thought the United States had gained a great point by the right of trading conceded by the thirteenth article of Mr. Jay's treaty, and I mentioned at the same time the facilities of which this commerce was susceptible, to the equal advantage of America and India, now that it rested upon a legal basis. . . .

The General asked me some questions about Calcutta, the natives of India, the Ganges, and the interior of the country. Upon my inquiring if coal had yet been found in the States of the Union, he said that it had been discovered in various parts, and that mines would doubtless be opened and worked when the diminished abundance of wood should direct the public attention to this subject.

After sitting about three-quarters of an hour, I rose to take leave, when the General invited me to drink tea with him that evening. I regret to say that I declined this honor on account of some other engagement—a wrong and injudicious decision, for which I have since reproached myself. No engagement should have prevented my accepting such an invitation. If forwardness on such occasions be displeasing, an excess of delicacy and reserve is scarcely less to be avoided. However, this private intercourse with one of the most unblemished characters that any country has produced had entirely satisfied me, and greatly exceeded my previous expectations, which had been limited to the usual transient introduction at a public levee. This, then, forms one of my most memorable days. The moment when the great Washington entered

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the room, and Mrs. Washington said, "The President," made an impression on my mind which no subsequent years can efface.

The General's age was rather more than sixty-four. In person he was tall, well-proportioned, and upright. His hair was powdered and tied behind. Although his deportment was that of a general, the expression of his features had rather the calm dignity of a legislator than the severity of a soldier. He was born in Virginia, and was now contemplating his final retirement to Mount Vernon, his favorite residence, situated in that State, a few miles only below Alexandria.

General Washington had retired to Mount Vernon at the close of the war, and remained there till 1789, when the general voice of his country called him from his pastoral pursuits to the Presidency of the Government. He was re-elected to this office in 1793. His healthy and robust appearance, when I saw him, seemed to promise a longer enjoyment of repose in his retirement near the banks of the Potomac; but a cold caught at Mount Vernon on the 13th December, 1799, terminated his life on the following day.

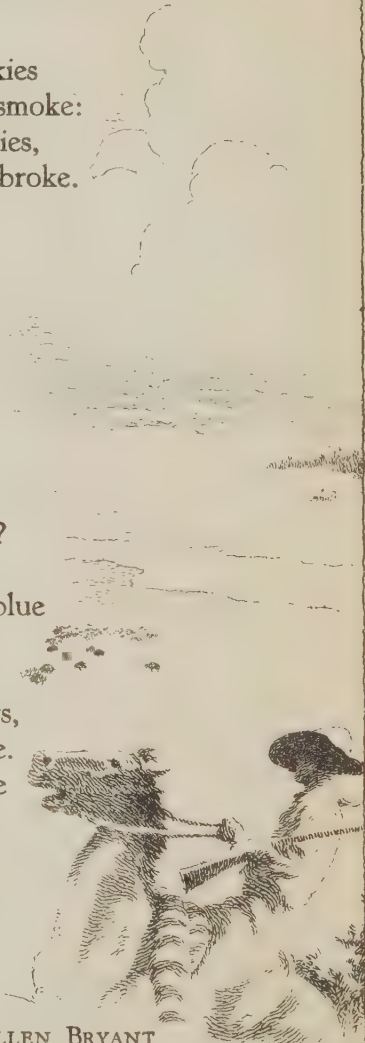


THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES

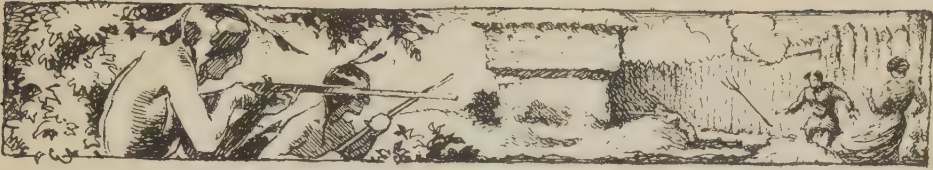
AY, THIS is freedom!—these pure skies
 Were never stained with village smoke:
 The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
 Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
 Here, with my rifle and my steed,
 And her who left the world for me,
 I plant me, where the red deer feed
 In the green desert—and am free.

Here, from dim woods, the aged past
 Speaks solemnly; and I behold
 The boundless future in the vast
 And lonely river, seaward rolled.
 Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?
 Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
 And trains the bordering vines, whose blue
 Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
 Plunges, and bears me through the tide.
 Wide are these woods—I tread the maze
 Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
 I hunt 'till day's last glimmer dies
 O'er woody vale and glassy height;
 And kind the voice and glad the eyes
 That welcome my return at night.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT



THE HEROINE OF VERCHÈRES

FRANCIS PARKMAN

MANY incidents of this troubled time (of Indian raids late in the seventeenth century) are preserved, but none of them are so well worth the record as the defence of the fort at Verchères by the young daughter of the seignior. Many years later, the Marquis de Beauharnois, governor of Canada, caused the story to be written down from the recital of the heroine herself.

Verchères was on the south shore of the St. Lawrence about twenty miles below Montreal. A strong blockhouse stood outside the fort, and was connected with it by a covered way. On the morning of the twenty-second of October the inhabitants were at work in the fields, and nobody was left in the place but two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children. The seignior, formerly an officer of the regiment of Carignan, was on duty at Quebec; his wife was at Montreal; and their daughter Madeleine, fourteen years of age, was at the landing-place not far from the gate of the fort, with a hired man named Laviolette. Suddenly she heard firing from the direction where the settlers were at work, and an instant after Laviolette cried out, "Run, Mademoiselle, run! here come the Iroquois!" She turned and saw forty or fifty of them at the distance of a pistol-shot. "I ran for the fort, commending myself to the Holy Virgin. The Iroquois who chased after me, seeing that they could not catch me alive before I reached the gate, stopped and fired at me. The bullets whistled about my ears, and made the time seem very long. As soon as I was near

From Count Frontenac and New France Under Louis XIV. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

enough to be heard, I cried out, *'To arms! to arms!'* hoping that somebody would come out and help me; but it was of no use. The two soldiers in the fort were so scared that they had hidden in the blockhouse. At the gate, I found two women crying for their husbands, who had just been killed. I made them go in, and then shut the gate. I next thought what I could do to save myself and the few people with me. I went to inspect the fort, and found that several palisades had fallen down, and left openings by which the enemy could easily get in. I ordered them to be set up again, and helped to carry them myself. When the breaches were stopped, I went to the blockhouse where the ammunition is kept, and here I found the two soldiers—one hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand. 'What are you going to do with that match?' I asked. He answered, 'Light the powder, and blow us all up.' 'You are a miserable coward,' said I; 'go out of this place.' I spoke so resolutely that he obeyed. I then threw off my bonnet; and after putting on a hat and taking a gun, I said to my two brothers: 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King.' "

The boys, who were twelve and ten years old, aided by the soldiers, whom her words had inspired with some little courage, began to fire from the loopholes upon the Iroquois, who, ignorant of the weakness of the garrison, showed their usual reluctance to attack a fortified place, and occupied themselves with chasing and butchering the people in the neighboring fields. Madeleine ordered a cannon to be fired, partly to deter the enemy from an assault and partly to warn some of the soldiers, who were hunting at a distance. The women and children in the fort cried and screamed without ceasing. She ordered them to stop, lest their terror should encourage the Indians. A canoe was presently seen approaching the landing place. It was a settler named Fontaine, trying to reach the fort with his family. The Iroquois were still near; and



Madeleine feared that the newcomers would be killed if something were not done to aid them. She appealed to the soldiers, but their courage was not equal to the attempt; on which, as she declares, after leaving Laviollette to keep watch at the gate, she herself went alone to the landing place. "I thought that the savages would suppose it to be a ruse to draw them towards the fort, in order to make a sortie upon them. They did suppose so, and thus I was able to save the Fontaine family. When they were all landed, I made them march before me in full sight of the enemy. We put so bold a face on it, that they thought they had more to fear than we. Strengthened by this reinforcement, I ordered that the enemy should be fired on whenever they showed themselves. After sunset, a violent northeast wind began to blow, accompanied with snow and hail, which told us that we should have a terrible night. The Iroquois were all this time lurking about us and I

judged by their movements that, instead of being deterred by the storm, they would climb into the fort under cover of darkness. I assembled all my troops, that is to say six persons, and spoke to them thus: 'God has saved us today from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares tonight. As for me, I want you to see that I am not afraid. I will take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty and another who never fired a gun; and you, Pierre Fontaine, with La Bonté and Gachet (our two soldiers), will go to the blockhouse with the women and children, because that is the strongest place; and if I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes. The enemy cannot hurt you in the blockhouse, if you make the least show of fight.' I placed my young brothers on two of the bastions, the old man on the third, and I took the fourth; and all night, in spite of wind, snow, and hail, the cries of 'All's well' were kept up from the blockhouse to the fort, and from the fort to the blockhouse.

"One would have thought that the place was full of soldiers. The Iroquois thought so, and were completely deceived—as they confessed afterwards to Monsieur de Callières, whom they told that they had held a council to make a plan for capturing the fort in the night, but had done nothing because such a constant watch was kept.

"About one in the morning, the sentinel on the bastion by the gate called out, 'Mademoiselle, I hear something.' I went to him to find what it was; and by the help of the snow, which covered the ground, I could see through the darkness a number of cattle, the miserable remnant that the Iroquois had left us. The others wanted to open the gate and let them in, but I answered: 'God forbid! You don't know all the tricks of the savages. They are no doubt following the cattle, covered with skins of beasts, so as to get into the fort, if we are simple enough to open the gate for them.' Nevertheless, after taking every precaution, I thought that we might open it without risk. I made my two brothers stand with guns cocked in case of surprise, and so we let in the cattle.

“At last, the daylight came again; and, as the darkness disappeared, our anxieties seemed to disappear with it. Everybody took courage except Mademoiselle Marguerite, wife of the Sieur Fontaine, who, being extremely timid, as all Parisian women are, asked her husband to carry her to another fort. . . . He said, ‘I will never abandon this fort while Mademoiselle Madelon (Madeleine) is here.’ I answered him that I would never abandon it; that I would rather die than give it up to the enemy; and that it was of the greatest importance that they should never get possession of any French fort, because if they got one they would think they could get others, and would grow more bold and presumptuous than ever. I may say with truth that I did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours. I did not go once into my father’s house, but kept always on the bastion, or went to the blockhouse to see how the people there were behaving. I always kept a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged my little company with hope of speedy succor.

“We were a week in constant alarm, with the enemy always about us. At last Monsieur de la Monnerie, a lieutenant sent by Monsieur de Callières, arrived in the night with forty men. As he did not know whether the fort was taken or not, he approached as silently as possible. One of our sentinels, hearing a slight sound, cried, ‘Qui vive?’ I was at the time dozing, with my head on a table and my gun lying across my arms. The sentinel told me that he heard a voice from the river. I went up at once to the bastion to see whether it was Indians or Frenchmen. I asked, ‘Who are you?’ One of them answered, ‘We are Frenchmen: it is La Monnerie, who comes to bring you help.’ I caused the gate to be opened, placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river to meet them. As soon as I saw Monsieur de la Monnerie, I saluted him, and said, ‘Monsieur, I surrender my arms to you.’ He answered gallantly, ‘Mademoiselle, they are in good hands.’ ‘Better than you think,’ I returned. He inspected the fort, and found everything in order, and a sentinel on each bastion. ‘It is time to relieve them, Monsieur,’ said I: ‘We have not been off our bastions for a week.’”



O. MUIRIEL FULLER

THE morning sun looked down on an apple orchard in Pennsylvania, and shot a ray of light across the face of a man who was standing under the trees. He was looking up reverently at the pink and white blossoms that made the May air fragrant, for it was his orchard. His land surrounded him, and yonder was the cabin that he had built. He had spent all night under the young trees full of blooms, and often, as a soft wind stirred the branches, they had shed drifting perfume on his upturned face.

All night the young man had lain on his back and looked up through the apple blossoms at the stars, for he had a decision to make. At last he had come to the point where his mind was made up. He decided to leave this place of his, which was a little bit of heaven to the wayfarers from East to West, and go on farther into the wilderness. This was in pioneer times, at the opening of the nineteenth century, and thousands of families were trekking across the states of Pennsylvania and Ohio, many pushing even farther west to the far-flung frontier which ended only at the Pacific Ocean.

Here at Pittsburgh the emigrants stopped before they boarded the great flat-boats that floated down the Ohio River which would take them on their way. Many a weary wife and mother had sat beneath the trees in this apple orchard and thought herself back in her beloved

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New England. She had been fed milk and honey and had always carried away with her a precious bag of apple seeds, which she had promised the young man should be planted in her new and unknown home.

John Chapman took a last long look at his loved trees, his decision made. Turning quickly, he walked out of his gate and up the road for about a mile. At the cabin of a neighbor he stopped. There was no need to rap, for the door stood open and children fairly spilled over the sill. He swung one up to his shoulder, and patted the head of another.

"Greetings, neighbor," he said cheerfully to the owner of the cabin. "May I see Mrs. Prescott?"

The kind settlers, although crowded themselves in the small cabin, had taken pity on others less fortunate, and provided shelter for a woman who had been recently widowed and left with six small children on the edge of the wilderness. This woman, Mrs. Prescott, came forward at young Chapman's question. She was from New England, from Chapman's own state, Massachusetts, and her heart warmed to the young man.

A moment Chapman stood hesitating. It was hard for him to say what he had in mind, but say it he must.

"Mrs. Prescott," he began simply, "I'm pushing on farther west. I've work to do. I was shown it last night. There'll be no one here to take care of my farm and I want you and your little ones to have it. It's yours, free and clear. All I ask is that you let it be a place where travelers can rest, as it is now, and that you watch my trees and see that not a seed is wasted. Give them away every year to those who come by. That's all I ask in payment."

The woman's eyes filled with tears. The man's words seemed like a fairy tale. "Do you mean," she faltered, "that it's for us? Your house and land are to be ours?"

Chapman nodded. "Yes, ma'am. And the only pay I ask is what I



Book Trails



said. See that all the apple seeds do some good and go where they'll start other orchards and nurseries."

And so it was. Mrs. Prescott and her family, with tears of joy, moved into John Chapman's cabin, promising faithfully to look after his trees as he would himself, and give a welcome to every weary wayfarer who passed by. And Chapman was off for the West with great bags of seeds from last year's crop on his back and his Bible tucked in his coat pocket.

And so started the second westward move of the lad who was born the same year that Paul Revere made his famous ride; the lad who was later to be a Paul Revere of the West. This John Chapman, the son of Nathaniel Chapman, was born in the time of apple blossoms, and a year later his mother rocked his cradle under a bough laden with these same pinky-white blooms. The boy reached out his tiny fists for them and laughed as the petals floated down on his face.

John learned quickly, so that by the time he was eighteen he had absorbed all that the little neighborhood school could teach him. Then a still small voice seemed to be calling him. Quite without reasoning he responded, turning his face to the West, even as many others were doing. With him went his brother, three years younger than himself, and after making most of the journey on foot they reached Fort Duquesne, the name by which Pittsburgh was then known.

For twelve years the young men lived there, planting and building, until John Chapman's orchard was the wonder of the wilderness. The younger Chapman returned to New England, but not John. He felt the westward call of the country beyond the Ohio, the call to plant orchards far to the west of him, that the land might be a glow of pink and white blossoms each springtide, for the future generations of those early brave pioneers.

Early one morning in 1806 a settler who had camped on the banks of the Ohio looked out over the river and saw a lone man guiding a canoe down the great stream, towing another canoe which was laden with odd-looking sacks. The settler, could he have but looked inside

❖ ❖ *Winding Westward* ❖ ❖

the sacks, would have thought the stranger quite mad. For these sacks were full of apple seeds. Down the river to Marietta went John Chapman and at that town, named for the ill-starred French queen, he stayed for a time. He found a friend there, old Dr. True, in whose yard grew the only apple tree in the whole settlement. The doctor found a kinship immediately with the younger man, sympathized with his mission, and gave him advice and encouragement.

Mary Lake, the great-hearted woman who nursed the whole countryside, was another firm friend. It has been said that John Chapman fell in love with Mary Lake's pretty young niece. But he knew only too well that marriage was not for him. He had a mission, a heaven-sent command, and that mission he must fulfill alone. No woman could be asked to share the hardships of the trackless forest, the continual wandering to which he was pledged.

Commandant Whipple of Fort Harmer was a third warm friend. The Commandant helped Chapman to plant his nursery in Marietta, and in various other ways proved an aid to him. But Chapman heard farther places calling to him, so he set off on foot for Cleveland and Toledo. Like the children of Israel of old, John Chapman, or *Johnny Appleseed* as he was now known, wandered forty years in the wilderness. Unlike Israel, however, his wanderings were premeditated and purposeful. A more unusual and fruitful pilgrimage has nowhere been recorded. He went unarmed in a country full of wild beasts and hostile Indians. He would hurt no man or beast, and consequently no one hurt him. He preached love and brotherhood to both Indian and white, and although war came, yet Johnny's efforts, combined with those of his friend, Chief Logan, were not altogether in vain. The Indians regarded Johnny as a great "medicine man" and especially under the protection of the Great Spirit.

Bearing his "talisman sack," as Vachel Lindsay calls it, this devoted man went forth to plant orchards all through the Middle West. And not only orchards did he plant. Johnny Appleseed bore in his sack

❖ ❖ ❖ Book Trails ❖ ❖ ❖

Seeds and tree-souls, precious things,
Feathered with microscopic wings,
Dreams of grapes and red raspberries,
Tomorrow's peaches, pears and cherries,
And all the fruits the child-heart knows.

Children were always his chief thought, and everywhere children loved him. All that he planted, but especially the red-cheeked apple, were for the children of tomorrow, the children he would never see. Nor did he seek to satisfy merely the sense of hunger for delicious fruits. In those tiny seeds Johnny envisioned other things. He pushed open the door of dreams and saw whole vistas stretching out before him. He saw schools for children, and from the schools spread colleges, and the great white capitols of the states—all the outgrowth of a single appleseed. Truly, his was the gift of vision.

Year by year this missionary of beauty wandered through the wilderness, barefooted, except in severe weather when he wore moccasins. Material comforts meant nothing to him. His clothes were such as were given him. People always gave to him gladly, but he in turn gave to others needier than himself. Deep grass was his bed in summer, and in autumn the leaves made a soft pillow. In forty years he planted thirty nurseries. Whenever he found an open glade in the forest, he dug up the soil, planted several thousand seeds and wove a brush fence to shield them from the deer and other animals. When people came and settled near the clearing, he would sell his trees for little or nothing, or exchange them for food and clothes.

Then came the War of 1812 and the ensuing war between the Indians and the whites. Detroit fell and the fort at Mansfield was threatened. Silently at sundown Johnny slipped away from the fort and into the forest. No one had ever trod the path he made that night; not even the Indians had gone over it. Through unbroken wilderness Johnny made his way, and in five hours he had covered the thirty miles to Mount Vernon where there were soldiers. Less than five

Winding Westward



minutes after he reached there and told his story, there was saddling of horses, and men were on their way to the rescue. Half an hour later it would have been too late, but the Fort was saved, due to an unsung Paul Revere who traveled on foot.

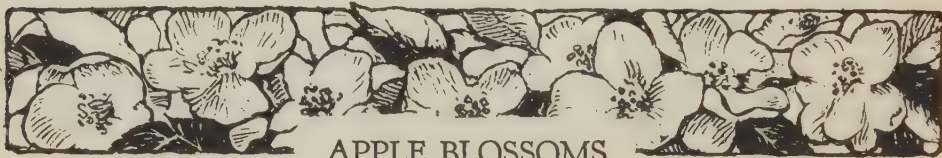
In the battle of Tippecanoe, Chapman was of great assistance to General Harrison and his soldiers, but he steadfastly refused to take up arms against any man. At last peace came and he was able to go on with his work. He saw the orchards of Ohio bloom and bear much fruit, so he pushed westward again into Indiana and still later, into Illinois. The trees on the old Trimble farm at Casey, Illinois, were planted by Johnny Appleseed.

Near Fort Wayne, Indiana, where Johnny Appleseed spent his last years, there is a huge rough field boulder. On this is a bronze tablet and a bas-relief of the man who made the wilderness blossom

like the rose, planting an apple tree. It was to save a group of young apple trees that Johnny traveled his last twenty miles. He repaired the fence that some cattle had broken, but the effort was too much for his three score and twelve years. They found him under the trees he loved, with his old sweet smile on his face, though his great soul had gone on to heavenly orchards.

When he heard the sad news, that famous old soldier and statesman, General Sam Houston, rose in Congress and said of Johnny Appleseed:

“This old man was one of the most useful citizens of the world, in his humble way. He has made a greater contribution to our civilization than we realize. He has left a place that can never be filled. Farewell, dear old eccentric heart. Your labor has been a labor of love, and generations yet unborn will rise up and call you blessed.”



APPLE BLOSSOMS

HAVE you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
 in the spring?
 Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
 When the pink cascades are falling,
 And the silver brooklets brawling,
 And the cuckoo bird is calling
 In the spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
 in the spring?
 And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
 Pink buds bursting at the light,
 Crumpled petals baby-white,
 Just to touch them a delight!
 In the spring!

WILLIAM WESLEY MARTIN

❖ ❖ Winding Westward ❖ ❖

A MEXICAN SOLOMON

RENÉE B. STERN

TALES of Spanish-America usually relate the adventures of the poor citizens groaning under the misrule of some cruel governor. But not all Spanish governors were cruel, nor were all citizens poor. Take, for instance, the story about one of the last of the Spanish viceroys of Mexico, who rejoiced in the impressive name of Juan Vicente de Güemez Pacheco de Padilla Horicasitas, Count of Revillagigedo. His father before him had been Captain-General of Cuba and Viceroy of Mexico, and the young count had been born in Cuba during his father's incumbency there. He was educated in Spain and then took part in the Peninsular wars before being sent as viceroy, first to Buenos Aires and shortly thereafter to Mexico.

When he reached Mexico City he found it in bad condition; when he left, the streets had been lighted, drained, and paved. Moreover, he developed commerce, took the first census ever taken in Mexico, and improved administration until men felt that they could find justice when they brought their complaints to him. And it was in this very matter of justice that Count Revillagigedo is the hero of many picturesque tales, for he used to wander around in disguise, like Haroun al Raschid, seeking wrongs that he might right. Severe, and sharp of tongue, his enemies feared him, but his friends—and these included the common people—trusted him fully.

It was one of these common people, a poor Indian, who one day sought the presence of the Viceroy and begged his aid. When the Viceroy gravely bade the man tell his trouble, the Indian related the following tale:

“Three days since, when I was going with my water jars to the well, at daybreak, I stumbled over something in the street near my home. Bending, I raised a small bag of leather that was most heavy, and upon opening it I found within a hoard of gold pieces. This bag I carried



home. The day following, having seen a reward advertised for the return of a bag of gold pieces, I took it at once to the Don who had offered the reward. I carried it to him even as I had found it, but the Don bade me wait while he counted his gold. When he had finished, he turned to me angrily and accused me of having stolen part of his money. I was then driven forth by his servants, not only unrewarded, but accused of theft. Wherefore have I come to beg the aid of the most worshipful Viceroy to clear my name and obtain for me the promised reward."

The Viceroy listened attentively to the Indian's tale and then sent for the Don to come before him. When the latter arrived, the Viceroy asked him, "When you lost your bag, how many pieces of gold had you in it?"

"There were twenty-eight when I lost it. But when that man returned

it," the Don added, pointing to the Indian, "there were but twenty-six."

The Viceroy regarded the man attentively for a moment and seemed to feel the stingy, deceitful plot that had made the Don accuse the Indian, for the Viceroy answered with a judgment that might have been given by King Solomon of old:

"Since this bag contains but two pieces of gold less than you lost, I am sure that it cannot be your bag of gold, for had the Indian wished to steal he would surely have taken more than two poor pieces. I hope that you will find your bag, but as for this one, the Indian may keep it and its contents until the rightful owner claims it."

Not daring to confess his lie, the grasping Don went away sorrowful, while the honest Indian, rich beyond his wildest dreams, carried home his gold, and all his life long sang the praises of the Viceroy who had rendered such wise and poetic justice.

AMERICA

FOR, O America, our country! Land
 Hid in the west through centuries, till men
 Through countless tyrannies could understand
 The priceless worth of freedom—once again
 The world was new-created when thy shore
 First knew the Pilgrim keels; that one last test
 The race might make of manhood, nor give o'er
 The strife with evil till it proved its best.
 Thy true sons stand as torch-bearers, to hold
 A guiding light. Here the last stand is made.
 If we fail here, what new Columbus bold,
 Steering brave prow through black seas unafraid,
 Finds out a fresh land where man may abide
 And freedom yet be saved?

ARLO BATES

From *The Torch-Bearers*.



LOST AMERICANS

BADGER CLARK

“ARIZONA may be a great country,” said Howard, reining his pony carefully through a patch of mesquit to save his knees from contact with the long, keen thorns. “But the trouble is that there is nothing here but country—just hot blue sky above and a lot of empty room underneath.”

Jim, Arizona born and ranch bred, had learned to take criticisms of his beloved state from his visiting Boston cousin with perfect good nature.

“Well,” he replied simply, “what more would you want?”

“I should want some history,” said Howard. “Here are these mountains, if you can call such bare rock piles mountains. What has ever happened on them to make them worth looking at? Here’s this sand flat, stretching away to that strip of white alkali, and then on across to those other mountains that look like pasteboard scenery on the stage. Nobody ever lived here; no army ever fought here; nothing ever happened here, or ever could—”

“K out!” shouted Jim suddenly. “Snake!”

With a hot sizzle of anger, a large, dusty rattlesnake raised his head almost under Howard’s horse, and that animal perfectly understanding

From The Boy Scouts Year Book. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

the sound, leaped aside so violently that his rider had to "grab for leather" in all haste to keep his seat.

"If Pancho had spilled you off on top of that snake, something would have happened for once, even in Arizona," said Jim, grinning.

"Oh, have your cowpuncher laugh at my horsemanship," said the Boston boy, a little ruffled, "but don't let the snake get away. Kill the thing with your shovel."

The boys had been resetting a few fence posts at a distant pasture of the ranch and Jim was carrying a long handled shovel across the saddle in front of him. Without dismounting, he now raised the shovel above his head and threw it like a javelin, cutting the snake in two.

"Want the rattle?" he inquired, as he swung out of the saddle.

"Might as well," answered Howard. "It will be a trophy of the only event that has ever occurred in this township, probably. Glorious West! Why, Jim, we may be the first human beings that have ever looked upon this patch of sand and mesquit. You see, this country doesn't mean anything, for nothing has ever happened here."

"How about the Spanish explorers?" said Jim, tossing the rattle up to his cousin and then leaning against the shoulder of his horse with an air of determination to thrash the subject out on the spot.

"They came, and they went," rejoined Howard. "They crawled over the desert and swore long Spanish oaths at the heat and the thirst and the rattlesnakes and the emptiness. They are the only interesting people in your records, and they got out of here as fast as they could, leaving hardly a mark. History never really touched this desert; it hopped over it. Where is your Lexington? Where is your Bunker Hill? Give me old New England, where men have lived and died. This is just the Land Where Nothing Ever Happened."

Jim did not reply for a moment, but stood with his thumb hooked in his belt, staring at the mouth of a dry, rocky canyon which opened upon the plain a few hundred yards beyond where they were standing. Finally he pointed toward the canyon.

"Do you see that?" he asked.

"What?" said Howard, puzzled by his manner.

"That bank of dirt and rock running part way across the mouth of the canyon."

"Well, what of it?"

"Tell me who built it."

"Why, the action of water, I suppose," said the Boston boy, "the same thing that shaped most hills. It is just a natural bank of dirt."

"You're wrong," said Jim. "It was built by men's hands. What you just called a bank of dirt is a dam."

Howard laughed. "Now you're dreaming," he argued. "That little canyon never carried anything but an occasional trickle of rain-water. Besides, look at that tremendous big juniper stump on the side of the bank. The tree belonging to that stump must have been growing long before a white man ever showed his face here, and the dam, as you call it, was here before Columbus ever made his bow to Queen Isabella."

"I know it," said Jim stoutly. "I reckon the people who built that dam held a grand ball to celebrate its completion long before Julius Caesar ever wrote those blessed Commentaries of his. It hasn't anything to do with the Reclamation Service, but it's a dam, just the same. Now look here. Do you see this little hump, or wave, in the sand? It's so low that you would ride over it without noticing but, once you see it, it's easy to follow. Let's follow it."

Jim started off, leading his horse, and Howard rode after him, skeptical, but considerably interested. The hardly perceptible bank, about three feet across and rising no more than a few inches above the general surface, led them about forty feet to the eastward, then turned at a perfect right angle and ran some sixty feet to the south where it turned again in the same precise way and finally brought them back to their starting point after they traveled the four sides of a rectangle.

"What do you call that, old Boston?" said Jim exultantly. "Is it the action of water, or the track of a crazy thunderbolt?"



“Why, it doesn’t look like a natural formation at all,” acknowledged Howard, sliding out of his saddle with a new eagerness and looking about him. “Somebody has been amusing himself here with a shovel a long time ago, like children building sand forts on the beach. Look over there. There’s another. And there’s another off to the right. How many of these queer squares are there around here, anyway?”

“They spread down this flat for about a quarter of a mile,” drawled Jim.

“But what are they?” said the Boston boy.

“They are what is left of houses,” replied his western cousin coolly.

“Houses,” smiled Howard, looking off across the barren surface of the sand flat where the heat waves danced and rippled dizzily. “Houses! Here? Come, no lunatic would ever build a house in such a place, to say nothing of a whole town. There must be some other explanation.”

“Well, the best way to get the answer is to dig it out, I reckon,” said Jim. “You have the bar and I have the shovel. Just imagine this is in Egypt and we’ll play archaeology awhile. Now, professor, if you

will apply your bar to the ancient soil in this corner of the ruins, I will supplement your labors with the implement in my possession and we may uncover something of vast interest to the scientific world."

Too much interested even to grin at Jim's pompous burlesque, Howard went vigorously to work with his bar and soon had a space three feet square mellow enough for the shovel, and stood aside, panting. Jim tossed out the loose dirt to the depth of his shovel blade and then, after carefully pecking and scraping about the outer corner of the hole for a moment, stooped down and said, "Look here." Howard stooped and stared as if fascinated.

"Natural formation, I reckon," said Jim.

"Oh, you needn't rub it in," said his cousin. "I give up. You're the professor and I'm your class from now on. That is an angle of adobe wall, as perfect as if it had been laid last week. Now please explain, sir."

"We'll go to the bottom of the matter, my son," said Jim, thoroughly enjoying himself; and he began shoveling with such hearty good will that Howard backed away out of the cloud of dust that rose in the hot, still air of the desert afternoon.

"Attention, primary class in archaeology," said the excavator a few minutes later, stooping and picking up some tiny object from the bottom of the hole. "Please tell me what this is."

"A kernel of corn," explained the other, "and burned to charcoal, which accounts for its preservation."

"Right," said Jim. "And now this."

"Pottery," said Howard with increasing surprise. "Not white man's work, but thinner and finer grained than most Mexican pottery I've seen. Let me get into the hole, professor. This beats books!"

The boys worked carefully and soon began to sift the dirt through their fingers as it was thrown out, finding shards of pottery, charred kernels of corn, or pieces of charcoal in every shovelful.

"We've dug smack into the middle of somebody's domestic hearth," said Jim at last. "Look at this. Here's the whole bottom of a broken



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pot, and in it are some pieces of bone. It was a stew—of venison, I reckon—and it was simmering on the fire when—”

“When what?” asked Howard, as the other paused.

“When that chapter of history closed,” went on Jim solemnly, “when the thing happened that smashed all this good woman’s dishes among the coals and put out the fire. It’s a meal that was all ready to serve long, long ago, but nobody ever got a chance to eat it.”

He stopped speaking and they sat silent, with their feet in the bottom of the hole, Howard turning the broken pot curiously in his fingers, while Jim gazed thoughtfully across the desert, hot and white, in the sunlight.

“What do you see, Professor?” said Howard presently.

“I’m seeing—things,” said Jim musingly. “I always do get to dreaming in a place of this sort, and there are several of them in this part of the range. Jab the spurs into your imagination and go with me back a way. Here is a town of several thousand people around us, not wandering savages like most of our Indians used to be, but real folks with fields and homes and a civilization. It is easy to see it all. There is running water in that canyon, dammed and ditched for irrigation as well as any modern engineer could do it, and all around the town are waving fields of corn. Here we sit at the edge of the street, a street without horses or wagons, and we are watching the folks go by. The children are playing around and chasing each other in and out of the doors of the big ’dobe houses. Over there is a woman leaning against the doorpost, waiting for her man to come home from the cornfields, holding a baby on her arm and making it laugh by dangling her necklace of turquoise beads just out of its reach. In the shade of the house two girls are grinding corn in a metate. Farmers are drifting in, hungry, from the fields, and sniffing the boiling meat and baking corn cakes as they pass the doorways. There goes a priest, wearing a lot of holy jewelry and an expensive feathercloth serape. Here comes a hunter from the hills, with his bow in his hand and a fawn over his shoulder.

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The whole town is getting an early supper so they can be ready for the big harvest dance tonight, for the corn is ripe. Do you see it?"

"As clearly as I see you," said Howard wonderingly. "Go on with your vision, old seer."

"It is an old town," continued Jim. "Fathers are buried here, and grandfathers, and great-grandfathers. Three miles down this range of hills is another town like it. Across the valley, there, in the foothills of the Chiricahuas, are more towns; you can see the green patches of their cornfields from here. The people are proud of their towns and fond of their country. They have religion and politics to argue about when they get tired of talking crops and hunting. And they have a history. There is a Bunker Hill in it, when they fought a big fight against outsiders. There is a Gettysburg, when they had a grand battle among themselves. Perhaps, one time, they sent an expeditionary force over beyond the Rio Grande and fought a Château-Thierry with a bunch of domineering, red Huns that threatened them. They know that they are the finest people on earth and that their country is the finest country, and they expect their children and their children's children to hold this land and keep up the name of the nation until the sun and moon flicker and go out. They are a whole lot like the Americans today in some respects," concluded Jim, smiling at the absorbed face of his cousin.

"But what is the end of the story?" said Howard. "There is an end of some sort. The towns are gone, the fields are gone, and this is an open desert flat with nothing on it but a few thin mesquit bushes, and the whole country can support only a few scattered ranches. Tell me the end of your vision."

"The Southwest is full of signs of old volcanic action," said Jim. "Over in New Mexico great tracts are covered with lava and volcanic ashes, and they tell me that the ants coming up through these ancient ash heaps sometimes carry—what, do you think?"

"Ants usually bring up grains of sand," said Howard.



“Beads,” said Jim, “man-made beads, and folks dig down through the ant hills and the ashes and find pottery like this underneath. Can’t you guess what ended the chapter of history that these friends of ours figured in?”

“Volcano and earthquake,” breathed Howard. “What a smash! What a day that must have been!”

“Yes, it seems to me that this little hole right here tells the story,” resumed Jim. “The woman of this house has supper on the fire, a stew, cakes and some whole corn—roasting ears, maybe—and all over town the men are coming home and sitting around waiting for mealtime, and the children are begging for just a teenty-weenty bit off the brown edge of the hoecake to keep them alive until supper’s ready. The sky is clear and the sun hangs a little above the mountains, as you see it at this minute, and everything is exactly as it has been for ten thousand eve-

nings before. Then—it happens! Maybe there is a rumble and a shiver that gives the folks a chance to rush out of the houses; maybe not. Anyway, the whole country heaves and shakes itself. Big seams split the fields and the streams are gulped down into the earth, boulders come loping and smashing down the sides of the hills. And the houses—ay, chico! how these tall 'dobe walls crumple and crash, and people scream and run here and there through the clouds of dust! Then a horrible night comes down on those left alive, a black night when the wind is full of flying dust and ashes and a suffocating smell of sulphurous gas, and the ground slides and jerks underfoot, and the sky is red around the edges with the reflection of spouting lava beyond the quivering mountains. The people stumble around their wrecked houses looking for the ones that were caught by the falling walls, or cling together in little scared bunches and cry and pray to their gods. It is the Judgment Day, come ages ahead of its time. Can't you just see the whole thing?"

"Don't stop!" pleaded Howard. "Finish the vision while the inspiration is upon you. What became of the survivors?"

"Quien sabe?" said Jim. "Only one thing is clear—they went away somewhere. The earthquakes must have dried a good many streams at their source, and killed the irrigation systems, as in this case right here. The children of Israel were not the only nation that ever picked up its traps and moved all in a bunch. Do you remember, the Aztecs in the time of Cortez had a tradition that they had come from the north in a great migration? Who were the Mayas and the Toltecs in Central America? The Apaches probably drifted into this country after the great earthquake, and there have always been a handful of pueblo tribes, but these folks," said Jim, looking reflectively down into the hole at his feet, "these folks—who knows?"

"One thing more, old sage," said Howard. "Give all this a date. When did it happen?"

Jim shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands like a Mexican.

"Quien sabe?" he repeated. "Do you want me to get into trouble

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with the wise men at Washington? But geologists set the date of these volcanic disturbances away back. That's what makes these ruins such fine things to dream over. Old, old, old they are—that's all. Maybe the day when these 'dobe walls thundered down and spoiled the good woman's supper was back before the time of Abraham. Perhaps on that very day our noble, fair-skinned ancestors in central Europe were sneaking around through the woods, gnawing bones and sticking each other in the back with copper knives. It was still a long, long way to Plymouth Rock, proud Yankee. But, speaking of suppers," he said rising, "I'll bet our supper is ready, and it is a good two miles away. And while we are here, dreaming about prehistoric Americans, mother at the ranch is dreaming that something horrible has happened to us, like all mothers do when a fellow is ten minutes late to a meal. Vamos, amigo mio."

They mounted their horses and rode off toward the ranch in silence, and then presently—

"Say," said Howard. "I want to beg your pardon, and also Madame Arizona's. Between the two of you, you've given me a great lesson in history this afternoon. Why, this country is fairly saturated with history. It almost equals the Old Bay State."

"That's a stunning compliment, coming from a Bostonese," grinned Jim. "I thank you for myself and for Señora Arizona."

"But, Jim," said Howard earnestly, "isn't it a great country, this old U. S. A. of ours? The more I see of it, the more I admire every square mile of it."

"It's THE country," said Jim. "Up and down and around and across and forward and backward, there is no country equal to it. We white folks from Europe who drove our stakes in it day before yesterday are just beginning to get acquainted with it."

"And it's history," murmured Howard.

"The shortest part of its history is the part that we have made and have put into books," said Jim.



RADISSON AND THE GREAT NORTHWEST

GEORGE H. LOCKE

If he had not had his faults, if he had not been as impulsive, as daring, as reckless, as inconstant, as improvident of the morrow as a savage or a child, he would not have accomplished the exploration of half a continent. Men who weigh consequences are not of the stuff to win empires. He went ahead and when the way did not open he went around, or crawled over, or carved his way through.

Memorial tablets commemorate other discoverers. Radisson needs none. The Great Northwest is his monument for all time.—AGNES C. LAUT.

BEFORE Joliet, Marquette, and LaSalle had made their memorable expeditions in search of the Western Sea, a man unattached to any religious order, and under the protection of no government, had traversed these unknown wilds for the sheer joy of exploration and excite-

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ment. The hairbreadth escapes of the hero of modern fiction cannot compare in thrills with the marvelous adventures of this man to whom the country from Quebec to the prairies of the great Northwest was alike his hunting and his playground.

This was Pierre Radisson, who left his native St. Malo about a century after the great Cartier, and settled at Three Rivers, which then was a comparatively large place, having a population of about 200 souls.

With the enthusiasm and recklessness of youth he disregarded the warnings of his friends and went duck shooting with a couple of equally reckless and youthful companions. They were but boys and were at the age when Indians had no terrors for them. Separated in the chase, Radisson had splendid luck, and returning to where they had agreed to meet, he found his two companions dead among the rushes. When he looked about, the heads of Indians appeared everywhere. They set upon him, and after a game struggle he was disarmed, stripped, tied around the waist with a rope and brought to the camp fire.

The very recklessness of the youth compelled the admiration of the Indians, who spared his life, gave him his clothes, dressed his hair and daubed his face as of an Indian brave. Though but a boy he showed the coolness in the face of danger which was to characterize him throughout his adventurous life. We are told that he slept that night between two warriors under a common blanket and so soundly that he was with difficulty awakened at the break of day.

Taking no chances, they tied him to the crossbar of a canoe when the party set off for the Indian village many miles distant. On the fourth day he was released from the crossbar, and being given a paddle, entered with zest into the work of helping onward the canoe. He was a cheerful lad, and the Indians, instead of allowing him to work himself out in his awkward manner, taught him how to give the light feather strokes of the true canoe man. He, in turn, took his share of the burdens, and was always eager to help. Their village was near Lake George in what is now New York State, and there they prepared to make

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2t merry with their captives and their plunder. He had to run the gantlet of the braves, and was so successful that he was sought for adoption by a captive Huron squaw who had been adopted by the tribe. She pleaded for his life before the Great Council and was allowed to take him as her son. He was now a Mohawk of the Iroquois nation.

Ever on the watch for an opportunity, he and an Algonquin captive soon made their escape, after killing three of the Mohawks; and after wandering many days, they were within sight of Three Rivers when the Iroquois overtook them, killed the Algonquin, and Radisson was again a prisoner. He was recognized and subjected to tortures, his thumb being thrust into a pipe of live coals, and the soles of both feet burned. Still worse was in store for him, but his adopted father, a chief among them, and his adopted mother purchased his freedom by a recital of their own deeds of valor and by gifts of wampum.

This seventeen-year-old lad seemingly had won the hearts of all. He accompanied them on their expeditions and visited the lodges of the Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas, and Cayugas in their wanderings about what is now known as the Niagara district. Indeed, he won the confidence of his Mohawk friends to such an extent that they took him with them when they visited the white man's village of Orange (Albany), and he justified their confidence by returning with them, even though the Dutch offered to pay a great ransom to free him.

He wanted to make himself free and was ever on the alert for the suitable moment. It came in 1653, and alone he made his way back to Orange after many hairbreadth escapes. Here he was befriended—indeed he seemed always and everywhere to make friends—by a Jesuit priest who gave him enough money to enable him to sail down the Hudson to New York, whence he took boat for Amsterdam, which he reached in 1654, and thence he made his way home to France.

This adventure I have dwelt upon in some detail, because it is an illustration in miniature of his eventful life. One would think there had been enough crowded into these months to suffice for a life time,

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but the lure of the West was upon him, and his relatives, like himself, had gone overseas.

Therefore he joined the fishing fleet that was sailing for the Banks of Newfoundland, and made his way back to Three Rivers in May of 1654, just two years after he had disappeared.

His sister, Marguerite, had lost her husband in a fight with the Mohawks, and had married Chouart, a famous fur trader. This man was a widower, his wife having been a daughter of Abraham Martin, whose farm near Quebec City was in another century to become famous as the scene of the battle of the Plains of Abraham.

These two men, Radisson and Chouart, became not only fast friends, but inseparable companions in a life of adventure. The traders coming east to dispose of their furs told of a great country beyond the Great Lakes, and these two lovers of the wild set off up the Ottawa across Lake Huron and Michigan, over what is now Wisconsin, and came to a "mighty river, great, rushing, profound, and comparable to the St. Lawrence." This undoubtedly was the Upper Mississippi, and these two white men were the first to see it and the "farflung, fenceless prairie, where the quick cloud-shadows trail," which make up what we call the Great Northwest.

The Indians told them of a great river to the south which divided itself in two, the Forked River, the junction of Missouri and Mississippi, but the adventurers decided to make their way back again, and crossing through what is now Nebraska, North Dakota, and Minnesota, they came to Lake Superior and the Sault. Here the Crees told Radisson of a great sea to the north, Hudson's Bay, where there were quantities of furs. So alluring was the description that he set off on snow shoes, but the season was too late and he returned and made his way east. At the rapids of the Long Sault his large party came upon the Iroquois who had massacred Dollard and his noble band of Frenchmen. These they put to flight and as deliverers they made a triumphant journey to Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec.

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Their one thought was when could they resume their explorations in the North, and as they could not come to terms with the Governor, who wanted all the profits without assuming any of the risks, they stole away, and in October reached Lake Superior. Pressing on they came to where Duluth now stands, and there they established a fur trading post, the first between the Missouri River and the North Pole. This marks the opening of the Great West as truly as when the railway passing through unknown portions of our Great West established a station as a center of influence and trade.

In the spring they set off with their hosts of the winter, the Crees, to find the Great Sea, and it is possible that they were successful, but after great hardships. We know, however, that they returned in 1663 with costly furs, and instead of the welcome which might reasonably be looked for, they were heavily fined by the French governor for trading without a license, and most of their furs were confiscated. They tried to get redress in France, but utterly failed, and so with no support in either Old France or New France they sought out new friends and joined the English in an expedition against Port Royal. This was unsuccessful, and being taken prisoners by the Dutch, they were landed in Spain, whence they made their way to England. This was in 1666, when the great plague was raging in London, and Charles II and his court were at Oxford.

They met at the court a man who was greatly impressed with their stories, and whose name was to be intimately associated with the great Northland. This was Prince Rupert, the dashing cavalry leader of the Stuarts, who became their patron, outfitted them for exploration, and they set off for Hudson's Bay. Chouart was successful, but Radisson, shipwrecked, returned to England where, in 1670, on the return of Chouart, a "company of adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" was formed through the influence of Prince Rupert, who became the first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, to whom was given a vast empire in the northern part of America.



In the following spring ships were sent out, posts established, and so successful was their venture that the French not only sent expeditions and exploring parties northward, but the great gathering of the Indian tribes at the Sault Ste. Marie, which Perrot organized, was to strengthen the French against the English traders who were trying to divert trade from the posts of the French.

But negotiations in England fell through and Radisson made more satisfactory terms with his old allies, the French, and sailed under that flag to Hudson's Bay, outwitted both the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company and the free traders from New England, and France became supreme in the Bay. But again the government of New France threw away the prize, for when Radisson and Chouart arrived at Montreal they were prosecuted for trading without a license, and summoned

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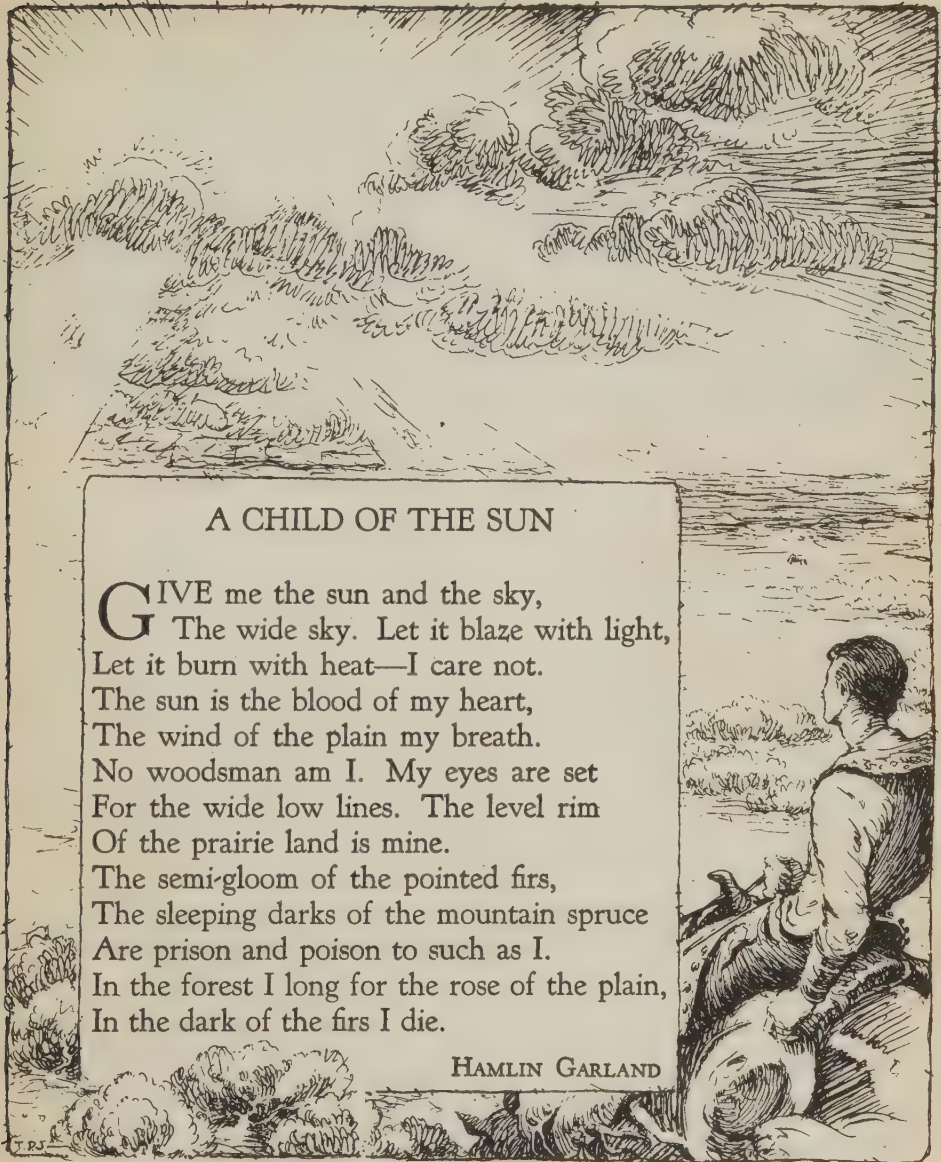
to France, there to explain the circumstances to the Home Government, but when they arrived they found that Colbert, the minister who summoned them, was dead. Chouart, thoroughly discouraged, retired to end his days in quietness, for the outlook was anything but encouraging.

However, Radisson, looking with eagerness still for the life of adventure, and having a family to support, played French against English offers until at last he went across to England, and in 1684 he sailed for Hudson's Bay under the flag of the Company. Here he found young Chouart, the son, who had been holding the Bay for France, who, when he heard of the treatment given his father and Radisson, surrendered the fort and the furs to Radisson, who thereupon gathered the Indian tribes and made a treaty with them and the Hudson's Bay Company, which in essence lasts unto this day. Returning to England they received a great welcome, and for five years Radisson made annual visits to the Bay, and the Company flourished.

War between France and England broke out in 1689 with the accession of William and Mary, and the Bay was invaded by the French, the fur trade badly disorganized, and the profits of the Company greatly decreased.

As is too often the case with corporations, gratitude for what had been accomplished was wiped out by the disappointment of the present, and Radisson, who had done so much for the company, was ignored; too old to be of aggressive service to them, he drops out of sight, and is forgotten except for the record of the payment of a small pension up to the year 1710.

His was a wonderful life. Impulsive, yet cool-headed at critical times, daring, reckless and inconstant, but generous and brave, he was the true adventurer who, with no thought of himself, braved danger for the very love of it, and whose memory is preserved among the Indians as one who was untainted by the vices of the white man, who never was cruel, and who was admired for his sheer bravery.



A CHILD OF THE SUN

GIVE me the sun and the sky,
 The wide sky. Let it blaze with light,
 Let it burn with heat—I care not.
 The sun is the blood of my heart,
 The wind of the plain my breath.
 No woodsman am I. My eyes are set
 For the wide low lines. The level rim
 Of the prairie land is mine.
 The semi-gloom of the pointed firs,
 The sleeping darks of the mountain spruce
 Are prison and poison to such as I.
 In the forest I long for the rose of the plain,
 In the dark of the firs I die.

HAMLIN GARLAND

From *The Trail of the Goldseekers*. New York: The Macmillan Company. By permission of the author.



THE DISCOVERY OF PIKES PEAK

ZEBULON M. PIKE

After the purchase of the Louisiana Territory from France in 1803, the question remained as to what the United States had really bought. So Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike, son of a Revolutionary soldier, was sent out to trace the Mississippi to its source. He left St. Louis in August, 1805, with about twenty men and made explorations up about the headwaters of that river. In 1806-07 he continued his explorations of the Louisiana Territory. The following excerpts are from the diary of his two expeditions, which was published by Pike in 1810, and tell of his discovery of the peak that later was to bear his name, in the future state of Colorado. The "Mexican mountains" mentioned in his diary are the main chain of our Rocky Mountains. From November 14 until January 27 the mountain was never out of sight except when the party was in a valley, but Pike thought the mountain too difficult to scale and climbed only the lesser peaks near it.

1806, 13th November, Thursday.—We marched at the usual hour. The river banks begin to be entirely covered with woods on both sides, but no other specie than cottonwood. Discovered very fresh signs of Indians, and one of our hunters informed me he saw a man on horse-back ascending a ravine on our left. Discovered signs of war parties ascending the river. Wounded several buffalo. Killed one turkey, the first we have seen since we left the Pawnees.

From *Pike's Journal*, which he published as *An Account of Expedition to the Sources of the Mississippi and Through the Western Parts of Louisiana, etc.* Philadelphia: 1810.

❖ ❖ *Winding Westward* ❖ ❖

14th November, Friday.—In the morning, Doctor Robinson, one man, and myself went up the ravine on which the man was supposed to have been seen, but could make no important discovery. Marched at two o'clock; passed a point of red rocks and one large creek. Distance 10 miles.

15th November, Saturday.—Marched early. Passed two deep creeks and many high points of the rocks; also large herds of buffalo. At two o'clock in the afternoon I thought I could distinguish a mountain to our right which appeared like a small blue cloud; viewed it with the spy glass, and was still more confirmed in my conjecture, yet only communicated it to Doctor Robinson, who was in front with me, but in half an hour they appeared in full view before us. When our small party arrived on the hill they with one accord gave three *cheers* to the *Mexican mountains*. Their appearance can easily be imagined by those who have crossed the Alleghany, but their sides were whiter, as if covered with snow or a white stone. Those were a spur of the grand western chain of mountains, which divide the waters of the Pacific from those of the Atlantic oceans, and it divided the waters which empty into the bay of the Holy Spirit from those of the Mississippi, as the Alleghany does those which discharge themselves into the latter river and the Atlantic. They appear to present a natural boundary between the province of Louisiana and New Mexico and would be a defined and natural boundary. Before evening we discovered a fork on the south side bearing S.25°W., and as the Spanish troops appeared to have borne up it, we encamped on its banks about one mile from its confluence, that we might make further discoveries on the morrow. Killed three buffalo. Distance 24 miles.

16th November, Sunday.—After asserting (ascertaining) that the Spanish troops had ascended the right branch or main river, we marched at two o'clock P. M. The Arkansaw appeared at this place to be much more navigable than below, where we first struck it, and for any impediment I have yet discovered in the river I would not hesitate to

embark in February at its mouth and ascend to the Mexican mountains, with crafts properly constructed. Distance 11½ miles.

17th November, Monday.—Marched at our usual hour, pushed with an idea of arriving at the mountains, but found at night no visible difference in their appearance from what we did yesterday; one of our horses gave out and was left in a ravine, not being able to ascend the hill; but I sent back for him and had him brought to the camp. Distance 23½ miles.

18th November, Tuesday.—As we discovered fresh signs of the savages, we concluded it best to stop and kill some meat, for fear we should get into a country where we could not kill game. Sent out the hunters; I walked myself to an eminence from whence I took the courses to the different mountains and a small sketch of their appearance. In the evening found the hunters had killed without mercy, having slain 17 buffalo and wounded at least 20 more.

(In the next three days meat was dried and packed and the expedition traveled 39 miles.)

22nd November, Saturday.—Marched at our usual hour, and with rather more caution than usual. After having marched about five miles on the prairie, we descended into the bottom, the *front only*; when Baroney cried out *Voila un Savage*, when we observed a number running from the woods towards us, we advanced to them and on turning my head to the left I observed several running on the hill, as it were to surround us, one with a stand of colors. This caused a momentary halt; but perceiving those in front, reaching out their hands and without arms, we again advanced; they met us with open arms, crowding around, to touch and embrace us. They appeared so anxious that I dismounted my horse, and in a moment a fellow had mounted him and was off. I then observed the doctor and Baroney were in the same predicament. The Indians were embracing the soldiers; after some time tranquillity was so far restored (they having returned our horses all safe) as to enable us to learn they were a war party, from the grand Pawnees, who

❖ ❖ :Winding Westward ❖ ❖

had been in search of the Tetaus¹; but not finding them were now on their return. An unsuccessful war party on their return home are always ready to embrace an opportunity of gratifying their disappointed vengeance on the first persons whom they meet. Made for the woods and unloaded our horses; when the two partizans endeavored to arrange the party, it was with great difficulty that they got them tranquil, and not until there had been a bow or two bent on the occasion. When in some order we found them to be sixty warriors, half with fire arms and half with bows, arrows, and lances. Our party was sixteen total. In a short time they were arranged in a ring and I took my seat between the two partizans; our colors were placed opposite each other, the utensils for smoaking, etc. were paraded on a small seat before us: thus far all was well. I then ordered half a carrot of tobacco, one dozen knives, 60 fire steels and 60 flints to be presented them. They demanded ammunition, corn, blankets, kettles, etc. all of which they were refused, notwithstanding the pressing instances of my interpreter, to accord to some points. The pipes yet lay unmoved, as if they were undetermined whether to treat us as friends or enemies; but after some time we were presented with a kettle of water, drank, smoked, and eat together. During this time Doctor Robinson was standing up, to observe their actions, in order that we might be ready to commence hostilities as soon as them. They now took their presents and commenced distributing them, but some malcontents threw them away by way of contempt. We began to load our horses, when they encircled us and commenced stealing every thing they could. Finding it was difficult to preserve my pistols, I mounted my horse when I found myself frequently surrounded during which some were endeavoring to steal the pistols. The doctor was equally engaged in another quarter, and all the soldiers in their positions; in taking things from them, one having stolen my tomahawk, I informed the chief, but he paid no respect, except to reply that "*they were pitiful*"; finding this I determined to protect ourselves, as far as was in my power, and the affair began to take a serious aspect. I ordering my men to take

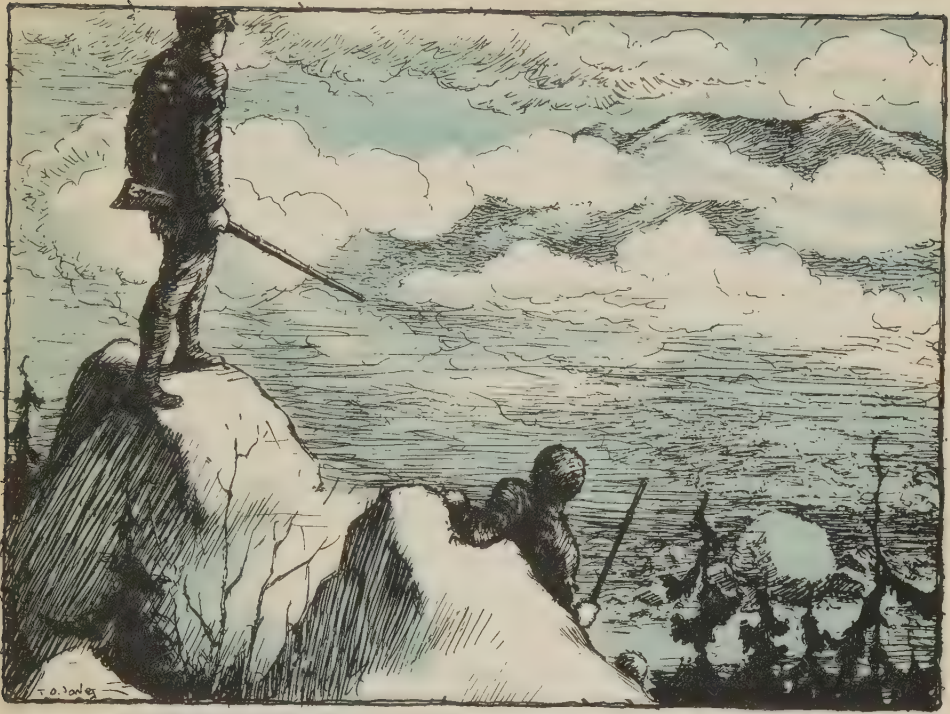
¹Tetons, a division of the Sioux.

their arms and separate themselves from the savages; at the same time declaring to them, I would *kill* the first man who touched our baggage. On which they commenced fling off immediately; we marched about the same time and found they had made out to steal one sword, tomahawk, broad axe, five canteens, and sundry other small articles. After our leaving them, when I reflected on the subject, I felt myself sincerely mortified that the smallness of my number obliged me thus to submit to the insults of a lawless banditti, it being the first time ever a savage took anything from me, with the least appearance of force. After encamping at night the doctor and myself went about one mile back, and way laid the road, determined in case we discovered any of the rascals pursuing us to steal our horses, to kill two at least: but after waiting behind some logs until some time in the night, and discovering no person, we returned to camp. Distance 17 miles, killed two buffalo and one deer.

23rd November, Sunday.—Marched at ten o'clock; at one o'clock came to the third fork on the south side and encamped at night in the point of the grand forks. As the river appeared to be dividing itself into many small branches and of course must be near its extreme source, I concluded to put the party in a defensible situation, and ascend the north fork, to the high point of the blue mountain, which we conceived would be one day's march, in order to be enabled from its pinical, to lay down the various branches and positions of the country. Distance 19 miles. Killed five buffalo.

24th November, Monday.—Early in the morning cut down 14 logs, and put up a breast work, five feet high on three sides and the other was thrown on the river. After giving the necessary orders for their government, during my absence, in case of our not returning, we marched at one o'clock with an idea of arriving at the foot of the mountain; but found ourselves obliged to take up our night's lodging under a single cedar, which we found in the prairie, without water and extremely cold. Our party besides myself consisted of Doctor Robinson, privates Miller and Brown. Distance 12 miles.

Winding Westward



25th November, Tuesday.—Marched early, with an expectation of ascending the mountain, but was only able to encamp at its base, after passing over many small hills covered with cedars and pitch pines. Our encampment was on a creek where we found no water for several miles from the mountain, but near its base, found springs sufficient. Took a meridional observation, and the altitude of the mountain. Killed two buffalo. Distance 22 miles.

26th November, Wednesday.—Expecting to return to our camp that evening, we left all our blankets and provisions at the foot of the mountain. Killed a deer of a new species and hung his skin on a tree with some meat. We commenced ascending, found it very difficult, being obliged to climb up rocks, sometimes almost perpendicular; and after marching all day, we encamped in a cave, without blankets, victuals or water. We

had a fine clear sky, whilst it was snowing at the bottom. On the side of the mountain we found only yellow and pitch pine. Some distance up we found buffalo, higher still the new species of deer and pheasants.

27th November, Thursday.—Arose hungry, dry, and extremely sore, from the inequality of the rocks on which we had lain all night, but were amply compensated for toil by the sublimity of the prospects below. The unbounded prairie was overhung with clouds, which appeared like the ocean in a storm; wave piled on wave and foaming, whilst the sky was perfectly clear where we were. Commenced our march up the mountain, and in about one hour arrived at the summit of this chain: here we found the snow middle deep; no sign of beast or bird inhabiting this region. The thermometer which stood at 9° above 0 at the foot of the mountain, here fell to 4° below 0. The summit of the Grand Peak¹, which was entirely bare of vegetation and covered with snow, now appeared at the distance of 15 or 16 miles from us, and as high again as what we had ascended, and would have taken a whole day's march to have arrived at its base, when I believe no human being could have ascended to its pinical. This with the condition of my soldiers who had only light overalls on, and no stockings, and every way ill provided to endure the inclemency of the region, the bad prospect of killing anything to subsist on, with the further detention of two or three days, which it must occasion, determined us to return. The clouds from below had now ascended the mountain and entirely enveloped the summit on which rests eternal snows. We descended by a long deep ravine with much less difficulty than contemplated. Found all our baggage safe, but the provisions all destroyed. It began to snow, and we sought shelter under the side of a projecting rock, where we, all four, made a meal on one partridge and a piece of deer's ribs the ravens had left us, being the first we had eaten in that 48 hours.

28th November, Friday.—Marched at nine o'clock. Kept straight down the creek to avoid the hills. At half past one o'clock shot two buffalo, when we made our first full meal we had made in three days.

¹Now known as Pikes Peak.

❖ ❖ Winding Westward ❖ ❖

Encamped in a valley under a shelving rock. The land here very rich, and covered with old Tetau camps.

29th November, Saturday.—Marched after a short repast, and arrived at our camp before night; found all well.

30th November, Sunday.—Marched at eleven o'clock, it snowing very fast, but my impatience to be moving would not permit my lying still at that camp. The doctor, Baroney and myself, went to view a Tetau encampment, which appeared to be about two years old; and from their having cut down so large a quantity of trees to support their horses, conclude there must have been at least one thousand souls; passed several more in the course of the day; also one Spanish camp. Distance 15 miles. Killed two deer. This day came to the first cedar and pine.

(The next two days the party suffered from bitter cold and made but 13 miles.)

3rd December, Wednesday.—The weather moderating to 3° below 0, our absentees joined, one with his feet frozen, but were not able to bring up the horse; sent two men back on horseback. The hardships of last voyage had now began, and had the climate only been as severe as the climate then was, some of the men must have perished, for they had no winter clothing; I wore myself cotton overalls, for I had not calculated on being out in that inclement season of the year. Dr. Robinson and myself, with assistants, went out and took the altitude of the north mountain, on the base of a mile¹; after which, together with Sparks, we endeavored to kill a cow but without effect. Killed two bulls, that the men might use pieces of their hides for mockinsons. Left Sparks out. On our return to camp found the men had got back with the strayed horse, but too late to march².

¹Now reckoned as 14,108 feet high.

²Despite the intense cold, the party continued their explorations, finally reporting back to General Wilkinson in St. Louis. Later the railroad followed the path of this pioneer journey which was simultaneous with part of the farther westward explorations of Lewis and Clark, both being efforts to establish the rights of the United States to this land and define its extent. Pike, promoted to brigadier-general, lost his life in an attack on York (now Toronto) in 1813.



BETTY ZANE

ZANE GREY

IN A quiet corner of the stately little city of Wheeling, West Virginia, stands a monument on which is inscribed:

“By authority of the State of West Virginia, to commemorate the siege of Fort Henry, Sept. 11, 1782, the last battle of the American Revolution, this tablet is here placed.”

Had it not been for the heroism of a girl, the foregoing inscription would never have been written, and the city of Wheeling would never have existed. For a hundred years the stories of Betty and Isaac Zane have been familiar, oft-repeated tales in my family—tales told with that pardonable ancestral pride which seems inherent in every one. My grandmother loved to cluster the children round her and tell them that when she was a little girl she had knelt at the feet of Betty Zane, and listened to the old lady as she told of her brother's capture by the Indian Princess, of the burning of the fort, and of her own race for life.

Colonel Ebenezer Zane was one of those daring men, who, as the tide of emigration started westward, had left his friends and family and had struck out alone into the wilderness. Departing from his home in Eastern Virginia he had plunged into the woods, and after many days of hunting and exploring he reached the then far Western Ohio valley.

The scene so impressed Colonel Zane that he concluded to found a settlement there. Taking “tomahawk possession” of the locality (which consisted of blazing a few trees with his tomahawk), he built himself a rude shack and remained that summer on the Ohio.

This story is taken from the book of the same title, and is about the author's great-great-aunt, one of the heroic women of American history. The selection is used by special permission of Mr. Grey, and the publishers, Grosset & Dunlap, New York.



In the autumn he set out for Berkeley County, Virginia, to tell his people of the magnificent country he discovered. The following spring he persuaded a number of settlers, of a like spirit with himself, to accompany him to the wilderness. The country through which they passed was one tangled, almost impenetrable forest; the ax of the pioneer had never sounded in this region, where every rod of the way might harbor some unknown danger. They at length climbed the commanding bluff overlooking the majestic river, and as they gazed out on the undulating and uninterrupted area of green, their hearts beat high with hope.

The keen ax, wielded by strong arms, soon opened the clearing and reared stout log cabins on the river bluff. Then Ebenezer Zane and his followers moved their families, and soon the settlement began to grow and flourish.

There were five Zane brothers and at the period of the settling of the little colony in the wilderness, Elizabeth Zane, the only sister, was

living with an aunt in Philadelphia, where she was being educated. Colonel Zane's house, a two-story structure built of rough hewn logs, was the most comfortable one in the settlement, and occupied a prominent site on the hillside about one hundred yards from the fort.

On the death of her aunt, Elizabeth Zane came west to live with her brother. Although city bred the girl had taken to frontier life and after only a few months on the border she could prepare the flax and weave a linsey dresscloth with admirable skill. She could ride like an Indian and shoot with undoubted skill; she had a generous share of the Zane's fleetness of foot, and could send a canoe over as bad a place as she could find.

Fort Henry stood on a bluff overlooking the river and commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. Surrounded by a stockade fence twelve feet high, with a yard wide walk running around the inside, and with bastions at each corner large enough to contain six defenders, the fort presented an almost impregnable defense. The blockhouse was two stories in height, the second story projecting out several feet over the first. The thick white oak walls bristled with portholes. Besides the blockhouse, there were a number of cabins located within the stockade. Wells had been sunk inside the inclosure, so that if the spring on which they relied happened to go dry, an abundance of good water could be had at all times.

In all the histories of frontier life mention is made of the forts and the protection they offered in time of savage warfare. These forts were used as homes for the settlers, who often lived for weeks inside the walls.

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All that summer the Indians had been troublesome. The notorious Simon Girty, who had turned against his white brothers and led the Indian outrages, was in the neighborhood. Colonel Zane believed Fort Henry had been marked by the British and the Indians. Darkness slowly settled down on the Fort, and with it came a feeling of relief, at least for the night, for the Indians rarely attacked the settlements after dark.

The moments dragged away. The children had fallen asleep on the bearskin rug. Mrs. Zane and Betty had heard the Colonel's voice, and sat with white faces, waiting, waiting for they knew not what.

A man came up the path, passed up the steps, and crossed the threshold. His buckskin hunting coat and leggins were wet, torn and bespattered with mud; the water ran and dripped from him to form little muddy pools on the floor; only his rifle and powder horn were dry.

"Colonel Zane," he said, "I'd been here days before, but I run into some Shawnees, and they gave me a hard chase. I have to report that Girty with four hundred Injuns and two hundred Britishers are on the way to Fort Henry."

Morning found the settlers all within the Fort. Colonel Zane had determined, however, long before, that in the event of another siege, he would use his house as an outpost. Surrounding himself by expert marksmen, Colonel Zane and his brother Jonathan resolved to protect their property and at the same time render valuable aid to the Fort.

All told, the little force in the blockhouse did not exceed forty-two, and that counting the boys and the women who could handle rifles. The few preparations had been completed and now the settlers were awaiting the appearance of the enemy. Few words were spoken. All were listening for the war-cry.

They had not long to wait. Before noon the well-known whoop came from the wooded shore of the river, and it was soon followed by the appearance of hundreds of Indians. They swam across and placed their weapons and ammunition on improvised rafts. A detachment of British soldiers followed the Indians. In an hour the entire army appeared on the river bluff not three hundred yards from the fort.

"Ho, the Fort!"

It was a strong, authoritative voice and came from a man mounted on a black horse.

"Well, Girty, what is it?" shouted Silas Zane, whom Colonel Zane had placed in command of a small company in the Fort.



“We demand unconditional surrender,” was the answer.

“You will never get it,” replied Silas.

An hour passed. At intervals a taunting Indian yell came floating on the air.

“Will you surrender?” came again from Girty.

“Never! Go back to your squaws!” yelled a man from the Fort.

Someone fired from the Fort and an Indian chief fell to the ground. With a yell the Indians started for the Fort. They attacked the gate fiercely with their tomahawks, and with a log which they used as a battering-ram. All day the attack continued, until at dusk hostilities ceased for the night.

The sun rose red and with the daylight the firing began again. The people in the Fort were about exhausted but the thought of giving

up never occurred to them. A young woman knelt before a charcoal fire which she was blowing with a bellows. It was Betty Zane. Her face was pale and weary, her hair dishevelled, her shapely arms blackened with charcoal, but notwithstanding she looked calm, resolute, self-contained. Betty lifted the ladle from the red coals and poured the hot metal into a bullet-mould on a block of wood with a steady hand and an admirable precision. Too much or too little lead would make an imperfect ball. For nearly forty hours, without sleep or rest, almost without food, she and other brave girls had been at their post.

Silas Zane came running into the room. His face was ghastly, even his lips were white and drawn.

"In God's name, what can we do? The powder is gone!" he cried.

"Gone?" repeated several voices. The men looked at each other with slowly whitening faces. There was no need of words. Their eyes had told one another what was coming. They were lost! And every man thought not of himself, cared not for himself, but for those innocent children, those brave young girls and heroic women. No wonder Silas Zane and his men weakened in that moment. Alone they could have drawn their tomahawks and have made a dash through the lines of Indians, but with the women and the children that was impossible.

"What can we do?" asked Silas Zane. "We cannot hold the Fort without powder. We cannot leave the women here."

"Send someone for powder," came the suggestion.

"Do you think it possible," said Silas quickly, a ray of hope lighting up his haggard features. "There's plenty of powder in Eb's cabin." (Colonel Zane and his brother were defending their cabin outside the Fort.) "Whom shall we send? Who will volunteer?"

Three men stepped forward, and others made a movement.

"I *will* go."

It was Betty's voice, and it rang clear and vibrant throughout the room. The miserable women raised their drooping heads, thrilled by that fresh young voice. The men looked stupefied.

Silas Zane shook his head as if the idea were absurd.

"Let me go, brother, let me go?" pleaded Betty, as she placed her little hands softly, caressingly on her brother's bare arm. "I know it is only a forlorn chance, but still it is a chance. Let me take it. I would rather die that way than remain here and wait for death."

Silas stood with arms folded across his broad chest. As he gazed at his sister, great tears coursed down his dark cheeks and splashed on the hands which so tenderly clasped his own. Betty stood before him transformed; all signs of weariness had vanished; her eyes shone with a fateful resolve; her white and eager face was surpassingly beautiful with its light of hope, of prayer, of heroism.

"Let me go, brother. You know I can run, and oh! I will fly today. Every moment is precious. Who knows? Perhaps Captain Boggs is already near at hand with help. You cannot *spare* a man. Let me go."

"Betty, Heaven bless and save you, you shall go," said Silas.

"Silas, I am ready," said Betty simply.

Downstairs a little group of white-faced men were standing before the gateway. Silas Zane had withdrawn the iron bar, and stood ready to swing in the ponderous gate. One of the men was speaking with a clearness and a rapidity which were wonderful under the circumstances.

"When we let you out you'll have a clear path. Run, but not very fast. Save your speed. Tell the Colonel to empty a keg of powder in a tablecloth. Throw it over your shoulder and start back. Run like you was racin' with me, and keep on comin' if you do get hit. Now go!"

The huge gate creaked and swung in. Betty ran out, looking straight before her. She had covered half the distance between the Fort and the Colonel's house when long taunting yells filled the air.

"Squaw! Waugh! Squaw! Waugh!" yelled the Indians in contempt.

Not a shot did they fire. The yells ran all along the river front, showing that hundreds of Indians had seen the slight figure running up the gentle slope toward the cabin.

❖ ❖ Winding Westward ❖ ❖

Betty obeyed instructions to the letter. She ran easily and not at all hurriedly, and was as cool as if there had not been an Indian within miles.

Colonel Zane had seen the gate open and Betty come forth. When she bounded up the steps he flung open the door and she ran into his arms.

"Betts, for God's sake! What's this?" he cried.

"We are out of powder. Empty a keg of powder into a tablecloth. Quick! I've not a second to lose," she answered, at the same time slipping off her outer skirt. She wanted nothing to hinder that run for the blockhouse.

Jonathan Zane heard Betty's first words and disappeared into the magazine-room. He came out with a keg in his arms. With one blow of an ax he smashed in the top of the keg. In a twinkling a long black stream of the precious stuff was piling up in a little hill in the center of the table. Then the corners of the tablecloth were caught up, turned and twisted, and the bag of powder was thrown over Betty's shoulder.

"Brave girl, so help me God, you are going to do it!" cried Colonel Zane, throwing open the door. "I know you can. Run as you never ran in all your life."

Like an arrow sprung from a bow Betty flashed past the Colonel and out on the green. Scarcely ten of the long hundred yards had been covered by her flying feet when a roar of angry shouts and yells warned Betty that the keen-eyed savages saw the bag of powder and now knew that they had been deceived by a girl. The cracking of rifles began at a point on the bluff nearest Colonel Zane's house, and extended in a half circle to the eastern end of the clearing. The leaden messengers of Death whistled past Betty. They sped before her and behind her, scattering pebbles in her path, striking up the dust, and plowing little furrows in the ground. A quarter of the distance covered! Betty had passed the top of the knoll now and she was going down the gentle slope like the wind. None but a fine marksman could have hit that

small, flitting figure. The yelling and screeching had become deafening. The reports of the rifles blended in a roar. Yet above it all Betty heard a stentorian yell from the Fort. It lent wings to her feet. Half the distance covered! A hot, stinging pain shot through Betty's arm, but she heeded it not. The bullets were raining about her. They sang over her head; hissed close to her ears, and cut the grass in front of her; they pattered like hail on a stockade-fence, but still untouched, unharmed, the slender brown figure sped toward the gate. Three-fourths of the distance covered! A tug at the flying hair, and a long, black tress cut off by a bullet floated away on the breeze. Betty saw the big gate swing; she saw the tall figure of her brother. Only a few more yards! On! On! On! A blinding red mist obscured her sight. She lost the opening in the fence, but unheeding she rushed on. Another second and she stumbled; she felt herself grasped by eager arms; she heard the gate slam and the iron bar shoot into place; then she felt and heard no more.

Silas Zane bounded up the stairs with a doubly precious burden in his arms. A mighty cheer greeted his entrance. Betty's eyelids fluttered and her eyes opened.

"O-h! but that brown place burns!" she said. A bullet had grazed her arm.

Realizing that they had been tricked, again the Indians attacked savagely, but slowly and sullenly they gave way before the fire from the Fort. Shortly after daybreak the next morning a mounted force was seen galloping up the creek road. It proved to be Captain Boggs with seventy men. Great was the rejoicing! Captain Boggs expected to find only the ashes of the Fort. And the gallant little garrison, although saddened by the loss of half its original number, rejoiced that it had repulsed the united forces of braves and British.

Betty Zane lived all her after life on the scene of her famous exploit. She became a happy wife and mother. When she grew to be an old lady, with her grandchildren about her knee, she delighted to tell them that when a girl she had run the gantlet of the Indians.



FRINGED GENTIAN

GOD made a little gentian;
It tried to be a rose
And failed, and all the summer laughed:
But just before the snows
There came a purple creature
That ravished all the hill;
And summer hid her forehead,
And mockery was still.
The frosts were her condition;
The Tyrian would not come
Until the North evoked it:—
“Creator! shall I bloom?”

EMILY DICKINSON

From *Poems*. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.



THE CAMP OF THE WILD HORSE

WASHINGTON IRVING

WE HAD encamped in a good neighborhood for game, as the reports of rifles in various directions speedily gave notice. One of our hunters soon returned with the meat of a doe, tied up in the skin, and slung across his shoulders. Another brought a fat buck across his horse. Two other deer were brought in, and a number of turkeys. All the game was thrown down in front of the Captain's fire, to be portioned out among the various messes. The spits and camp kettles were soon in full employ, and throughout the evening there was a scene of hunters' feasting and profusion.

We had been disappointed this day in our hopes of meeting with buffalo, but the sight of a wild horse had been a great novelty, and gave a turn to the conversation of the camp for the evening. There were several anecdotes told of a famous gray horse, which had ranged the prairies of this neighborhood for six or seven years, setting at naught every attempt of the hunters to capture him. They say he can pace and rack (or amble) faster than the fleetest horses can run. Equally marvelous accounts were given of a black horse on the Brassos, which grazed the prairies on that river's banks in the Texas. For years he outstripped all pursuit. His fame spread far and wide; offers were made for him to the amount of a thousand dollars; the boldest and most hard-riding

From *A Tour on the Prairies*. In October, 1832, Washington Irving arrived at Fort Gibson, "a frontier post of the Far West," near the juncture of the Neosho and Arkansas rivers, and thence went on an exploring tour "from the Arkansas to the Red River, including a part of the Pawnee hunting grounds, where no party of white men had as yet penetrated."



Winding Westward



hunters tried incessantly to make prize of him, but in vain. At length he fell a victim to his gallantry, being decoyed under a tree by a tame mare, and a noose dropped over his head by a boy perched among the branches.

The capture of the wild horse is one of the favorite achievements of the prairie tribes; and, indeed, it is from this source that the Indian hunters chiefly supply themselves. The wild horses which range those vast grassy plains extending from the Arkansas to the Spanish settlements are of various forms and colors, betraying their various descents. Some resemble the common English stock and are probably descended from horses which have escaped from our border settlements. Others are of a low but strong make and are supposed to be of the Andalusian breed brought out by the Spanish discoverers.

Some fanciful speculatists have seen in them descendants from the Arab stock, brought into Spain from Africa, and thence transferred to this country; and have pleased themselves with the idea that their sires may have been of the pure coursers of the desert, that once bore Mahomet and his warlike disciples across the sandy plains of Arabia.

The habits of the Arab seem to have come with the steed. The introduction of the horse on the boundless prairies of the Far West changed the mode of living of their inhabitants. It gave them that facility of rapid motion and of sudden and distant change of place so dear to the roving propensities of man. Instead of lurking in the depths of gloomy forests and patiently threading the mazes of a tangled wilderness on foot like his brethren of the North, the Indian of the West is a rover of the plain; he leads a brighter and more sunshiny life; almost always on horseback, on vast flowery prairies and under cloudless skies.

I was lying by the Captain's fire late in the evening listening to stories about those coursers of the prairies and weaving speculations of my own, when there was a clamor of voices and a loud cheering at the other end of the camp; and word was passed that Beatte, the half-breed, had brought in a wild horse.

In an instant every fire was deserted; the whole camp crowded to see the Indian and his prize. It was a colt about two years old, well grown, finely limbed, with bright prominent eyes and a spirited yet gentle demeanor. He gazed about him with an air of mingled stupefaction and surprise, at the men, the horses, and the camp fires; while the Indian stood before him with folded arms, having hold of the other end of the cord which noosed his captive and gazing on him with a most imperturbable aspect. Beatte, as I have before observed, has a greenish olive complexion, with a strongly marked countenance, not unlike the bronze casts of Napoleon; and as he stood before his captive horse with folded arms and fixed aspect he looked more like a statue than a man.

If the horse, however, manifested the least restiveness, Beatte would immediately worry him with the lariat, jerking him first on one side, then on the other, so as almost to throw him on the ground; when he had thus rendered him passive he would resume his statue-like attitude and gaze at him in silence.

The whole scene was singularly wild: the tall grove, partially illumined by the flashing fires of the camp, the horses tethered here and there among the trees, the carcasses of deer hanging around, and in the midst of all, the wild huntsman and his wild horse, with an admiring throng of rangers almost as wild.

In the eagerness of their excitement several of the young rangers sought to get the horse by purchase or barter, and even offered extravagant terms; but Beatte declined all their offers. "You give great price now," said he; "tomorrow you be sorry, and take back, and say d—d Indian!"

The young men importuned him with questions about the mode in which he took the horse, but his answers were dry and laconic; he evidently retained some pique at having been undervalued and sneered at by them, and at the same time looked down upon them with contempt as greenhorns little versed in the noble science of woodcraft.

Afterwards, however, when he was seated by our fire, I readily drew



from him an account of his exploit; for though taciturn among strangers and little prone to boast of his actions, yet his taciturnity, like that of all Indians, had its times of relaxation.

He informed me that on leaving the camp he had returned to the place where we had lost sight of the wild horse. Soon getting upon its track, he followed it to the banks of the river. Here, the prints being more distinct in the sand, he perceived that one of the hoofs was broken and defective, so he gave up the pursuit.

As he was returning to the camp he came upon a gang of six horses which immediately made for the river. He pursued them across the stream, left his rifle on the river bank, and putting his horse to full speed, soon came up with the fugitives. He attempted to noose one of them but the lariat hitched on one of his ears and he shook it off. The horses dashed up a hill, he followed hard at their heels, when, of a sudden, he saw their tails whisking in the air and they plunging down a

precipice. It was too late to stop. He shut his eyes, held in his breath, and went over with them—neck or nothing. The descent was between twenty and thirty feet but they all came down safe upon a sandy bottom.

He now succeeded in throwing his noose around a fine young horse. As he galloped alongside of him the two horses passed each side of a sapling and the end of the lariat was jerked out of his hand. He regained it, but an intervening tree obliged him again to let it go. Having once more caught it, and coming to a more open country, he was enabled to play the young horse with the line until he gradually checked and subdued him so as to lead him to the place where he had left his rifle.

He had another formidable difficulty in getting him across the river, where both horses stuck for a time in the mire, and Beatte was nearly unseated from his saddle by the force of the current and the struggles of his captive. After much toil and trouble, however, he got across the stream and brought his prize safe into camp.

For the remainder of the evening the camp remained in a high state of excitement; nothing was talked of but the capture of wild horses; every youngster of the troop was for this harum-scarum kind of chase; every one promised himself to return from the campaign in triumph, bestriding one of these wild coursers of the prairies. Beatte had suddenly risen to great importance; he was the prime hunter, the hero of the day. Offers were made him by the best-mounted rangers, to let him ride their horses in the chase, provided he would give them a share in the spoil. Beatte bore his honors in silence, and closed with none of the offers. Our stammering, chattering, gasconading little Frenchman however, made up for his taciturnity by vaunting as much upon the subject as if it were he that had caught the horse. Indeed he held forth so learnedly in the matter and boasted so much of the many horses he had taken that he began to be considered an oracle; and some of the youngsters were inclined to doubt whether he were not superior even to the taciturn Beatte.

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The excitement kept the camp awake later than usual. The hum of voices, interrupted by occasional peals of laughter, was heard from the groups around the various fires, and the night was considerably advanced before all had sunk to sleep.

With the morning dawn the excitement revived, and Beatte and his wild horse were again the gaze and talk of the camp. The captive had been tied all night to a tree among the other horses. He was again led forth by Beatte, by a long halter or lariat, and on his manifesting the least restiveness was, as before, jerked and worried into passive submission. He appeared to be gentle and docile by nature and had a beautifully mild expression of the eye. In his strange and forlorn situation the poor animal seemed to seek protection and companionship in the very horse which had aided to capture him.

Seeing him thus gentle and tractable, Beatte, just as we were about to march, strapped a light pack upon his back, by way of giving him the first lesson in servitude. The native pride and independence of the animal took fire at this indignity. He reared, and plunged, and kicked, and tried in every way to get rid of the degrading burden. The Indian was too potent for him. At every paroxysm he renewed the discipline of the halter, until the poor animal, driven to despair, threw himself on the ground and lay motionless as if acknowledging himself vanquished. A stage hero representing the despair of a captive prince could not have played his part more dramatically. There was absolutely a moral grandeur in it.

The imperturbable Beatte folded his arms and stood for a time looking down in silence upon his captive; until, seeing him perfectly subdued, he nodded his head slowly, screwed his mouth into a sardonic smile of triumph and, with a jerk of the halter, ordered him to rise. He obeyed, and from that time forward offered no resistance. During that day he bore his pack patiently and was led by the halter; but in two days he followed voluntarily at large among the supernumerary horses of the troop. . . .



LEWIS AND CLARK—THE EXPLORATION OF THE
FAR WEST

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE Far West, the West beyond the Mississippi, had been thrust on Jefferson, and given to the nation, by the rapid growth of the Old West, the West that lay between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. The actual title to the new territory had been acquired by the United States Government, acting for the whole nation. It remained to explore the territory thus newly added to the national domain. The Government did not yet know exactly what it had acquired, for the

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land was not only unmapped, but unexplored. Nobody could tell what were the boundary lines which divided it from British America on the north and Mexico on the south, for nobody knew much of the country through which these lines ran; of most of it, indeed, nobody knew anything. On the new maps the country now showed as part of the United States; but the Indians who alone inhabited it were as little affected by the transfer as was the game they hunted.

Beyond the Mississippi all that was really well known was the territory in the immediate neighborhood of the little French villages near the mouth of the Missouri. The Creole traders of these villages, and an occasional venturesome American, had gone up the Mississippi to the country of the Sioux and the Mandans, where they had trapped and hunted and traded for furs with the Indians. At the northernmost points that they reached they occasionally encountered traders who had traveled south or southwesterly from the wintry regions where the British fur companies reigned supreme. The headwaters of the Missouri were absolutely unknown; nobody had penetrated the great plains, the vast seas of grass through which the Platte, the Little Missouri, and the Yellowstone ran. What lay beyond them and between them and the Pacific was not even guessed at. The Rocky Mountains were not known to exist, so far as the territory newly acquired by the United States was concerned, although under the name of "Stonies" their northern extensions in British America were already down on some maps.

The work of exploring these new lands fell, not to the wild hunters and trappers, such as those who had first explored Kentucky and Tennessee, but to officers of the United States army, leading parties of United States soldiers, in pursuance of the command of the Government or of its representatives. The earliest and most important expeditions of Americans into the unknown country which the nation had just purchased were led by young officers of the regular army.

The first of these expeditions was planned by Jefferson himself and authorized by Congress. Nominally its purpose was in part to find out

the most advantageous places for the establishment of trading stations with the Indian tribes over which our Government had acquired the titular suzerainty; but in reality it was purely a voyage of exploration, planned with intent to ascend the Missouri to its head, and thence to cross the continent to the Pacific. The explorers were carefully instructed to report upon the geography, physical characteristics, and zoölogy of the region traversed, as well as upon its wild human denizens.

The two officers chosen to carry through the work belonged to families already honorably distinguished for service on the Western border. One was Captain Meriwether Lewis, representative of whose family had served so prominently in Dunmore's war; the other was Lieutenant (by courtesy Captain) William Clark, a younger brother of George Rogers Clark. Clark had served with credit through Wayne's campaigns, and had taken part in the victory of the Fallen Timbers. Lewis had seen his first service when he enlisted as a private in the forces which were marshaled to put down the whisky insurrection. Later he served under Clark in Wayne's army. He had also been President Jefferson's private secretary.

The young officers started on their trip accompanied by twenty-seven men who intended to make the whole journey. Of this number, one, the interpreter and incidentally the best hunter of the party, was a half-breed; two were French voyageurs; one was a negro servant of Clark; nine were volunteers from Kentucky; and fourteen were regular soldiers. All, however, except the black slave, were enlisted in the army before starting, so that they might be kept under regular discipline. In addition to these twenty-seven men there were seven soldiers and nine voyageurs who started only to go to the Mandan villages on the Missouri, where the party intended to spend the first winter. They embarked in three large boats, abundantly supplied with arms, powder and lead, clothing, gifts for the Indians, and provisions.

The starting point was St. Louis, which had only just been surrendered to the United States Government by the Spaniards, without

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any French intermediaries. The explorers pushed off in May, 1804, and soon began stemming the strong current of the muddy Missouri, to whose unknown sources they intended to ascend. For two or three weeks they occasionally passed farms and hamlets. The most important of the little towns was St. Charles, where the people were all Creoles; the explorers in their journal commented upon the good temper and vivacity of these *habitants*, but dwelt on the shiftlessness they displayed and their readiness to sink back towards savagery, although they were brave and hardy enough. The next most considerable town was peopled mainly by Americans, who had already begun to make numerous settlements in the new land. The last squalid little village they passed claimed as one of its occasional residents old Daniel Boone himself.

After leaving the final straggling log cabins of the settled country, the explorers, with sails and paddles, made their way through what is now the State of Missouri. They lived well, for their hunters killed many deer and wild turkey and some black bear and beaver, and there was an abundance of breeding waterfowl. Here and there were Indian encampments, but not many, for the tribes had gone westward to the great plains of what is now Kansas to hunt the buffalo. Already buffalo and elk were scarce in Missouri, and the party did not begin to find them in any numbers until they reached the neighborhood of what is now southern Nebraska.

From there onwards the game was found in vast herds and the party began to come upon those characteristic animals of the Great Plains which were as yet unknown to white men of our race. The buffalo and the elk had once ranged eastward to the Alleghanies and were familiar to early wanderers through the wooded wilderness; but in no part of the east had their numbers ever remotely approached the astounding multitudes in which they were found on the Great Plains. The curious prong-buck or prong-horned antelope was unknown east of the Great Plains. So was the blacktail, or mule deer, which our adventurers began to find, here and there, as they gradually worked their way northwestward.

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So were the coyotes, whose uncanny wailing after nightfall varied with the sinister baying of the gray wolves; so were many of the smaller animals, notably the prairie dogs, whose populous villages awakened the lively curiosity of Lewis and Clark.

In their notebooks the two captains faithfully described all these new animals and all the strange sights they saw. Few explorers who did and saw so much that was absolutely new have written of their deeds with such quiet absence of boastfulness, and have drawn their descriptions with such complete freedom from exaggeration.

Moreover, what was of even greater importance, the two young captains possessed in perfection the qualities necessary to pilot such an expedition through unknown lands and among savage tribes. They kept good discipline among the men; they never hesitated to punish severely any wrongdoer; but they were never oversevere; and as they did their full part of the work and ran all the risks and suffered all the hardship exactly like the other members of the expedition, they were regarded by their followers with devoted affection and were served with loyalty and cheerfulness.

In dealing with the Indians they showed good humor and common sense mingled with ceaseless vigilance and unbending resolution. Only men who possessed their tact and daring could have piloted the party safely among the warlike tribes they encountered. Any act of weakness or timidity on the one hand, or of harshness or cruelty on the other, would have been fatal to the expedition; but they were careful to treat the tribes well and to try to secure their good will, while at the same time putting an immediate stop to any insolence or outrage. Several times they were in much jeopardy when they reached the land of the Dakotas and passed among the various ferocious tribes whom they knew, and whom we yet know, as the Sioux. The French traders frequently came up river to the country of the Sioux, who often maltreated and robbed them. In consequence Lewis and Clark found that the Sioux were inclined to regard the whites as people whom they



could safely oppress. The resolute bearing of the newcomers soon taught them that they were in error, and after a little hesitation the various tribes in each case became friendly.

With all the Indian tribes the two explorers held councils and distributed presents, especially medals, among the head chiefs and warriors, informing them of the transfer of the territory from Spain to the United States, and warning them that henceforth they must look to the President as their protector and not to the King, whether of England or of Spain. The Indians all professed much satisfaction at the change, which of course they did not in the least understand, and for which they cared nothing. Their easy acquiescence gave much groundless satisfaction to Lewis and Clark, who further, in a spirit of philanthropy, strove to make each tribe swear peace with its neighbors. After some hesitation the tribe usually consented to this also, and the explorers, greatly gratified, passed on. It is needless to say that as soon as they had disappeared the tribes promptly went to war again; and that in reality the Indians had

only the vaguest idea as to what was meant by the ceremonies and the hoisting of the American flag. The wonder is that Clark, who had already had some experience with Indians, should have supposed that the councils, advice, and proclamations would have any effect of the kind hoped for upon these wild savages.

As the fall weather grew cold, the party reached the Mandan village, where they halted and went into camp for the winter, building huts and a stout stockade, which they christened Fort Mandan. Traders from St. Louis and also British traders from the North reached these villages, and the inhabitants were accustomed to dealing with the whites. Throughout the winter the party was well treated by the Indians, and kept in good health and spirits; the journals frequently mention the fondness the men showed for dancing, although without partners of the opposite sex. Yet they suffered much from the extreme cold, and at times from hunger, for it was hard to hunt in the winter weather, and the game was thin and poor. Generally game could be killed in a day's hunt from the fort; but occasionally small parties of hunters went off for a trip of several days, and returned laden with meat; in one case they killed thirty-two deer, eleven elk, and a buffalo; in another, forty deer, sixteen elk, and three buffalo; thirty-six deer and fourteen elk, etc., etc. The buffalo remaining in the neighborhood during the winter were mostly old bulls, too lean to eat; and as the snows came on, most of the antelope left for the rugged country farther west, swimming the Missouri in great bands. Before the bitter weather began, the explorers were much interested by the methods of the Indians in hunting, especially when they surrounded and slaughtered bands of buffalo on horseback; and by the curious pens, with huge V-shaped wings, into which they drove antelope.

In the spring of 1805, Lewis and Clark again started westward, first sending down-stream ten of their companions, to carry home the notes of their trip so far, and a few valuable specimens. The party that started westward numbered thirty-two adults, all told; for one sergeant had died

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and two or three persons had volunteered at the Mandan villages, including a rather worthless French "squaw-man," with an intelligent Indian wife, whose baby was but a few weeks old.

From this point onwards, when they began to travel west instead of north, the explorers were in a country where no white man had ever trod. It was not the first time the continent had been crossed. The Spaniards had crossed and recrossed it, for two centuries, farther south. In British America, Mackenzie had already penetrated to the Pacific, while Hearne had made a far more noteworthy and difficult trip than Mackenzie, when he wandered over the terrible desolation of the Barren Grounds, which lie under the Arctic Circle. But no man had ever crossed or explored that part of the continent which the United States had just acquired; a part far better fitted to be the home of our stock than the regions to the north or south. It was the explorations of Lewis and Clark, and not those of Mackenzie on the north or of the Spaniards in the south, which were to bear fruit, because they pointed the way to the tens of thousands of settlers who were to come after them, and who were to build thriving commonwealths in the lonely wilderness which they had traversed.

From the Little Missouri on to the head of the Missouri proper the explorers passed through a region where they saw few traces of Indians. It literally swarmed with game, for it was one of the finest hunting grounds in all the world. It so continued for three-quarters of a century. Until after 1880 the region around the Little Missouri was essentially unchanged from what it was in the days of Lewis and Clark; game swarmed, and the few white hunters and trappers who followed the buffalo, the elk, and the beaver were still at times in conflict with hunting parties from various Indian tribes. While ranching in this region I myself killed every kind of game encountered by Lewis and Clark.

Once, on the return voyage, when Clark was descending the Yellowstone River, a vast herd of buffalo, swimming and wading, plowed its way across the stream where it was a mile broad, in a column so thick

that the explorers had to draw up on shore and wait for an hour, until it passed by, before continuing their journey. Two or three times the expedition was thus brought to a halt; and as the buffalo were so plentiful and so easy to kill, and as their flesh was very good, they were the mainstay for the explorers' table. Both going and returning, this wonderful hunting country was a place of plenty. The party of course lived almost exclusively on meat, and they needed much, for, when they could get it, they consumed either a buffalo, or an elk, a deer, or four deer, every day.

There was one kind of game which they at times found altogether too familiar. This was the grizzly bear, which they were the first white men to discover. They called it indifferently the grizzly, gray, brown, and even white bear, to distinguish it from its smaller, glossy, black-coated brother with which they were familiar in the eastern woods. They found that the Indians greatly feared these bears, and after their first encounters they themselves treated them with much respect. The grizzly was then the burly lord of the western prairies, dreaded by all other game, and usually shunned even by the Indians. In consequence it was very bold and savage. Again and again these huge bears attacked the explorers of their own accord, when neither molested nor threatened. They galloped after the hunters when they met them on horseback even in the open; and they attacked them just as freely when they found them on foot. To go through the brush was dangerous; again and again one or another of the party was charged and forced to take to a tree, at the foot of which the bear sometimes mounted guard for hours before going off. When wounded, the beasts fought with desperate courage, and showed astonishing tenacity of life, charging any number of assailants, and succumbing but slowly even to mortal wounds. In one case a bear that was on shore actually plunged into the water and swam out to attack one of the canoes as it passed. However, by this time all of the party had become good hunters, expert in the use of their rifles, and they killed great numbers of their ursine foes.



Nor were the bears their only brute enemies. The rattlesnakes were often troublesome. Unlike the bears, the wolves were generally timid, and preyed only on the swarming game; but one night a wolf crept into camp and seized a sleeper by the hand; when driven off he jumped upon another man, and was shot by a third. A less intentional assault was committed by a buffalo bull which one night blundered past the fires, narrowly escaped trampling on the sleepers, and had the whole camp in an uproar before it rushed off into the darkness. When hunted, the buffalo occasionally charged; but there was not much danger in their chase.

All these larger foes paled into insignificance compared with the mosquitoes. There are very few places on earth where these pests are so formidable as in the bottom lands of the Missouri, and for weeks and even months they made the lives of our explorers a torture. No other danger, whether from hunger or cold, Indians or wild beasts, was

so greatly dreaded by the explorers as were these tiny scourges.

In the plains country the life of the explorers was very pleasant save only for the mosquitoes and the incessant clouds of driving sand along the river bottoms. On their journey west through these true happy hunting grounds they did not meet with any Indians, and their encounters with the bears were only just sufficiently dangerous to add excitement to their life. Once or twice they were in peril from cloudbursts, and they were lamed by the cactus spines on the prairie, and by the stones and sand of the river bed while dragging the boats against the current; but all these trials, labors, and risks were only enough to give zest to their exploration of the unknown land. At the Great Falls of the Missouri they halted, and were enraptured with their beauty and majesty; and here, as everywhere, they found the game so abundant that they lived in plenty. As they journeyed up-stream through the bright summer weather, though they worked hard, it was work of a kind which was but a long holiday. At nightfall they camped by the boats on the river bank. Each day some of the party spent in hunting, either along the river bottoms through the groves of cottonwoods, with shimmering, rustling leaves, or away from the river where the sunny prairies stretched into seas of brown grass, or where groups of rugged hills stood, fantastic in color and outline, and with stunted pines growing on the sides of their steep ravines. The only real suffering was that which occasionally befell someone who got lost, and was out for days at a time, until he exhausted all his powder and lead before finding the party.

Fall had nearly come when they reached the headwaters of the Missouri. The end of the holiday time was at hand, for they had before them the labor of crossing the great mountains so as to strike the headwaters of the Columbia. Their success at this point depended somewhat upon the Indian wife of the Frenchman who had joined them at Mandan. She had been captured from one of the Rocky Mountains tribes and they relied on her as interpreter. Partly through her aid, and partly

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by their own exertions, they were able to find and make friends with a band of wandering Shoshones, from whom they got horses. Having cached their boats and most of their goods, they started westward through the forest-clad passes of the Rockies; before this they wandered and explored in several directions through the mountains and the foothills. The open country had been left behind, and with it the time of plenty. In the mountain forests the game was far less abundant than on the plains, and far harder to kill.

They now met many Indians of various tribes, all of them very different from the Indians of the Western Plains. At this time the Indians, both east and west of the Rockies, already owned numbers of horses. Although they had a few guns, they relied mainly on the spears and tomahawks, and bows and arrows with which they had warred and hunted from time immemorial; for only the tribes on the outer edges had come in contact with the whites, whether with occasional French and English traders who brought them goods, or with the mixed bloods of the northern Spanish settlements, upon which they raided. Around the mouth of the Columbia, however, the Indians knew a good deal about the whites; the river had been discovered by Captain Gray of Boston thirteen years before, and ships came there continually, while some of the Indian tribes were occasionally visited by traders from the British fur companies.

With one or two of these tribes the explorers had some difficulty, and owed their safety to their unceasing vigilance, and to the prompt decision with which they gave the Indians to understand that they would tolerate no bad treatment; while yet themselves refraining carefully from committing any wrong. By most of the tribes they were well received, and obtained from them not only information of the route, but also a welcome supply of food. At first they rather shrank from eating the dogs which formed the favorite dish of the Indians; but after a while they grew quite reconciled to dog's flesh; and in their journals noted that they preferred it to lean elk or deer meat,

and were much more healthy while they were eating it.

They reached the rain-shrouded forests of the coast before cold weather set in, and there they passed the winter, suffering somewhat from the weather, and now and then from hunger, though the hunters generally killed plenty of elk, and deer of the new kind, the blacktail of the Columbia.

In March, 1806, they started eastward to retrace their steps. At first they did not live well, for it was before the time when the salmon came up-stream, and game was not common. When they reached the snow-covered mountains there came another period of toil and starvation, and they were glad indeed when they emerged once more on the happy hunting grounds of the Great Plains. They found their caches undisturbed. Early in July they separated for a time, Clark descending the Yellowstone and Lewis the Missouri, until they met at the junction of the two rivers. The party which went down the Yellowstone at one time split into two, Clark taking command of one division, and a sergeant of the other; they built their own canoes, some of them made out of hollowed trees, while the others were bull boats, made of buffalo hides stretched on a frame. As before, they reveled in the abundance of the game. They marveled at the incredible numbers of the buffalo whose incessant bellowing at this season filled the air with one continuous roar, which terrified their horses; they were astonished at the abundance and tameness of the elk; they fought their old enemies, the grizzly bears; and they saw and noted many strange and wonderful beasts and birds.

To Lewis there befell other adventures. Once, while he was out with three men, a party of eight Blackfoot warriors joined them and suddenly made a treacherous attack upon them and strove to carry off their guns and horses. But the wilderness veterans sprang to arms with a readiness that had become second nature. One of them killed an Indian with a knife-thrust; Lewis himself shot another Indian, and the remaining six fled, carrying with them one of Lewis' horses, but losing four of their



own, which the whites captured. This was the beginning of the long series of bloody skirmishes between the Blackfeet and the Rocky Mountain explorers and trappers. Clark, at about the same time, suffered at the hands of the Crows, who stole a number of his horses.

None of the party was hurt by the Indians, but some time after the skirmish with the Blackfeet, Lewis was accidentally shot by one of the Frenchmen of the party and suffered much from the wound. Near the mouth of the Yellowstone, Clark joined him, and the reunited company floated down the Missouri. Before they reached the Mandan villages they encountered two white men, the first strangers of their own color the party had seen for a year and a half. These were two American hunters named Dickson and Hancock, who were going up to trap the headwaters of the Missouri on their own account. They had

come from the Illinois country a year before to hunt and trap; they had been plundered and one of them wounded in an encounter with the fierce Sioux but were undauntedly pushing forwards into the unknown wilderness towards the mountains.

These two hardy and daring adventurers formed the little vanguard of the bands of hunters and trappers, the famous Rocky Mountain men, who were to roam hither and thither across the great West in lawless freedom for the next three-quarters of a century. They accompanied the party back to the Mandan village; there one of the soldiers joined them, a man named Colter, so fascinated by the life of the wilderness that he was not willing to leave it, even for a moment's glimpse of the civilization from which he had been so long exiled. The three turned their canoe up-stream, while Lewis and Clark and the rest of the party drifted down past the Sioux.

The further voyage of the explorers was uneventful. They had difficulties with the Sioux of course, but they held them at bay. They killed game in abundance, and went down-stream as fast as sails, oars, and current could carry them. In September they reached St. Louis, and forwarded to Jefferson an account of what they had done.

They had done a great deed, for they had opened the door into the heart of the Far West. Close on their tracks followed the hunters, trappers, and fur traders, who themselves made ready the way for the settlers whose descendants were to possess the land. As for the two leaders of the explorers, Lewis was made Governor of Louisiana Territory, and a couple of years afterwards died, as was supposed, by his own hand, in a squalid log cabin on the Chickasaw trace—though it was never certain that he had not been murdered. Clark was afterwards Governor of the territory, when its name had been changed to Missouri, and he also served honorably as Indian agent. But neither of them did anything further of note; nor indeed was it necessary, for they had performed a feat which will always give them a place on the honor roll of American worthies.

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

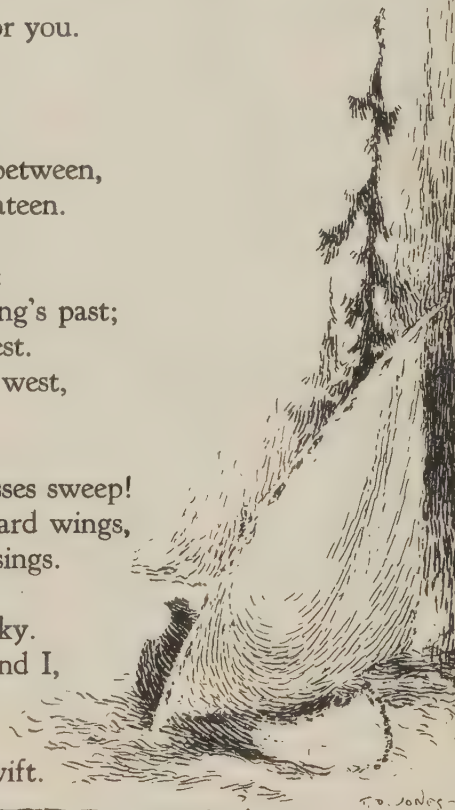
WEST wind, blow from your prairie nest!
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.

The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!

I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

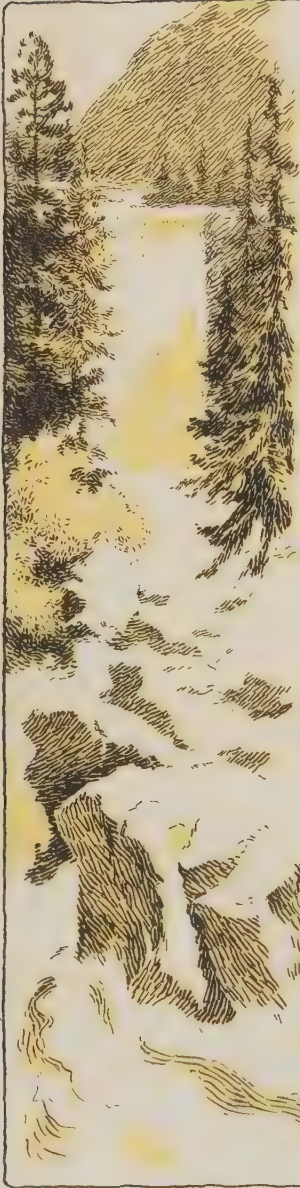
I stow the sail, unship the mast:
I wooed you long but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky.
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.



From *Flint and Feather*. Toronto, Canada: The Musson Book Company, Ltd.

◆ ◆ ◆ Book Trails ◆ ◆ ◆



The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! Be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

T. O. JONES —

◆ ◆ Winding Westward ◆ ◆



We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON



McLOUGHLIN OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

EVA EMERY DYE

UPON the porch of the governor's residence, one warm October day, there sat two women. Every morning those women were there, from the first bright days of May until the Oregon winter began with the rains of November. Always needle in hand, they were embroidering the caps and scarfs and smoking-bags that were the chief delight of the voyageur's heart.

Madame McLoughlin, the elder, had a marvelous needle; one that might have wrought tapestries in the olden time, so fine and soft and even was her work. And yet, Madame's mother had been a wild little princess on the plains of the North, wooed long and long ago by a Hudson's Bay trader. Madame herself had a touch of copper, that deepened with the years. But her daughter, Eloise McLoughlin, had the creamy tint of a Spanish Doña. She had her mother's eyes, and her mother's shining satin hair; but the form and features were those of the Hudson's Bay governor—imperial, commanding, fair.

Barely twenty-one, tall, graceful, no wonder the beautiful girl was a star in that land of dusky women; no wonder the clerks of the Company competed for her hand, and hearts were rent when she made her choice. Indeed, how could it be otherwise in this remote corner of the world—where the governor's daughter queened it on the Columbia? Attired in London gowns, self-poised and sensible, Eloise McLoughlin was too much like her father to submit to the tame self-effacement of the traders' wives. Her mother's humility pained her. She would see her take her

From *McLoughlin and Old Oregon*, by Eva Emery Dye. Published by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y., copyright 1910 and 1928.

❖ ❖ Winding Westward ❖ ❖

place as the *Grande Dame*, the Lady of Fort Vancouver. But Madame herself waived all right to such distinction. By common consent Eloise had become the Lady of that Pacific Coast. The finest horse on the Columbia was hers; a blond Cayuse with pinkish eyes and pinkish-yellow mane and tail, presented to the governor by the great chief of the Walla Wallas. And on state occasions Eloise McLoughlin came forth arrayed in waving plumes and glittering garments, and seated on that steed rode at her father's side, leading the brigade up the Willamette.

For very well her great father, Governor McLoughlin, understood the influence of pomp and color on the savage heart. The horse brigades were gay with brilliant housings; a multitude of tiny bells tinkled at saddle skirt and bridle-rein, bright dresses stiff with beads adorned the trappers' Indian wives, and at the head of this barbaric pageant often sat Eloise and the stately governor, with his long white locks blowing over the cloak of Hudson's Bay blue. As such cavalcades would wind up the valley in the October sun the whole little world turned out to gaze. You would hardly have supposed there were so many Indians in the country until you saw them trooping in to witness the autumn brigade to California. The silence, broken only by the heavy trampling of the fast-walking horses and the tintinnabulating bells; the succession of gleam and color left an impress upon the red man never to be forgotten, an impress of unmeasured wealth and splendor hidden behind those palisades at old Fort Vancouver.

Eloise herself enjoyed these state occasions as a flower enjoys the sunshine. Ever at her father's side, taught by him, trusted by him, his companion and confidant, no wonder she repined at his long absence. The page of *Telemachus* lay untouched, the page she so oft had read at her father's knee; and, needle in hand, the fair bride emulated her mother in patterns of silk upon the pliant buckskin or the glossy broadcloth.

For Eloise McLoughlin was a bride; and the groom (so old voyageurs tell me) was the handsomest man at Fort Vancouver. Reserved, cordial,



Book Trails



quiet, William Glen Rae was at bottom a scholar and a thinker. Six years had passed since he came from his ancestral home in the Orkneys, from Edinburgh College honors. His glance fell on the Lady of the Pacific Coast. The course of a life was changed. No doubt it was a wise provision of the governor's part that settled her marriage before his departure, to bind her heart with new ties, to end the rivalries that grew more pronounced from year to year. One young trader, who from the time Eloise was a little girl had joked and sung and danced to win her, was ready to fight on her wedding day. But the governor took him aside.

"Wait a bit, Ermatinger, wait a bit. When I come back I will bring you the fairest lily I can find in Canada. Then you shall have a wedding, too."

❖ ❖ Winding Westward ❖ ❖

Ermatinger stormed. For any other offence the governor would have shut him up in the butter-tub—as they called the six-by-nine donjon where refractory engagés were punished. As it was, Ermatinger betook himself to Bachelors' Hall and was seen no more till he left with Tom McKay's brigade for the Shoshonie, ten days later. He had not even come back in the autumn. But now it was said that surely he would come—to meet the governor; for rumor had gone out that Frank Ermatinger had worked himself into an excitement waiting for his Canadian Lily.

So this morning in 1839, the mother and daughter were stitching, stitching; fitting the pink and purple beads into leaves and rosettes, and twining long vines of gray and green along silken sashes. The porch ran entirely across the front of Governor McLoughlin's residence. It had deep-seated windows and benches at the ends. Along fluted pillars a grapevine trailed and tangled; a vine cut from the mother-vine of all the mission grapes of California.

Suddenly Eloise spoke. "Mother, how can you stitch today? See, my silks are knotted and my roses spoiled." She tossed her work into the little Indian basket at her side. Unbraiding her hair she let it down, in a shining, shimmering cataract to the floor.

The Madame finished a leaf before she spoke. Then in a slow and gentle tone, "I haf the more patience, Louice. You are like the father, not quiet." French was the family language of the McLoughlin household. With each other the Hudson's Bay gentlemen spoke English; with their families and with the voyageurs, French; with the Indians, Chinook, a trade-tongue that grew up on the Columbia—a polyglot of Hawaiian-English-Spanish-French-Indian.

"Mr. Douglas says my father is like Napoleon. He can out-travel all others. He may surprise us," said Eloise, shaking the loosened waves around her like a camlet. . . .

Oddly enough, years before when young John McLoughlin and his brother David went from their Canadian home to study medicine abroad,

Napoleon began to harry England. Dr. David McLoughlin went into the wars and followed the Iron Duke until Napoleon was caged at St. Helena. Dr. John said, "I can never fight Napoleon—I admire him too much." He returned to Canada.

The world lay before young Dr. McLoughlin. There was a pretty girl in Quebec. One day in spring he was walking with her, when they came to a plank on a muddy street. She was just ahead of the doctor when an insolent English officer, coming in the opposite direction, crowded her off the plank. In one instant that officer, gold lace, epaulets, and all, lay sprawling in the mire. There was danger in store for the young gallant, so he hied him to the Northwest, where his uncles, the Frasers, were great factors of Fraser's River. That was the whispered tale of how McLoughlin first entered the fur trade. Birth, talent, magnificent presence brought rapid promotion—already he was in command of Sault Ste. Marie.

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Dr. McLoughlin married the widow Margaret McKay. There was no priest at Sault Ste. Marie, that lonely trading outpost, eighty years ago. A brother chief factor said the service. That was all; enough for a loyal heart like John McLoughlin's.

It was not an unusual matter. From the days when King Charles had granted a royal charter to his "well beloved cousin," Prince Rupert, the gentlemen "adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" had married the daughters of chiefs—effecting state alliances to facilitate peace, good-will, and commerce. From these had sprung the type to which Margaret belonged—fair, dark-eyed women, combining the manners and mind of the whites with the daring and pride of the Indian.

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The brass bell on its tripod in the center of the square rang for dinner. The Canadians in the field heard it, and turned out their oxen. The Iroquois choppers heard it, and rested their axes. The clerks heard it, and hurried across the court to brush their coats in Bachelors' Hall. The

❖ ❖ Winding Westward ❖ ❖

fur-beaters heard it, and went to their cabins outside the gate. Madame heard it, and disappeared through the door to her own apartments. Unassertive, shy, it was the custom of the traders' wives to live secluded. Visitors at Fort Vancouver saw little of the resident women. Custom forbade their presence at the semi-military table in the great hall. But children playing about the court attested the presence of mothers.

"It is worthy of notice," writes an old chronicler, "how little of the Indian complexion is seen in these traders' children. Generally they have fair skin, often flaxen hair, and blue eyes."

Stealing a kiss from the cheek of his bride as she flew away after her mother, William Rae turned and watched the other gentlemen of the fort coming up the semicircular flight of steps to dinner.

Most of them are well known today in Oregon story. There was James Douglas—Black Douglas they called him, a lineal descendant of that Douglas who in days of old was the chief support of the Scottish throne—tall, dark, commanding, and, next to McLoughlin, the ruling spirit on the Columbia. James Douglas had left the storied hills of Lanark as a boy of sixteen to seek his fortune with the fur-traders of Canada. He crossed Lake Superior and came to Fort William in the reign of McLoughlin. Fort William was then in its splendor, a great interior mart, and chief seat of the growing Northwest Company. Douglas was there when the reconciliation took place between the rival fur companies. With joy he watched the late snorting Highlanders, who had cut and carved and shot and imprisoned each other, shaking hands under the same flag and setting out for the uttermost forts in the same canoe. Fifteen years younger than Dr. McLoughlin, his attachment was that of a son or younger brother. Where McLoughlin went, Douglas went. When McLoughlin was sent to the Columbia he requested the company of his young favorite, then a lad of nineteen. Accordingly young Douglas crossed the Rockies and temporarily served at Fort St. James beyond the Fraser. . . .

Besides Douglas, there was the fort physician, Dr. Barclay; and the

❖ ❖ ❖ **Book Trails** ❖ ❖ ❖

clerks, gay young fellows, English and Scotch, whose friends across the sea had sufficient influence to secure them a berth in the opulent fur company. Not that their present salary was at all princely—twenty to one hundred pounds sterling a year was the most that any received—but clerks by promotion became traders, chief-traders, factors, and partners. There was not one of them that did not expect to become a chief factor or to retire at middle life to an old-world manor on the Thames or the Dee. Some waited years, some a lifetime, for promotions that never came.

Rae would greet them each as they passed—Dunn, who wrote letters to the *London Times*; Allen, brother to the physician of the Earl of Selkirk; Roberts, factotum; and all the ever-changing train of voyageurs and traders.

Homeward hurrying comes McLoughlin in these October days of 1839. "Ready!" The sun and wind-burned voyageurs catch up the paddles, the boat song strikes—

Ma-l-brouck¹ has gone a-fighting,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,—

and away they go, glittering down the Columbia. Miles of blue waters sweep behind them before the sunrise breakfast.

It was the doctor's ambition to have the best paddlers in the world, and he did. Never before did there, never again will such bold watermen ride the Columbia. Such order, such discipline!—not the slightest minutiae escaped the master's eye. Monique, a stalwart Iroquois half-breed, a strong fellow, at home in the rapids, stands in the bow of the doctor's boat. Tawny-skinned, stripped to the waist, and bareheaded, his long hair streaming on the wind, with eye fixed and every muscle tense, this side, that, swift the paddle flies as his quick eye measures the line of safety and sends the signal back to the steersman in the rear. It is a play of life and death, but so skilful are those bowmen that rarely a bark goes tum-tum-tum grazing a rock.

¹Malbrouck; i. e., Marlborough.

❖ ❖ **Winding Westward** ❖ ❖

There was a McDonald at Fort Colville that had a daughter of the rich dark beauty of the Creole type. Smaller in figure than her Black-foot mother, better rounded, lithe, and willowy, Christine McDonald was the embodiment of the grace and supple shapeliness of the half-breed girl. The chief factor, with his long locks flowing over his shoulders Indian fashion, was always in the saddle, and at his side rode his fearless daughter, Christine. Handsome as her father and as daring, astride with a serape buckled around her waist, she followed the hounds to the fox-hunt, leaped canyons and fallen trees, and outdid the Indians themselves in her desperate riding.

On such a ride as this they caught sight of the Montreal express and dashed to greet McLoughlin, the chief of chief factors. As in some glen of the Highlands, Scotch plumes and tartans flew. Scotch Macs clasped hands with other Macs famous in the fur trade. Demonstrative Canadians fell on one another's necks with tears and laughter. Indian wives and children clamored for recognition. Delighted voyageurs dandled their terra-cotta babies on their knees with gifts of beads and bells bought in Canadian shops for this happy hour. Within the cedar hall there was roast turkey, sucking pig, fresh butter and eggs, and ale. Spokanes, Kootenais, and Pend d'Oreilles, in all the splendor of paint and feathers, dashed around Colville on horseback. Some in soft-tanned buffalo-ropes peeped through the trading gate. All night old Colville rang. Outside the drowsy Flatheads heard the droning of the bagpipe.

There was a hush. McDonald had taught Christine the sword dance. Under the rough rafters in the light of the fire the fair barbarian advanced, invited and evaded the supple blade that glittered round her head. Christine's little moccasined feet twinkled like stars, and her beaded bodice shimmered in the firelight. Catching a lock of her flowing hair, she threw it across the darting blade—it fell, severed, to the floor. Spellbound the traders watched them. The movements grew swift and swifter, until, in the excitement, Dr. McLoughlin thumped his cane upon the floor and cried, "Enough, McDonald, enough!"

For hundreds of miles the Columbia has a regular descent, broken only at long intervals by steps of rapids and falls. One hundred, one hundred and fifty miles a day, the fur-traders glide, pausing at nightfall to camp. Scarcely has the first boat touched shore before the ax is in the forest. The Canadian cook builds the tiny pile of lighted brush into a pyramid of blazing logs. From a sapling bent beside it the kettle swings and sings of supper.

On one side of the fire the voyageurs carve with pocket-knife and hunting knife, and never resting in their talk gulp tea, tea, tea. On the other side the cook has spread McLoughlin's kitchen of linen and plate. . . . There is a world of difference between the happy-go-lucky voyageur and his more thoughtful Scotch companion. The French-Canadian or French-Iroquois laughs at mishaps, he rollicks and flings out the border song. The Scotchman is grave, solemn, and watchful, the brain and nerve of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Down the Okanogan country the grass is sere. Autumn flames. Sombre Alpine forests climb the far off heights. Eastward dwell the Spokanes, the Children of the Sun, desolated once by a more than Trojan war over a stolen Spokane bride.

At Walla Walla, Chief Factor Pambrun comes down from his tower to greet his chief; there are letters for Dr. Whitman; the Shoshonie brigade sweeps into line with thirty packs of the best beaver of the mountains. The boat song rings in the narrow gorge. The Frenchmen sing in times of danger; the Iroquois are silent and stern as death as they let fly the canoe through the hissing and curling waters like a race-horse. There were times when Monique ran the swift and narrow Dalles; down the Cascades he shot with arrowy wing, but not today. Dr. McLoughlin is along and Charlefoix is guide. Many a time McLoughlin said, "Monique is my boldest man, but I'd trust my life with Charlefoix." On they speed past Memelose, the Isle of Tombs, the Westminster of the Indian, past Wind Mountain with its Ulysean tales, past Strawberry Island where the fairies feast in June, to the wild-

❖ ❖ :W i n d i n g :W e s t w a r d ❖ ❖

rushing cascades. Not a feature escapes McLoughlin's eye. Every cliff and crag is a familiar landmark pointing to Fort Vancouver.

Madame and Eloise need wait and embroider no more. Like silver bells shook far away, the boat song heralded the singers. Hood seemed to listen, the Columbia heaved its breast of blue, the very islands smiled with gladsome joy. Eloise touched her finger to her lip. "That is my father's boat song, his favorite because Napoleon was said to hum it when mounting for battle." Again she hearkened; then starting up as the words grew more and more distinct—

"It is just like my father to sing Malbrouck at such a time as this," and as she flew to the gate her own voice joined the strain that so oft had rung in the halls of Fort Vancouver:

Malbrouck has gone a-fighting,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine,
Malbrouck has gone a-fighting,
But when will he return?

And with the coming of the express would come all manner of news, and the renewal of contact with the East. Letters, at least, should be in hand. Newspapers for the entire year came in the express—a year's edition of *Le Canadien* and the *Quebec Gazette*, just as in June the barque *Columbia* brought a file of the *Daily London Times* of the preceding year. Packed away in a great chest, every day the traders drew out that date a year, two years ago, to tickle themselves with the fancy that the post-boy called each morning!

They were at hand! "The express! The express!!" rang through the court. Every one was busy. Old Burris ran up the British ensign on the flagstaff. Swinging round the last green headland like the curve of a great wheel, the brigade shot into view. The song rang shrilly out. From the governor's barge fluttered the triangular pennon of the Hudson's Bay Company, with its rampant beaver and the familiar "H. B. C." upon a field of blue.

"H. B. C."—Here Before Christ," was Ermatinger's translation, and

Bruce agreed. "I reckon ye'll find the coompany's coolers where kirkmen seeldom git." And then there was a struggle to see who could touch the sand first. Paddles rolled on the gunwales, flinging the spray across the voyageurs' faces as they shook the water from the blades.

What rejoicing! Cannon boomed, flags waved, the bagpipes struck up "The Campbells are coming. Hourray! Hourray!" Indians whooped, dogs bayed, Frenchmen ran wild, as the whole fort turned out to greet the arrival—and the chief. The sharp end of the canoes gritted on the sand. Every cap flew off as the familiar form of Dr. McLoughlin arose from the cramped position that had grown so irksome and stepped on shore.

Every eye rejoiced in that majestic presence. He had a hand-clasp for Rae and Douglas and a salute for the Madame's cheek. And Ermatinger gave a shout of joy at sight of his Canadian lily, a niece of the Madame, from Manitoba.

"Be-be," sang the Indian mothers in the cabins:

Be-be, the governor has come,
And now there's some fun,
And a great big feast tonight.

And so came the express from Montreal to Vancouver in 1839, landing Dr. John McLoughlin at home again on the nineteenth day of October—his fifty-fifth birthday.

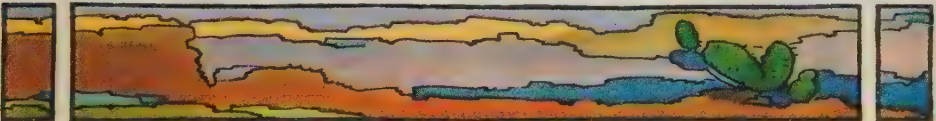




THE WEST

ACROSS the undulating plains the evening dusk has fallen,
 While low against the star-flecked sky a lonely campfire gleams:
 And beside the flick'ring fire, in the silence soft and brooding,
 A man is seeing visions, and a man is dreaming dreams.

Lord God of Hosts, give Thou the West, unscathed by worldly schemes,
 The gift of seeing visions, and the gift of dreaming dreams!



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❖ ❖ ❖ Book Trails ❖ ❖ ❖

And miles away the sunset light is fading into darkness,
As a dusty prairie schooner halts, to give the horses rest;
A tired woman lifts her eyes that glow with buoyant courage—
To glimpse the rugged mountains—the mountains of the West.

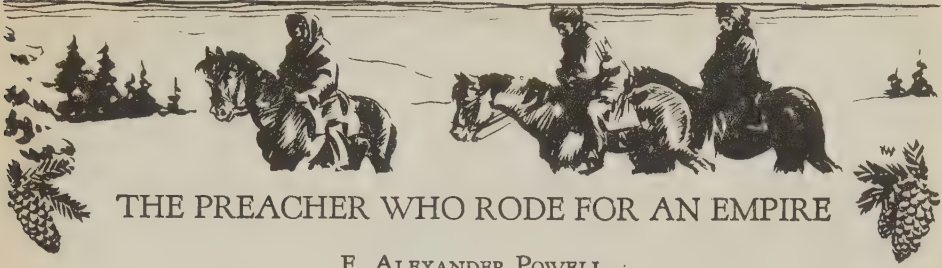
Lord God of Hosts, far, far beyond where prairie grasses wave,
Give to Thy Western peoples, Lord, the courage of the brave!

Lord God of Hosts, give to Thy Western peoples strength—compassion;
Give them the laughter and the tears of crystal mountain streams;
Give them the cleanness of the hills—the courage of the prairies;
The gift of seeing visions, and the gift of dreaming dreams.

Lord God of Hosts, make Thou the West that land where, fearless—
free,
A man is judged by other men, as judged, O Lord, by Thee!

CATHERINE PARMENTER





THE PREACHER WHO RODE FOR AN EMPIRE

E. ALEXANDER POWELL

THIS is the forgotten story of the greatest ride. The history of the nation has been punctuated with other great rides, it is true. Paul Revere rode thirty miles to rouse the Middlesex minutemen and save from capture the guns and powder stored at Concord; Sheridan rode the twenty miles from Winchester to Cedar Creek and by his thunderous "Turn, boys, turn—we're going back!" saved the battle—and the names of them both are immortalized in verse that is more enduring than iron. Whitman, the missionary, rode four thousand miles and saved us an empire, and his name is not known at all.

Though there were other actors in the great drama which culminated in the grim old preacher's memorable ride—suave, frock-coated diplomats and furtive secret agents and sun-bronzed, leather-shirted frontiersmen and bearded factors of the fur trade—the story rightfully begins and ends with Indians. There were four of them, all chieftains, and the beaded patterns on their garments of fringed buckskin, and the fashion in which they wore the feathers in their hair told the plainsmen as plainly as though they had been labelled that they were listened to with respect in the councils of the Flathead tribe, whose tepees were pitched in the far nor'west. They rode their lean and wiry ponies up the dusty, unpaved thoroughfare in St. Louis known as Broadway one afternoon in the late autumn of 1832. . . .

Beyond vouchsafing the information that they came from the upper reaches of the Columbia, from the country known as Oregon, and that

From *The Road to Glory*. Copyright 1915, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.



they had spent the entire summer and fall upon their journey, the Indians, with characteristic reticence, gave no explanation of the purpose of their visit. After some days had passed, however, they confided to General Clarke that rumors had filtered through to their tribe of the white man's "Book of Life," and that they had been sent to seek it. To a seasoned old frontiersman like the general, this was a novel proposition to come from a tribe of remote and untamed Indians. He treated the tribal commissioners, nevertheless, with the utmost hospitality, taking them to dances and such other entertainments as the limited resources of the St. Louis of those days permitted, and, being himself a devout Catholic, to his own church.

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Thus passed the winter, during which two of the chiefs died, as a result, no doubt, of the indoor life and the unaccustomed richness of the food. When the tawny prairies became polka-dotted with bunch-grass in the spring, the two survivors made preparations for their departure, but before they left, General Clarke, who had taken a great liking to these dignified and intelligent red men, insisted on giving them a farewell banquet. After the dinner the elder of the chiefs was called upon for a speech. You must picture him as standing with folded arms, tall, straight, and of commanding presence, at the head of the long table, a most dramatic and impressive figure in his garments of quill-embroidered buckskin, with an eagle feather slanting in his hair. He spoke with the guttural but sonorous eloquence of his people, and after each period General Clarke translated what he had said to the attentive audience of army officers, government officials, priests, merchants, and traders.

“I have come to you, my brothers,” he began, “over the trail of many moons from out of the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I have come with an eye partly open for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind, to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry much back to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us; they were the braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and wigwams. They were tired in many moons, and their moccasins wore out. . . . You make my feet heavy with gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them; yet the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people, after one more snow, in the big council that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on a long path to other hunting-grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man’s Book to make the way plain. I have no more words.”

❖ ❖ ❖ Book Trails ❖ ❖ ❖

Just as the rude eloquence of the appeal touched the hearts of the frontier dwellers who sat about the table in St. Louis, so, when it was translated and published in the Eastern papers, it touched the hearts and fired the imaginations of the nation. In a ringing editorial *The Christian Advocate* asked: "Who will respond to go beyond the Rocky Mountains and carry the Book of Heaven?" And this was the cue for the missionary whose name was Marcus Whitman to set foot upon the boards of history.

His preparation for a frontiersman's life began early for young Whitman. Born in Connecticut when the eighteenth century had all but run its course, he was still in his swaddling clothes when his parents, falling victims to the prevalent fever for "going west," piled their lares and penates into an ox-cart and trekked overland to the fertile lake region of central New York, Mrs. Whitman making the four-hundred-mile journey on foot, with her year-old babe in her arms. Building a cabin with the tree trunks cleared from the site, they began the usual pioneer's struggle for existence. His father dying before he had reached his teens, young Marcus was sent to live with his grandfather in Plainfield, Massachusetts, where he remained ten years, learning his "three R's" in such schools as the place afforded, his education later being taken in hand by the local parson.

He was in the heyday of life, prosperous, owner of a gristmill and sawmill, physician for the countryside, and engaged to the prettiest girl in all the countryside, when he read in the local paper the appeal made by the Indian chieftains in far-away St. Louis. The old crusading fervor that had first turned his thoughts toward the ministry, flamed up clear and strong within him, and, putting comfort, prosperity, everything behind him, he applied to the American Board for appointment as a missionary to Oregon. Such a request from a man so peculiarly qualified for a wilderness career as Whitman could not well be disregarded, and in due time he received an appointment to go to the banks of the Columbia, investigate, return, and report. The wish of his life had been

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granted; he had become a skirmisher in the army of the church.

Accompanied by a fellow missionary, Whitman penetrated into the Western wilderness as far as the Wind River Mountains, near the present Yellowstone Park. After familiarizing themselves through talks with traders, trappers, and Indians with the conditions which prevailed in the valley of the Columbia, Whitman and his companion returned to Boston, and upon the strength of their report the American Board decided to lose no time in occupying the field. Ordered to establish a station on the Columbia, in the vicinity of Fort Walla Walla, then a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, Whitman turned the long and arduous trip across the continent into a wedding journey.

The conveyances used and the roundabout route taken by the bridal couple strikingly emphasize the primitive internal communications of the period. They drove in a sleigh from Elmira, New York, to Hollidaysburg, a hamlet on the Pennsylvania Canal, at the foot of the Alleghanies, the canal boats, which were built in sections, being taken over the mountains on a railway. Traveling by the canal and its communicating waterways to the Ohio, they journeyed by steamboat down the Ohio to its junction with the Mississippi, up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and thence up the Missouri to Council Bluffs, where they bought a wagon (bear that wagon in mind, if you please, for you shall hear of it later on), and outfitted for the journey across the plains. Accompanied by another missionary couple, Doctor and Mrs. Spalding, they turned the noses of their mules northwestward and a week or so later caught up with an expedition sent out by the American Fur Company to its settlement of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia.

The officials of the Hudson's Bay Company well knew that the colonization of the valley of the Columbia by Americans meant not only the end of their enormously profitable monopoly but the end of British domination in that region. Though they did not have it in their power to forcibly prevent Americans from entering the country, they argued that there could be no colonization on a large scale unless the settlers

had wagons in which to transport their seeds and farming implements. Hence the company adopted the policy of stationing its agents along the main routes of travel with instructions to stop at nothing short of force to detain the wagons. And until Marcus Whitman came this policy had accomplished the desired result, the specious arguments of Captain Grant (the Hudson's Bay Company's factor) having proved so successful, indeed, that the stockade at Fort Hall was filled with abandoned wagons and farming implements which would have been of inestimable value to the settlers who had been persuaded or bullied into leaving them behind.

But Whitman was made of different stuff, and the English official might as well have tried to argue the Snake River out of its course as to argue this hard-headed Yankee into giving up his wagon. Though it twice capsized and was all but lost in the swollen streams, though once it fell over a precipice and more than once went rolling down a mountain side, though for miles on end it was held on the narrow, winding mountain trails by means of drag-ropes, and though it became so dilapidated in time that it finished its journey on two wheels instead of four, the ramshackle old vehicle, thanks to Whitman's bulldog grit and determination, was hauled over the mountains and was the first vehicle to enter the forbidden land. I have laid stress upon this incident of the wagon, because, as things turned out, it proved a vital factor in the winning of Oregon. "For want of a nail the shoe was lost," runs the ancient doggerel; "for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost; for want of a rider the kingdom was lost." And, had it not been for this decrepit old wagon of Whitman's, a quarter of a million square miles of the most fertile land between the oceans would have been lost to the Union.

Seven months after helping his bride into the sleigh at Elmira, Whitman drove his gaunt mule-team into the gate of the stockade at Fort Walla Walla. Today one can make that same journey in a little more than four days and sit in a green plush chair all the way. The news of

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Whitman's coming had preceded him, and an enormous concourse of Indians, arrayed in all their barbaric finery, was assembled to greet the man who had journeyed so many moons to bring them the white man's Book of Heaven. Picture that quartet of missionaries—skirmishers of the church, pickets of progress, advance guards of civilization—as they stood on the banks of the Columbia one September morning in 1836 and consulted as to how to begin the work they had been sent to do. It was all new. There were no precedents to guide them. How would you begin, my friends, were you suddenly set down in the middle of a wilderness four thousand miles from home, with instructions to Christianize and civilize the savages who inhabited it?

Whitman, in whom diplomacy lost an adept when he became a missionary, appreciated that the first thing for him to do, if he was to be successful in his mission, was to win the confidence of the ruling powers of Oregon—the Hudson's Bay Company officials at Fort Vancouver. This necessitated another journey of three hundred miles, but it could be made in canoes with Indian paddlers. Doctor McLoughlin, the stern old Scotchman who was chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and whose word was law throughout a region larger than all the states east of the Mississippi put together, had to be able, from the very nature of his business, to read the characters of men as students read a book; and he was evidently pleased with what he read in the face of the American missionary, for he gave both permission and assistance in establishing a mission station at Waiilatpui, twenty-five miles from Walla Walla.

Whitman's first move in his campaign for the civilization of the Indians was to induce them to build permanent homes and to plow and sow. This the Hudson's Bay officials had always discouraged. They did not want their savage allies to be transformed into tillers of the soil; they wanted them to remain nomads and hunters, ready to move hundreds of miles in quest of furs. The only parallel in modern times to the greed, selfishness, and cruelty which characterized the administration

of the Hudson's Bay Company was the rule of the Portuguese in Mozambique and Angola and of King Leopold in the Congo.

At this time Oregon was a sort of no man's land, to which neither England nor the United States had laid definite claim, though the former, realizing the immensity of its natural resources and the enormous strategic value that would accrue from its possession, had long cast covetous eyes upon it. The Americans of that period, on the contrary, knew little about Oregon and cared less, regarding the proposals for its acquisition with the same distrust with which the Americans of today regard any suggestion for extending our boundaries below the Rio Grande.

Daniel Webster had said on the floor of the United States Senate: "What do we want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts or these endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, and uninviting, and not a harbor on it? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer to Boston."

The name Oregon, it must be borne in mind, had a very much broader significance then than now, for the territory generally considered to be referred to by the term comprised the whole of the present States of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and a portion of Montana.

Notwithstanding the systematic efforts of the Hudson's Bay Company to keep them out, a considerable number of Americans—perhaps two or three hundred in all—had settled in the country watered by the Columbia, but they were greatly outnumbered by the Canadians and British, who held the balance of power. The American settlers believed that, under the terms of the treaty of 1819, whichever nation settled and organized the territory, that nation would hold it. Though this was not directly affirmed in the terms of that treaty, it was the common



sentiment of the statesmen of the period, Webster, then Secretary of State, having said, in the course of a letter to the British minister at Washington: "The ownership of the whole country (Oregon) will likely follow the greater settlement and larger amount of population."

The missionaries, recognizing the incalculable value of the country which the American Government was deliberately throwing away, did everything in their power to encourage immigration. Their glowing accounts of the fertility of the soil, the balmy climate, the wealth of timber, the incalculable water-power, the wealth in minerals had each year induced a limited number of daring souls to make the perilous and costly journey across the plains. In the autumn of 1842 a much larger party than any that had hitherto attempted the journey—one hundred and twenty in all—reached Waiilatpui. Among them was a highly educated and unusually well-informed man—General Amos Lovejoy. He was thoroughly posted in national affairs, and it was in the course of a conversation with him that Doctor Whitman first learned that

the Webster-Ashburton treaty would probably be ratified before the adjournment of Congress in the following March. It was generally believed that this treaty related to the entire boundary between the United States and England's North American possessions, the popular supposition being that it provided for the cession of the Oregon region to Great Britain in return for fishing rights off the coast of Newfoundland.

Doctor Whitman instantly saw that, as a result of the incredible ignorance and short-sightedness of the statesmen—or rather the politicians who paraded as statesmen—at Washington, four great States were quietly slipping away from us without protest. There was but one thing to do in such a crisis. He must set out for Washington. Though four thousand miles of Indian-haunted wilderness lay between him and the white city on the Potomac, he did not hesitate. Though winter was at hand, and the passes would be deep in snow and the plains destitute of pasturage, he did not falter. Though there was a rule of the American Board that no missionary could leave his post without obtaining permission from headquarters in Boston, Whitman shouldered all the responsibility. "I did not expatriate myself when I became a missionary," was his reply to some objection. "Even if the Board dismisses me, I will do what I can to save Oregon to the nation. My life is of but little worth if I can keep this country for the American people."

Whitman's friends in Oregon felt that he was starting on a ride into the valley of the shadow of death. They knew from their own experiences the terrible hardships of such a journey even in summer, when there was grass to feed the horses and men could live with comfort in the open air. It was resolved that he must not make the journey alone, and a call was made for a volunteer to accompany him. General Amos Lovejoy stepped forward and said quietly: "I will go with Doctor Whitman." . . .

On the morning of October 3, 1842, Whitman, saying good-by to his wife and home, climbed into his saddle, and with General Lovejoy, their half-breed guide, and three pack mules set out on the ride that was to

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win us an empire. The little group of American missionaries and settlers whom he left behind gave him a rousing cheer as he rode off and then stood in silence with choking throats and misted eyes until the heroic doctor and his companions were swallowed by the forest.

With horses fresh, they reached Fort Hall in eleven days, where the English factor, Captain Grant—the same man who, six years before, had attempted to prevent Whitman from taking his wagon into Oregon—doubtless guessing at their mission, did his best to detain them. Learning at Fort Hall that the northern tribes were on the war-path, Whitman and his companions struck southward in the direction of Great Salt Lake, planning to work from there eastward, via Fort Uintah and Fort Uncompahgre, to Santa Fé, and thence by the Santa Fé trail to St. Louis, which was on the borders of civilization.

The journey from Fort Hall to Fort Uintah was one long nightmare, the temperature falling at times to forty degrees below zero and the snow being so deep in places that the horses could scarcely struggle through. While crossing the mountains on their way to Taos, they were caught in a blinding snow-storm, in which, with badly frozen limbs, they wandered aimlessly for hours. Finally, upon the guide admitting that he was lost and could go no farther, they sought refuge in a deep ravine. Whitman dismounted and, kneeling in the snow, prayed for guidance. Can't you picture the scene: the lonely, rock-walled gorge; the shivering animals standing dejectedly, heads to the ground and reins trailing; the general, muffled to the eyes in furs; the impassive, blanketed half-breed; in the center, upon his knees, the indomitable missionary, praying to the God of storms; and the snowflakes falling swiftly, silently upon everything? As though in answer to the doctor's prayers—and who shall say that it was not?—the lead-mule, which had been left to himself, suddenly started plunging through the snowdrifts as though on an urgent errand. Whereupon the guide called out: "This old mule'll find the way back to camp if he kin live long 'nough to git there." And he did.

The next morning the guide said flatly that he would go no farther.

"I know this country," he declared, "an' I know when things is possible an' when they ain't. It ain't possible to git through, an' it's plumb throwin' your lives away to try it. I'm finished."

This was a solar-plexus blow for Whitman, for he was already ten days behind his schedule. But, though staggered, he was far from being beaten. Telling Lovejoy to remain in camp and recuperate the animals—which he did by feeding them on brush and the inner bark of willows, for there was no other fodder—Whitman turned back to Fort Uncompahgre, where he succeeded in obtaining a stouter-hearted guide. In a week he had rejoined Lovejoy. The storm had ceased, and with rested animals they made good progress over the mountains to the pyramid pueblo of Taos, the home of Kit Carson. Tarrying there but a few hours, worn and weary though they were, they pressed on to the banks of the Red River, a stream which is dangerous even in summer, only to find a fringe of solid ice upon each shore, with a rushing torrent, two hundred feet wide, between. For some minutes the guide studied it in silence. "It is too dangerous to cross," he said at last decisively.

"Dangerous or not, we *must* cross it, and at once," answered Whitman. Cutting a stout willow pole, eight feet or so in length, he put it on his shoulder and remounted.

"Now, boys," he ordered, "shove me off." Following the doctor's directions, Lovejoy and the guide urged the trembling beast onto the slippery ice and then gave him a sudden shove which sent him, much against his will, into the freezing water. Both horse and rider remained for a moment out of sight, then rose to the surface well toward the middle of the stream, the horse swimming desperately. As they reached the opposite bank the doctor's ingenuity in providing himself with the pole quickly became apparent, for with it he broke the fringe of ice and thus enabled his exhausted horse to gain a footing and scramble ashore. Wood was plentiful, and he soon had a roaring fire. In a wild

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country, when the lead animal has gone ahead the others will always follow, so the general and the guide had no great difficulty in inducing their horses and pack mules to make the passage of the river, rejoining Whitman upon the opposite bank. . . .

From Santa Fé over the famous Santa Fé trail to Bent's Fort, a fortified settlement on the Arkansas, was a long journey but compared with what they had already gone through an easy one.

A long day's ride northeastward from this lonely outpost of American civilization, and they found across their path a tributary of the Arkansas. On the opposite shore was wood in plenty. On their side there was none, and the river was frozen over with smooth, clear ice, scarce strong enough to hold a man. They must have wood or they would perish from the cold; so Whitman, taking the ax, lay flat upon the ice and snaked himself across, cut a sufficient supply of fuel and returned the way he went, pushing it before him. While he was cutting it, however, an unfortunate incident occurred; the ax-helve was splintered. This made no particular difference at the moment, for the doctor

wound the break in the handle with a thong of buckskin. But as they were in camp that night a famished wolf, attracted by the smell of the fresh buckskin, carried off ax and all, and they could find no trace of it. Had it happened a few hundred miles back it would have meant the failure of the expedition, if not the death of Whitman and his companions. On such apparently insignificant trifles do the fate of nations sometimes hang.

Crossing the plains of what are now the States of Oklahoma and Kansas, great packs of gaunt, gray timber wolves surrounded their tent each night and were kept at bay only at the price of unceasing vigilance, one member of the party always remaining on guard with a loaded rifle. The moment a wolf was shot its famished companions would pounce upon it and tear it to pieces. From Bent's Fort to St. Louis was, strangely enough, one of the most dangerous portions of the journey, for, while heretofore the chief dangers had come from cold, starvation, and savage beasts, here they were in hourly danger from still more savage men, for in those days the Santa Fé trail was frequented by bandits, horse thieves, renegade Indians, fugitives from justice, and the other desperate characters who haunted the outskirts of civilization and preyed upon the unprotected traveler. Notwithstanding these dangers, of which he had been repeatedly warned at Santa Fé and Bent's Fort, the doctor, leaving Lovejoy and the guide to follow him with the pack animals, pushed on through this perilous region alone, but lost his way and spent two precious days in finding it again—a punishment, he said, for having traveled on the Sabbath.

The only occasion throughout all his astounding journey when this man of iron threatened to collapse was when, upon reaching St. Louis, in February, 1843, he learned, in answer to his eager inquiries, that the Ashburton treaty had been signed on August 9, long before he left Oregon, and that it had been ratified by the Senate on November 10, while he was floundering in the mountain snows near Fort Uncom-pahgre. For a moment the missionary's mahogany-tanned face went

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white, and his legs threatened to give way beneath him. Could it be that this was the end of his dream of national expansion? Was it possible that his heroic ride had been made for naught? But summoning up his courage he managed to ask: "Is the question of the Oregon boundary still open?" When he learned that the treaty had only settled the question of a few square miles in Maine, and that the matter of the northwest boundary was still pending, the revulsion was so great that he reeled and nearly fell. God be praised! There was still time for him to get to Washington! The river was frozen and he had to depend upon the stage, and an overland journey from St. Louis to Washington in midwinter was no light matter. But to Whitman with muscles like steel springs, a thousand miles by stagecoach over atrocious roads was not an obstacle worthy of discussion.

He arrived at Washington on the 3rd of March—just five months from the Columbia to the Potomac. . . . Those were days when the chief executive of the nation was hedged by less formality than he is in these busier times, and President Tyler promptly received him. Some day, perhaps, the people of one of those great states which he saved to the Union will commission a famous artist to paint a picture of that historic meeting: the President, his keen, attentive face framed by the flaring collar and high black stock of the period, sitting low in his great armchair; the great Secretary of State, his mane brushed back from his tremendous forehead, seated beside him; and, standing before them, the preacher-pioneer, bearded to the eyes, with frozen limbs, in his worn and torn garments of fur and leather, pleading for Oregon.

The burden of his argument was that the treaty of 1819 must be immediately abrogated and that the authority of the United States be extended over the valley of the Columbia. He painted in glowing words the limitless resources, the enormous wealth in minerals and timber and water-power of this land beyond the Rockies; he told his hearers, spell-bound now by the interest and vividness of the narrative, of the incredible fertility of the virgin soil, in which anything would grow; of the

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vastness of the forests; of the countless leagues of navigable rivers; of the healthful and delightful climate; of the splendid harbors along the coast; and last, but by no means least, of those hardy pioneers who had gone forth to settle this rich new region at peril of their lives and who, through him, were pleading to be placed under the shadow of their own flag.

But Daniel Webster still clung obstinately to his belief that Oregon was a wilderness not worth the having.

"It is impossible to build a wagon road over the mountains," he asserted positively. "My friend Sir George Simpson, the British minister, has told me so."

"There is a wagon road over the mountains, Mr. Secretary," retorted Whitman, "for I have made it."

It was the rattletrap old prairie schooner that the missionary had dragged into Oregon on two wheels in the face of British opposition that clinched and copper-riveted the business. It knocked all the argument out of the famous Secretary, who, for almost the first time in his life, found himself at a loss for an answer. Here was a man of a type quite different from any that Webster had encountered in all his political experience. He had no ax to grind; he asked for nothing; he wanted no money, or office, or lands, or anything except that which would add to the glory of the flag, the prosperity of the people, the wealth of the nation. It was a powerful appeal to the heart of President Tyler.

"What you have told us has interested me deeply, Doctor Whitman," said the President at length. "Now tell me exactly what it is that you wish me to do."

"If it is true, Mr. President," replied Whitman, "that, as Secretary Webster himself has said, 'the ownership of Oregon is very likely to follow the greater settlement and the larger amount of population,' then all I ask is that you won't barter away Oregon or permit of British interference until I can organize a company of settlers and lead them across the plains to colonize the country. And this I will try to do at once."

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“Your credentials as a missionary vouch for your character, Doctor Whitman,” replied the President. “Your extraordinary ride and your frostbitten limbs vouch for your patriotism. The request you make is a reasonable one. I am glad to grant it.”

“That is all I ask,” said Whitman, rising.

The object that had started him on his four-thousand-mile journey having been attained, Whitman wasted no time in resting. His work was still unfinished. It was up to him to get his settlers into Oregon, for the increasing arrogance of the Hudson’s Bay Company confirmed him in his belief that the sole hope of saving the valley of the Columbia lay in a prompt and overwhelming American immigration. He had, indeed, arrived at Washington in the very nick of time, for, if prior to his arrival the British Government had renewed its offer of compromising by taking as the international boundary the forty-ninth parallel to the Columbia and thence down that river to the Pacific—thus giving the greater part of the present State of Washington to England—there

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is but little doubt that the offer would have been accepted. But the promise made by President Tyler to Whitman committed him against taking any action. . . .

Meanwhile General Lovejoy had been busy upon the frontier spreading the news that early in the spring Doctor Whitman and himself would guide a body of settlers across the Rockies to Oregon. The news spread up and down the border like fire in dry grass. The start was to be made from Weston, not far from where Kansas City now stands, and soon the emigrants came pouring in—men who had fought the Indians and the wilderness all the way from the Great Lakes to the Gulf; men who had followed Boone and Bowie and Carson and Davy Crockett; a hardy, sturdy, tenacious breed who were quite ready to fight, if need be, to hold this northwestern land where they had determined to build their homes.

The grass was late, that spring of 1843, and the expedition did not get under way until the last week in June. At Fort Hall they met with the customary discouragements and threats from Captain Grant, but Whitman, like a modern Moses, urged them forward. On pushed the winding train of white-topped wagons, crossing the sun-baked prairies, climbing the Rockies, fording the intervening rivers, creeping along the edge of perilous precipices, until at last they stood upon the summit of the westernmost range, with the promised land lying spread below them. Whitman, the man to whom it was all due, reined in his horse and watched the procession of wagons, bearing upward of a thousand men, women, and children, make its slow progress down the mountains. He must have been very happy, for he had added the great, rich empire which the term Oregon implied to the Union.

For four years more Doctor Whitman continued his work of caring for the souls and the bodies of red men and white alike at the mission station of Waiilatpui.

On August 6, 1846, as a direct result of his great ride, was signed the treaty whereby England surrendered her claims to Oregon.

EXODUS FOR OREGON

A TALE half told and hardly understood;
 The talk of bearded men that chanced to meet,
 That leaned on long quaint rifles in the wood,
 That looked in fellow faces, spoke discreet
 And low, as half in doubt and in defeat
 Of hope; a tale it was of lands of gold
 That lay below the sun. Wild-winged and fleet
 It spread among the swift Missouri's bold
 Unbridled men, and reached to where Ohio rolled.

Then long chained lines of yoked and patient steers;
 Then long white trains that pointed to the west,
 Beyond the savage west: the hopes and fears
 Of blunt, untutored men, who hardly guessed
 Their course; the brave and silent women, dressed
 In homely spun attire, the boys in bands,
 The cheery babes that laughed at all, and blessed
 The doubting hearts, with laughing lifted hands!
 What exodus for far untraversed lands!

The Plains! The shouting drivers at the wheel;
 The crash of leather whips; the crush and roll
 Of wheels; the groan of yokes and grinding steel
 And iron chain, and lo! at last the whole
 Vast line, that reached as if to touch the goal,
 Began to stretch and stream away and wind
 Toward the west, as if with one control;
 Then hope loomed fair, and home lay far behind;
 Before, the boundless plain, and fiercest of their kind.

JOAQUIN MILLER

From "By the Sun-Down Seas," from *The Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller*. San Francisco: Harr Wagner Publishing Company.



THE SPELLING-MATCH

RALPH CONNOR

THE "Twentieth" school was built of logs hewn on two sides. The cracks were chinked and filled with plaster, which had a curious habit of falling out during the summer months, no one knew how; but somehow the holes always appeared on the boys' side, and, being there, were found to be most useful, for as looking out of the window was forbidden, through these holes the boys could catch glimpses of the outer world—glimpses worth catching, too, for all around stood the great forest, the playground of boys and girls during noon-hour and recesses; an enchanted land, peopled, not by fairies, elves, and other shadowy beings of fancy, but with living things, squirrels, and chipmunks, and weasels, chattering ground hogs, thumping rabbits, and stealthy foxes, not to speak of a host of flying things, from the little gray-bird that twittered its happy nonsense all day, to the big-eyed owl that hooted solemnly when the moon came out. A wonderful place this forest, for children to live in, to know, and to love, and in after days to long for.

It was Friday afternoon, and the long, hot July day was drawing to a weary close. Mischief was in the air, and the master, Archibald Munro, or "Archie Murro," as the boys called him, was holding himself in with a very firm hand, the lines about his mouth showing that he was fighting back the pain which had never quite left him from the day he had twisted his knee out of joint five years ago, in a wrestling

From *Glengarry School Days*. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

match, and which, in his weary moments, gnawed into his vitals. He hated to lose his grip of himself, for then he knew he should have to grow stern and terrifying, and rule these young imps in the forms in front of him by what he called afterwards, in his moments of self-loathing, "sheer brute force," and that he always counted a defeat.

Munro was a born commander. His pale, intellectual face, with its square chin and firm mouth, its noble forehead and deep-set gray eyes, carried a look of such strength and indomitable courage that no boy, however big, ever thought of anything but obedience when the word of command came. He was the only master who had ever been able to control, without at least one appeal to the trustees, the stormy tempers of the young giants that used to come to school in the winter months.

The school never forgot the day when big Bob Fraser "answered back" in class. For, before the words were well out of his lips, the master, with a single stride, was in front of him, and laying two swift, stinging cuts from the rawhide over big Bob's back, commanded, "Hold out your hand!" in a voice so terrible, and with eyes of such blazing light, that before Bob was aware, he shot out his hand and stood waiting the blow. The school never, in all its history, received such a thrill as the next few moments brought; for while Bob stood waiting, the master's words fell clear-cut upon the dead silence, "No, Robert, you are too big to thrash. You are a man. No man should strike you—and I apologize." And the big Bob forgot his wonted sheepishness and spoke out with a man's voice, "I am sorry I spoke back, sir." And then all the girls began to cry and wipe their eyes with their aprons, while the master and Bob shook hands silently. From that day and hour Bob Fraser would have slain any one offering to make trouble for the master, and Archibald Munro's rule was firmly established.

He was just and impartial in all his decisions, and absolute in his control; and besides, he had the rare faculty of awakening in his pupils an enthusiasm for work inside the school and for sports outside.

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But now he was holding himself in, and with set teeth keeping back the pain. The week had been long and hot and trying, and this day had been the worst of all. Through the little dirty panes of the uncurtained windows the hot sun had poured itself in a flood of quivering light all the long day. Only an hour remained of the day, but that hour was to the master the hardest of all the week. The big boys were droning lazily over their books; the little boys, in the forms just below his desk, were bubbling over with spirits—spirits of whose origin there was no reasonable ground for doubt.

Suddenly Hughie Murray, the minister's boy, a very special imp, held up his hand.

"Well, Hughie," said the master, for the tenth time within the hour replying to the signal.

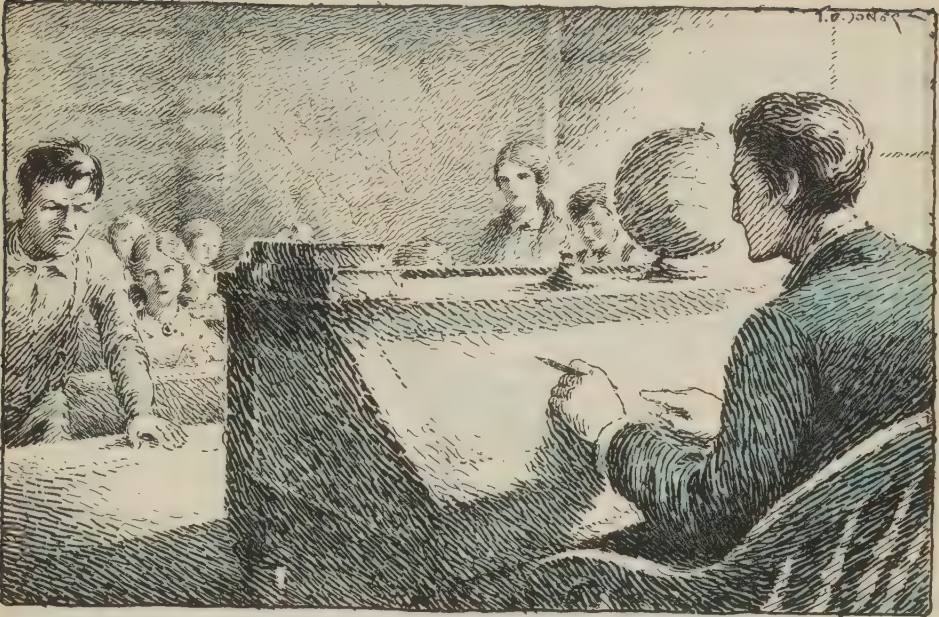
"Spelling-match!"

The master hesitated. It would be a vast relief, but it was a little like shirking. On all sides, however, hands went up in support of Hughie's proposal, and having hesitated, he felt he must surrender or become terrifying at once.

"Very well," he said; "Margaret Aird and Thomas Finch will act as captains." At once there was a gleeful hubbub. Slates and books were slung into desks.

"Order! or no spelling-match." The alternative was awful enough to quiet even the impish Hughie, who knew the tone carried no idle threat, and who loved a spelling-match with all the ardor of his little fighting soul.

The captains took their places on each side of the school, and with careful deliberation began the selecting of their men, scanning anxiously the rows of faces looking at the maps or out of the windows and bravely trying to seem unconcerned. Chivalry demanded that Margaret should have first choice. "Hughie Murray!" called out Margaret; for Hughie, though only eight years old, had preternatural gifts in spelling; his mother's training had done that for him. At four he knew



every Bible story by heart, and would tolerate no liberties with the text; at six he could read the third reader; at eight he was the best reader in the fifth; and to do him justice, he thought no better of himself for that. It was no trick to read. If he could only run, and climb, and swim, and dive like the big boys, then he would indeed feel uplifted; but mere spelling and reading, "Huh! that was nothing."

"Ranald Macdonald!" called Thomas Finch, and a big, lanky boy of fifteen or sixteen rose and marched to his place. He was a boy one would look at twice. He was far from handsome. His face was long, and thin, and dark, with a straight nose and large mouth and high cheek-bones; but he had fine black eyes, though they were fierce, and had a look in them that suggested the woods and the wild things that live there. But Ranald, though his attendance was spasmodic and dependent upon the suitability or otherwise of the weather for hunting, was the best speller in the school.

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For that reason Margaret would have chosen him, and for another which she would not for worlds have confessed, even to herself. And do you think she would have called Ranald Macdonald to come and stand up beside her before all these boys? Not for the glory of winning the match and carrying the medal for a week. But how gladly would she have given up both glory and medal for the joy of it, if she had but dared.

At length the choosing was over, and the school ranged in two opposing lines, with Margaret and Thomas at the head of their respective forces, and little Jessie MacRae and Johnnie Aird, with a single big curl on the top of his head, at the foot. It was a point of honor that no blood should be drawn at the first round. To Thomas, who had second choice, fell the right of giving the first word. So to little Jessie, at the foot, he gave "Ox."

"O-x, ox," whispered Jessie, shyly dodging behind her neighbor.

"In!" said Margaret to Johnnie Aird.

"I-s, in," said Johnnie, stoutly.

"Right!" said the master, silencing the shout of laughter. "Next word."

With like gentle courtesies the battle began; but in the second round the little A B C's were ruthlessly swept off the field with second-book words, and retired to their seats in supreme exultation, amid the applause of their fellows still left in the fight. After that there was no mercy. It was a give-and-take battle, the successful speller having the right to give the word to the opposite side. The master was umpire, and after his "Next!" had fallen there was no appeal. But if a mistake were made, it was the opponent's part and privilege to correct with all speed, lest a second attempt should succeed.

Steadily, and amid growing excitement, the lines grew less, till there were left on one side, Thomas with Ranald supporting him, and on the other Margaret, with Hughie beside her, his face pale, and his dark eyes blazing with the light of battle.

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Without varying fortune the fight went on. Margaret, still serene, and with only a touch of color in her face, gave out her words with even voice, and spelled her opponent's with calm deliberation. Opposite her Thomas stood, stolid, slow, and wary. He had no nerves to speak of, and the only chance of catching him lay in lulling him off to sleep.

They were now among the deadly words.

"Parallelopiped!" challenged Hughie to Ranald, who met it easily, giving Margaret "hyphen" in return.

"H-y-p-h-e-n," spelled Margaret, and then, with cunning carelessness, gave Thomas "heifer." ("Hypher," she called it.)

Thomas took it lightly.

"H-e-i-p-h-e-r."

Like lightning Hughie was upon him. "H-e-i-f-e-r."

"F-e-r," shouted Thomas. The two yells came almost together.

There was a deep silence. All eyes were turned upon the master.

"I think Hughie was first," he said, slowly. A great sigh swept over the school, and then a wave of applause.

The master held up his hand.

"But it was so very nearly a tie, that if Hughie is willing—"

"All right, sir," cried Hughie, eager for more fight.

But Thomas, in sullen rage, strode to his seat muttering, "I was just as soon anyway." Every one heard and waited, looking at the master.

"The match is over," said the master, quietly. Great disappointment showed in every face.

"There is just one thing better than winning, and that is, taking defeat like a man." His voice was grave, and with just a touch of sadness. The children, sensitive to moods, as is the characteristic of children, felt the touch and sat subdued and silent.

There was no improving of the occasion, but with the same sad gravity the school was dismissed; and the children learned that day one of life's golden lessons—that the man who remains master of himself never knows defeat.

PIONEERS

COME, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready;
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We, the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend.
Pioneers! O pioneers!

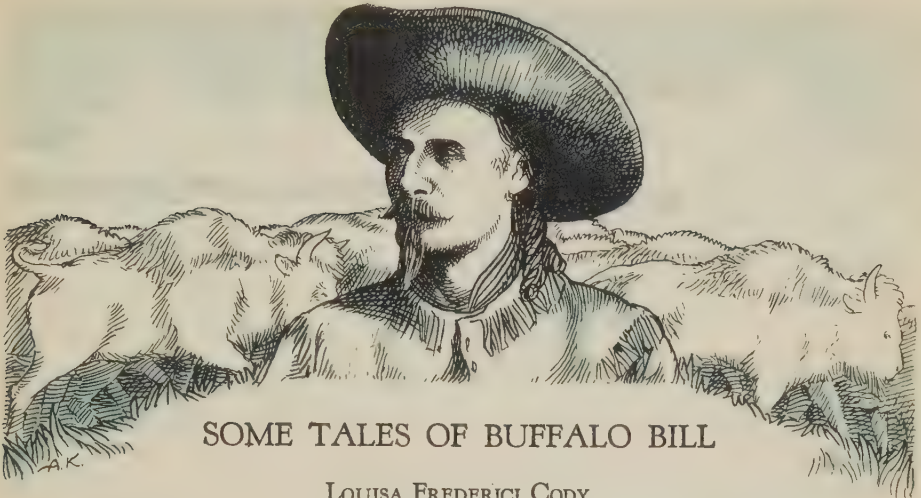
O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you, Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there beyond the
seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountain steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go, the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we, and piercing deep the mines within;
We the surface broad surveying, and the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

WALT WHITMAN



SOME TALES OF BUFFALO BILL

LOUISA FREDERICI CODY

HOW BUFFALO BILL GOT HIS NAME

IT WAS late one afternoon when I heard Will bounding up the stairs, three at a time. He threw open the door, and as I rose to kiss him, he lifted me in his great arms as though I were a child.

"Honey," he shouted, "we're rich! That's what! We're rich! Guess what's happened!"

"You've founded a new town!" I joked.

"Nothing like it. I'm going to get five hundred dollars a month for doing nothing."

"For w-h-a-t?"

"For doing nothing—just fooling around a little bit and using up a little ammunition. I've made a contract with Goddard Brothers to furnish all the meat for the Kansas Pacific. All I've got to do is kill twelve buffalo a day!"

"Is that all?" I laughed.

"Shucks! That's nothing at all."

And for Will Cody it was nothing. Those were the days when buffalo

From *Memories of Buffalo Bill*. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

❖ ❖ ❖ Book Trails ❖ ❖ ❖

rode the plains in great herds, ranging anywhere from fifty head to five hundred, and more than once Will had killed twenty and thirty buffalo out of a herd while on a casual hunt. Therefore, with buffalo hunting as a business, it seemed a simple matter for him to procure an average of twelve a day.

(One day Mrs. Cody heard the cook quote to the commissary man the following jingle made by one of the men.)

Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill,
Never missed and never will;
Always aims and shoots to kill,
And the comp'ny pays his buffalo bill!

The commissary man doubled with laughter.

"That's shore pert!" he chuckled. "I'm going out and recite that to the bunch around here. They ain't heard it or I'd known about it before this."

Then, repeating the doggerel over and over again to be sure of memorizing it, he started forth, little knowing that he was about to perpetuate a name that would travel around the world, and would be repeated by kings and queens, presidents and regents, and that would eventually become known to every child who breathed the spirit of adventure. For thus was Buffalo Bill named.

SIoux AND PAWNEES FIGHT IT OUT

THERE was a ravine just back of our little home through which the Indians often sneaked in their raiding expeditions on the fort. The Pawnees rarely frightened me, for they were a friendly, good humored lot as a rule, grinning and foolish and thieving, and it was nothing to run them away. But when the Sioux came —!

Arta and myself were sunning ourselves in the big chair one afternoon and dozing. Will had left for the fort only a short time ago with Texas Jack, who had stopped in from one of his scouting expeditions.

❖ ❖ **Winding Westward** ❖ ❖

Everything was peaceful and quiet, when suddenly I heard the slamming of a door from the other part of the house and the hurried swish of moccasined feet. I leaped from my chair and ran into the other room, leaving Arta behind me.

"Get out of here!" I cried as I sighted the first of a number of Pawnees crowding into the kitchen. But they did not obey. I started forward, suddenly to come face to face with Old Horse, one of the Indians who had served in the army and who could speak English. He stopped me.

"Sioux!" he exclaimed, pointing excitedly out toward the ravine. "Sioux! Heap mad Pawnee. Pawnee run—no want fight. Hide here. Sioux go by!"

"Go by?" I questioned in a voice of excitement. "If you think so—look!" I pointed out through the window, toward where the first of the Sioux band was making its way out of the ravine. "They're coming here—and you can't stay! They'll find you——"

"We stay here!" Old Horse crossed his arms and shook his head. "This Pahaska's tepee. No come here!"

But I knew better. The Indians were circling the cabin now and I rushed into the other room and, throwing a shawl around Arta, opened the window and lifted her through it.

"Run!" I told her. "Run just as fast as you can and get papa. Tell him there are Indians here—Sioux!"

The little girl did not even whimper. Her lips pressed tight, and she clenched her little hands.

"I'll get papa," she said confidently, and her little legs were paddling even before she touched the ground. A moment more and she had dodged behind a slight rise in the ground and was speeding as hard as she could go toward the fort, while I turned to see the first of the Sioux entering my cabin.

"Go away!" I commanded them. But the leader only looked at me and kicked at the door leading to the kitchen. Around at the other

side of the house I heard other sounds which told me the Indians were banging away at the entrance to the kitchen, trying to gain entrance there. A gun lay across the room and I strove to reach it, but the Sioux were too quick for me. One of them, a great, burly warrior, simply picked me up in his arms and carried me across the floor, planting me in one corner.

“You Pahaska squaw,” he said quietly. “Sioux no hurt Pahaska squaw. Me fight Pawnee!”

A glimmer of hope came to me with the realization that he could speak and understand English.

“But there are no Pawnees——” I got that far and stopped. Will had told me never to lie to an Indian. I began again on a different strain. “Pahaska get heap mad!” I cautioned him. “Pahaska kill!”

“Me know Pahaska!” came the answer. “Me fight Pawnee.”

But this time one of the Indians had picked up the rifle and was examining it. A moment more and he had shot through the door, while I stood screaming in the corner. If Will would only come, if——

Far away, up at the fort, I heard the faint call of a bugle. I knew that call—a call that sent the blood racing through my veins. “Boots and saddles!”

But the Sioux did not seem to hear. And it would mean a good ten minutes before those soldiers could mount and reach that house. Unless something should happen before that——

A crashing sound, as the door at the rear of the house began to give way. A shot sounded, then another. Again I screamed, then, suddenly forgetting my fear, raced to the window at the sound of hoofs.

Two men on horseback were approaching. One was Will, my husband. The other was Texas Jack. I whirled and pointed.

“Pahaska!” I cried. The Sioux leader shouted a guttural command. A moment more and they were piling out of the house and into the little yard, where they faced the revolvers of Texas Jack and my husband. I heard a clear, commanding voice.

Winding Westward



“Now, you Injuns make tracks—quick, Jack, ride around to the other side and help hold this bunch ’til the soldiers come—they’re just starting from the fort now.” He called the last part of the sentence to me, standing trembling in the door. Jack swung his horse about and rounded up the recalcitrant Sioux, keeping his revolvers ready for instant action, while Will upbraided them. For, it seems, this was a small band of Sioux that had presumably made peace, and had been granted government stores on condition that they keep out of trouble. For a long time he harangued them in Sioux, then suddenly veered in his position, as a number of cavalymen galloped up.

“We’ll just take these fellows out in the hills and give them a good start,” he commanded. “Now——”

“But, Will!” I called from the door, “the house is full of Pawnees. They were fighting each other.”

Will jumped from his horse.

“Jack,” he ordered, “you and some of the men take these Injuns off to the North. I’ll handle the Pawnees.”

A command and a number of the soldiers started away, driving the Indians before them. Will came into the house, paused just long enough to kiss me, then opened the door to the kitchen. The first Indian he saw was Old Horse, and reaching forward, he caught the Pawnee by the collar of his leather jacket. "You old bag o' bones!" he shouted, "I'll teach you to come into my house!"

He whirled him around—and then he kicked! I never saw an Indian move so swiftly in my life; it was as though he had been lifted by a catapult, straight out the door and onto his face in the pebble-strewn yard. Will did not even stop to see what had become of him. He was too busily engaged in dragging out the other Pawnees and kicking them individually and collectively out of the house.

There the soldiers corralled them and started away with them in the direction opposite to that which Texas Jack had taken with the Sioux. Five hours later, Jack and Will were back, after having separated their various charges by a distance of about ten miles. But it did no good.

Late that night a wounded Pawnee limped into camp, and asked for the aid of the soldiers. Again "boots and saddles" sounded and the cavalry, Will and Texas Jack leading, galloped out on the plains. This time the battle had been in earnest. Somewhere, those Indians had procured enough firearms and ammunition to go round, and the Sioux had trailed the Pawnees until they had met. When the cavalry reached there, practically every member of the Pawnee band was either dead or wounded, while the Sioux had hurried on at the first warning of soldier aid, once more to take to the warpath. It was poor diplomacy to trust a Sioux in those days, and even Will learned that.

There were, of course, many of the Indians who regarded him as more of a friend than an enemy. It was not Will's policy to kill Indians simply for the fun of it, or simply because an Indian on the warpath meant legitimate game. Will's idea was a far different one. He realized that the Indians had their claims, that they had their rights, and that it more than once was the fault of the government itself that they were

❖ ❖ Winding Westward ❖ ❖

forced to the warpath. And whenever he could, Will sought to impress upon them that the fighting game was a hard one to follow, that there were thousands upon thousands of white men who could be brought against them to exterminate them, even as the buffalo was being exterminated. He tried to teach them that the white man would help them if they would allow themselves to be helped, and that when things went wrong in the governmental way of running things, it did not always mean that the Indian was being forgotten; that there were those, like himself, who would strive always to aid and to make the Indian's life on the plains a bearable one. It was thus that he won the friendship of such Indians as No Neck and Woman's Dress and Red Cloud and Sitting Bull and others who, in turn, helped Cody more than once.

AN INTERRUPTED CHRISTENING

Two weeks of preparation and the inhabitants of the fort were gathered in the assembly hall where I had met my Waterloo as a manipulator of "speakin' pieces." Gravely the soldiers lined up while Cody and I carried the baby before the Major. And thereupon the child was officially announced to be Kit Carson Cody. And with the last words——

"Aw-w-w-w right! Grab yo' podners for the quad-rille!"

Up on the rostrum the band began to blare. There were not enough women to go round, but a trifling deficiency like that made little difference. Where places were vacant, soldiers filled them, and the dance went on, while Will, bouncing our new baby in his arms until my heart almost popped from my throat with fright, took his "spell" at relieving the dance caller, and the bandmen played until their eyes seemed to fairly hang out upon their cheeks. And right in the midst of it all——

"Tya-tay-de-tya——!"

"Boots and saddles!" Will rushed toward me and planted the baby in my arms. Soldiers left the hall by doors and windows. A second

and the place was empty except for the women of the fort, while out upon the grounds the first of the cavalry already was beginning to clatter into position. A few moments more, band, dance caller, proud father, christener, and all, they were galloping away, while we poor women had to walk back home, our celebration gone glimmering. Indians were a nuisance in those days!

In fact, they continued to be a nuisance, for soon came another of their sporadic outbreaks on the warpath. Time after time Will was called out, while I waited to watch for him at the window, only to see at last his great form leading all the others as he hurried home to Arta, Kit Carson, and me. But at last came the time when he rode slowly, and lowered himself gingerly from the saddle. One quick, flashing look and I was out the door and hurrying to his side. There was blood on his face!

"Thought I was Injun-proof!" he laughed weakly. "Guess I was fooled. Didn't know Injuns could shoot so straight."

Fearfully I took him into the house and awaited the visit of the army surgeon. However, before medical aid could get to him, Will had regained his strength, washed the blood from the scalp wound in his head; tied himself up with a Turkish towel that made him look like some sort of East Indian, and was bellowing away at a song, Arta on one knee and Kit Carson on the other. It was the one and only wound that my husband ever received, in spite of the fact that never was there an Indian fight in which he participated that he was not in the hottest of it; never a brush with the savages that he did not return with a new notch to his gun. Once upon a time I sought to keep track of the number of Indians that "bit the dust" as a result of my husband's accurate fire. But I lost count long before his fighting days were over.

But withal, it was a happy, care-free life we led, with just enough of the zest of danger in it to keep it interesting, just enough novelty to put an edge on the otherwise dreary life of the plains. And when novelty did not come naturally, Will made it.



Thus it was that one day he asked me to accompany him on a buffalo hunt. I left the children with Mrs. MacDonald, then mounting, started forth with my husband, only to notice that his rifle was missing. In its stead was a smooth, coiled rope, hanging over the pommel of his saddle.

"Going to try something new today," he announced. "That's why I thought I'd better have you along with a gun. I'm going to lasso a buffalo."

"But, Will!" I exclaimed, "it can't be done!"

"You mean that it hasn't been done," he corrected me, then urged his horse forward. In the far distance was the black smudge that presaged a herd of buffalo.

Fifteen minutes of hard riding and we were upon them. Swiftly Will gave me his commands, for me to follow at an angle from which I could ride swiftly forward and shoot if necessary, while he plunged into the herd. He touched the spurs to his horse and shot forward. A moment

more, riding as hard as I could, I saw that Will had cut one buffalo out from the great mass, and was pursuing it in an angling direction to me, his lariat beginning to circle over his head.

Wider and wider went the loop of the lasso. Then a wide circling swing and it started forth through the air.

It wavered. It hung and seemed to hesitate. Then a quick, downward shot and it had settled over the heavy, bull neck of the buffalo, while Will's horse spraddled its legs and prepared for the inevitable pull and tumble.

A great jerk, while the rope seemed to stretch and strain. Then the buffalo rose in the air, turned a complete somersault, and was on its feet again. Once again Will tumbled it, and again, while I circled about, ready for the fatal shot in case the lariat should break and the maddened animal turn on its roper. But when the bison rose from its third tumble, its fight was gone. Placidly it allowed itself to be led to a tree and tied there, while Will sat atop his horse and chuckled.

"'Twasn't so hard now, was it?" he asked. "Shucks, I thought I was going to get some real excitement!"



MY BURRO



YOU may think my burro stupid, and imagine he is slow,
 But he'd go as fast as any if he only chose to go,
 And there are so many little tricks I've taught him how to do
 If he'd only ever do them—but he never chooses to.
 Still I never really blame him for the things he tries to shirk
 For my burro isn't lazy, but he simply hates to work.

GRACE PURDIE MOON

From *St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Co.



THE NOBLE SOUL OF ROBERT E. LEE

SMITH BURNHAM

ROBERT E. LEE'S father, Colonel Henry Lee, was a hero of the Revolutionary War. He was commander of the famous company known as "Lee's Legion." He was called "Light-Horse Harry" because he was so ready and alert with his cavalry regiment. He was such a friend of the commander-in-chief that it was said: "General Washington loves Harry Lee as if he were his own son."

Therefore, when the Father of his Country died, Robert E. Lee's father was chosen by Congress to deliver the great oration in his memory. It was in this brilliant address that Colonel Henry Lee used the now familiar words describing Washington as "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Like George Washington, Robert Lee was born in Virginia, near the Potomac River, in a huge brick house which looked like a mansion, a castle, and a fort, all in one. When Robert was four, his father moved to Alexandria, near the new city of Washington, to send the boy, with his brothers and sisters, to school.

The next year the War of 1812, often called the Second War for Independence, was declared. The father's rank was raised at once from Colonel to General Henry Lee. But General Lee was badly hurt while

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defending a friend from a mob in Baltimore. It was very hard for a brave man like "Light-Horse Harry" to be sent away for his health instead of leading in another fight for his country's liberties. The general did not become better and, after five years of absence and longing, he started home to die. But the end came while he was on his way, and the Lee children were told, one sad day, that they would never see the dear father's face again.

Robert was now eleven, the same age as George Washington when he lost his father. Mrs. Lee was not left so poor as Washington's mother, but she was an invalid.

The oldest Lee son was in Harvard College, and the next was a mid-

shipman in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. So Robert was left at home to take care of his mother.

When Robert was eighteen he became a West Point cadet. After he left home his brave little mother exclaimed, "How *can* I do without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me!"

Cadet Lee's life was without doubt the bravest any young man ever led at West Point. Young Jefferson Davis, who was there at the same time, fell off a cliff and nearly lost his life while breaking the rules of the Academy. Young Ulysses Grant wrote home ten years later that it was impossible to get through at West Point without demerits. But Robert E. Lee went through the whole four years without a single "black mark"! More than this, he did not drink, though young gentlemen of that day thought the serving of wine necessary in polite society. He did not even smoke.

It was a wonder that the other cadets did not hate a young man who seemed to feel that he must behave better than the rest of them. What kept them all from calling him a "goody-goody boy," a snob, or a prig? He never acted as if he felt above the rest, and so his fellow cadets did not sneer at Robert E. Lee. One of them said of him afterward:

"He was the only one of all the men I have known who could laugh at the faults and follies of others without losing their affection."

At graduation, Lieutenant Lee was the most popular man at West Point; he ranked second in his class, and received the highest military honor in the course.

The physical courage of Robert E. Lee was put to the supreme test in the Mexican War. On a dark night he found the way across a dangerous lava field cracked in all directions by deep crevices—"without light, without a companion or guide, where scarcely a step could be taken without fear of death." General Scott, then chief in command, reported this act to be "the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by anyone in the campaign." In his official statement about the whole war, this general stated that the United States' "success in

Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor, and courage of Robert E. Lee, the greatest military genius in America."

Colonel Lee's high military reputation made it natural for President Lincoln to offer him the highest command of the United States army when the Civil War broke out. But Colonel Lee did not accept the honor. He did not believe in slavery, and did not think it was right for any of the states to secede, or leave the Union. But he was a Virginian, and he could not bring himself to lead an army to burn his own home or to kill or drive out his relatives, friends, and neighbors. He had heard his father, who was once governor of the state, say with deepest feeling, "Virginia is my country; her will I obey, no matter how sad my fate may be." So, when his native state went out of the Union, Robert E. Lee resigned as colonel in the United States army and went with her.

The southern people soon made Lee their general and it became, as he thought, his duty to defend the homes and lives of the people not only of Virginia, but also of the other states of the South.

General Lee soon proved that he was, as General Scott had said, "the greatest military genius in America." With smaller armies and poorer supplies and weapons than those of the North, he gained great victories—the second battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. He defeated five northern generals, one after another. It took Grant, the sixth general sent against him, a whole year to "hammer" and surround Lee's ragged, starving heroes, and capture them at last, when they were almost as helpless as a little flock of shorn sheep. And so noble and dignified was his character that he was honored and admired by North and South alike.

The motto of West Point Military Academy is "Duty, Honor, Country." All through his life, in all that he did, Robert E. Lee showed that he respected Honor, loved his Country, and almost worshiped Duty. He expressed this thought when he wrote, "Duty is the sublimest word in our language."



DIXIE LAND

I WISH I was in de lan' ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib an' die in Dixie,
Away, away,
Away down south in Dixie!
Away, away,
Away down south in Dixie!

DAN EMMETT

ULYSSES S. GRANT, THE GENERAL
WHO HATED WAR

SMITH BURNHAM

"THIS poor little boy has no name!" exclaimed Miss Simpson, the aunt who was visiting the Grant family at Point Pleasant, overlooking the Ohio River, about twenty miles east of Cincinnati.

"Let's name him now," said the aunt; "let's vote on it."

The others consented, and each wrote a preferred name on a bit of paper. Then a hat was passed and all put their slips in it. The aunt took out a ballot which read, "Ulysses." This name was on several slips, because Grandfather Grant had just been reading the story of the siege of Troy. "Hiram" and "Albert" were on two other ballots. At last they decided to call the baby Hiram Ulysses Grant.

When "Baby Lysses," as the family called him, was about a year old, the Grants moved to Georgetown, a village about ten miles farther from Cincinnati, and ten miles back from the Ohio. Here little Ulysses grew and began to go to school, and some of the boys called him "Hug," from his initials, H. U. G. Other boys called him "Useless."

Ulysses' father was a tanner and leather worker. The boy did not like tanning hides because it was dirty, bad-smelling work; but he did like horses. Besides his tannery, Mr. Grant owned a small farm. So Ulysses, while he was a boy, learned to plow and harrow, and to haul logs to the creek near-by, where they were floated to the sawmill to be cut up into boards and timber. The lad found a good way to make a horse do the heavy work of lifting or rolling logs onto the sled, so that he and the horse could do that better than two or three men.

A visitor in Georgetown was astonished one day to see a boy dash by, standing on the back of a horse on the run.

"Circus rider?" the stranger asked.

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"No—only 'Useless' Grant," was the reply.

When a circus did come to Georgetown, the Grant boy was there to see the trained horses and the fancy riding. There was a trick pony that had been trained not to allow a man or even a boy to stay on its back. The manager came to the side of the ring and called out that a prize of five dollars in gold would be given to anyone who could ride the pony five times around the ring. Some of the men and boys in the crowd shouted, "Lyss Grant can do it. Try it! Go ahead, Lyss!"

Although Ulysses was a bashful lad and hated to make a show of himself, the prize and his desire to see what he could do were too tempting to resist. So he went to the ringside and began to pat the pony. Then he sprang lightly upon its back. The vicious little beast began to rear and tear around to shake or rub the rider off, but Ulysses hung on in spite of all its frantic efforts. He won the prize, but that five dollars was of small value compared with the lesson he learned of trying hard and not giving up anything he attempted.

The school at Georgetown was not advanced enough to suit Ulysses' father; so the lad was sent away to a private school at Marysville. When he came home, though he did not like the tannery, he worked faithfully there. He told his father plainly that he would work at tanning hides until he was twenty-one—"but not one day after that!"

"What would you like to do?" his father asked.

"I'd like to be a planter, or a river merchant, or—or—get an education," stammered the boy.

Father Grant smiled and sent his son off to another school. He knew it would be very wrong to expect a real man to work all his life at something he did not like. While Ulysses was away this time, his father obtained an appointment for his son to go to West Point. Ulysses himself has written about this:

"I was attending school at Ripley, only ten miles distant from Georgetown, but spent the Christmas holidays at home. During this vacation my father received a letter from the United States Senator from Ohio.

When he read it he said to me, 'Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment.'

"What appointment?" I inquired.

"To West Point. I have applied for it."

"But I won't go," I said.

"He said *he* thought I *would*, and I thought so too, if he did!"

Young Grant had such a high idea of the requirements of West Point that he was sure he could never pass the entrance examinations. He began to study algebra and other branches to fit him better, but he said he never gave up hoping something would happen—even that the Military Academy might burn down!—so he would not have to go. He was afraid he would fail. The neighbors also thought his father was making a mistake to send the boy to West Point when he seemed so little fitted for a soldier. But, soon after his seventeenth birthday, the neighbors bade Ulysses good-bye, expecting him to come home because he could not pass.

Ulysses found the West Point buildings still standing when he arrived. He registered, and, to his surprise, was permitted to enter as a cadet. They made a mistake in recording his name, writing it Ulysses S., instead of H. Ulysses Grant. He was tired of being called "Hug," and, as it seemed too much trouble to correct the error, he let it go, accepting the S for his middle initial. As his mother's maiden name was Simpson, he let them name him Ulysses Simpson Grant, in honor of the U. S. government and his little mother. But the boys made fun of his initials, "U. S.," calling him "United States" and "Uncle Sam" Grant. From this he was nicknamed "Sam."

Cadet Ulysses did well enough in his studies, and developed a taste for drawing and painting. He thought he would rather be a water-color artist than a soldier. The idea of shooting at men was shocking to him. The sight of blood made him sick—"Just like a girl!" the fellows said. But there were horses at the Academy, so the young cadet managed to be quite happy. He learned to ride like an Indian

and to leap from one horse to the back of another as he met it running in the opposite direction. The one thing for which he was remembered by the cadets was the great feat of jumping York, a huge horse, over a bar. Everyone was afraid the vicious horse, if forced to clear such a height, might kill his rider. "I can't die but once," remarked Cadet Grant coolly, and made the horse jump over the bar without the least harm to horse or rider. The record of "Grant on York," then made, has never been beaten since.

The people of Ulysses' home town had changed their minds about him when he came home after two years, in his mid-course furlough, as a cadet in full uniform with gold lace and gilt buttons. After he had been President of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant said this summer vacation was the happiest time in his whole life, because every one was so kind, and his family were so proud of him.

When he finished his course at the Military Academy and was graduated, it was said of him: "There is 'Sam' Grant. He is a splendid fellow; a good, honest man against whom nothing can be said, and from whom everything may be expected."

Lieutenant Grant went home for a while, and then entered military service near St. Louis. Here he became acquainted with Miss Julia Dent, who afterward became Mrs. Grant, wife of the great general and President of the United States. He had the usual experiences of young army officers in the southwest, with wild beasts and savage Indians. He tells of being wakened early one morning by hearing shots near at hand. Getting up, he learned that two men had been fighting a duel. He afterward wrote:

"I don't believe I ever could have the courage to fight a duel. If I should do another man such a wrong as to justify him in killing me, I would make any reasonable amends in my power, if convinced of the wrong done. I place my opposition to dueling on higher grounds. No doubt, most of the duels have been fought *for want of moral courage*, on the part of those engaged, to decline."

Lieutenant Grant's friends thought it strange for the bravest man they ever met to say, "I don't believe I ever could have the courage to fight a duel." But some things that seem heroic to others did not seem so to Ulysses S. Grant. He spoke almost with scorn of mere physical courage. It is moral courage that counts—the heroism that will face a sneer and bravely say, "That is not right and I will not do it."

In the Mexican War, while fighting desperately in Monterey, the Americans ran short of powder. Who would dare to go back through the streets of the town held by the enemy, and carry the request for more ammunition and reinforcements? "Sam" Grant volunteered, and rode, Indian fashion, keeping his horse between him and the Mexicans' bullets. He made the dangerous run with both his horse and himself unhurt, relieved the Americans, and thus helped to save Monterey.

When the Civil War broke out, Captain Grant was in business. He had withdrawn from the army, and had been mentioned as a "military dead beat," working in his father's leather store at fifty dollars a month. He at once enlisted as a volunteer, and was sent to command a brigade in Missouri. Within a year the name of General U. S. Grant was on every tongue. He had won the battles of Fort Donelson and Fort Henry, and had made his famous demand of "Unconditional Surrender," words which meant that they were to yield without asking any favors. After that, people said his initials, U. S., stood for "Unconditional Surrender" Grant. He went from one triumph to another until his enemies in the West were beaten. Then President Lincoln called him to end the war in the East, a thing which five northern generals before him had failed to do.

Though he won great victories for his country and became the most successful general of his day, the greatest thing General Grant ever said was, "Let us have peace." When Richmond was captured he refused to enter the city as its conqueror. When General Lee surrendered, the northern commander treated the enemy general as a friend and a brother.

A grateful nation elected General Grant twice to the presidency of



the United States. After he left the White House, he and Mrs. Grant made a trip around the world and became the guests of kings, queens, princes, prime ministers, and peoples.

Wherever General Grant went, he went as a man of peace. When he visited Prince Bismarck, "the man of blood and iron," who taught the Germans that everything they did would be right if they only had the power to do it, General Grant apologized for his record as a soldier. In this way, the greatest living general became the foremost man in the world for peace. He had learned to regard war as a duel between nations. He thought that was quite as wrong as dueling between men, and that war was due to moral cowardice rather than to courage.

General Grant gave this as his belief:

"Though I have been trained as a soldier and have taken part in many battles, there never has been a time when, in my opinion, some way could not have been found to prevent the drawing of the sword."



THE PONY EXPRESS

RENÉE B. STERN

A SPECK of dust on the horizon, a moving dot on the plain that comes nearer and nearer, a horse and rider flying by, a hat waved in response to a shouted greeting—and the Pony Express flashes past the slowly lumbering stage coach and is gone.

Who has not read of the Pony Express with its magnificent horses and their intrepid riders? Over plain, peak, and mountain pass, from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, they bore the fast mail before the days of the western railroads. The sturdy old stage coaches, by a change of horses and drivers at coach stations and other strategic points, covered practically the same route in double the time, for they carried heavy loads of freight, slow mail, and passengers. Gold had been found in the far West, and often the stage driver and his armed guard were responsible for a king's ransom in gold dust or bars. Many a time either Indians or white outlaws tried to "hold up" the stage, and sometimes they succeeded. The nine to sixteen passengers were given seats inside, except a favored one or two who sat up by the driver and enjoyed his tales and the unrestricted view. However, as the marauders who attacked a stage usually sought to make way with the driver and guards, and seldom did injury to passengers unless they resisted the looting, it was a bit safer inside the coach than out.

Indians and bandits were not the only dangers to be encountered, for once in a while a landslide or fallen rock just around a turn on the

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mountain side was seen too late for the driver to pull up before the galloping steeds carried his coach into the dangerous spot. Sometimes they escaped; again, they hurtled to the bottom of the chasm. Once, at least, a bright red coach stirred the ire of grazing buffalo. Horace Greeley, who was a passenger on this trip, gave a graphic account of how the passengers found themselves spilled along the roadside when the big beasts overturned the coach.

The stage went on continuously, twenty-four hours a day, the whole length of its journey, with necessary ten-minute stops for food at certain stations and with even more important stops to change horses or feed and water them. It took fortitude and considerable physical strength to endure the trip from St. Louis to Sacramento without a stop-over, for this meant twenty-three days and nights of travel to cover about 1,900 miles. The fare amounted to several hundred dollars.

But the stage coach could not carry news fast enough to suit the Californians. They complained that they were cut off from the rest of the Union, that events were ancient history before the West knew of them. To meet this demand, William H. Russell and B. F. Ficklin started the far-famed Pony Express, later taken over by Wells, Fargo & Company. In 1860 it began, and when a year and a half later the coming of the telegraph to the western coast made it no longer necessary, the short-lived Pony Express had built a place for itself in the heroic annals of America.

On April 3, 1860, there started simultaneously from the western terminus of the railroad at St. Joseph on the Missouri and from Sacramento on the western coast, the daring young riders who were to cut in half the time for carrying news over this part of the world. Young men they were, light weight, dressed to save every excess ounce, with tiny racing saddles and the thinnest of blankets beneath, and carrying over the horn of their saddles the precious mail pouches. They rode fast and well, and although armed, if they met danger they had orders to flee rather than fight, and their fine horses were so much better than



any the Indians could muster that only by ambush could they be caught. Night and day, through good country and bad, through storm and beating sunshine, they rode. At the end of each section a fresh horse, saddled and bridled, awaited the rider, provided the Indians had not happened to raid the station and steal the horses and imprison the station keeper. Each man was supposed to ride three of the shorter relays before being relieved by another rider, but many a time a man came to his relief station only to find it a heap of ruins. Then he would have to urge on his tired and thirsty steed to another and another station.

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History tells the tale of Pony Bob Haslam, whose territory was through Nevada, and who rode his route even when the signal fires of the Piutes warned of war and destruction. One hundred and twenty miles he covered, only to find the Carson River station looted of all horses. He pushed on, and reaching Fort Churchill he found fresh horses, but the man who should have taken the mail was afraid to venture forth. So Haslam, barely stopping for a bit of food, jumped on his fresh mount and rode for another sixty-seven miles, stopping only to eat and change horses. Nor could he always get a fresh horse, for the Indians had raided where they could. Worst of all, many a time there was no water, and Haslam had to urge on his tired and thirsty beast for miles until they reached a place where water could be found.

It is said that Buffalo Bill, when but fifteen years old, rode three hundred and eighty miles, stopping only for one meal and for horses when these could be found, in thirty-six hours, for bandits and Indians had wiped out stations. Two minutes was the usual allowance for change of horses or the transfer of pouches from one rider to the next. A drink of hot coffee was a luxury for which a man could seldom spare time, but horses always received care, since so much of the success or failure of the Pony Express rested with them.

Many a man rode seventy-five miles over rough trails in a day, and then rode back the same distance the day following. When President Lincoln delivered his first inaugural address the Pony Express made a new record for speed, carrying that famous speech from the Mississippi to the Pacific in seven days and seventeen hours. Think of that, you who hear the words of a presidential address in the very minute they are uttered!

We who put a stamp on an envelope and drop our letter or package into a box with the assurance that it will reach its destination by land, air, or water in a short time, have no idea how recent modern mail service really is. In the early days of the Union, people did not stamp their envelopes because there were neither stamps nor envelopes. The

costs were paid by the recipient, and so great were these that people used the thinnest of paper and then, after writing down a page, wrote across the first writing so that a letter when finished looked like a queer plaid and was none too easily deciphered. The outside of the sheet was kept clear, since the paper must be folded to make its own envelope on which the address was written.

When the first regular mail was carried between Boston and New York in 1673, the round trip took one month, and postmen carried packages or led cattle for delivery over short distances in order to help defray expenses. It was not until 1792 that Congress fixed regular rates of postage, and in 1847, just thirteen years after James Chalmers of Dundee, Scotland, made the first adhesive stamps, the United States Government began issuing stamps and established the custom of having the sender pay mail costs.

Although the Pony Express charged the highest rates, it could not make a financial success for its owners. But it did do much to hold the West loyal during troublous times. Even we, who can use the radio to speak the world 'round, or can send our mail through the air in swift-winged metal birds, can feel the stirring of our blood when we close our eyes and see in imagination the horse and rider of the Pony Express sweep by, a hat waved in response to a shouted greeting, and then a moving dot on the plain, quickly sinking into dim dust on the horizon.





HENRY VILLARD AND THE NORTHERN PACIFIC

O. MUIRIEL FULLER

A YOUNG MAN was standing in the public square of Ottawa, Illinois. For three hours he had been standing under a blazing August sun, tightly wedged in an immense crowd of people. So great was the crush that it was with difficulty he was able to make queer little scrawls of notes with his pencil in his notebook. For not only was the youth deeply interested in what he was hearing but he was reporting this great occasion for an Eastern newspaper.

By train, wagon, and canal boat all these people had come from far and near in Illinois to hear the first of what we now call the Lincoln-Douglas debates. There was the "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas, whose oratory came easily and fluently, and the awkward giant, Abraham Lincoln, whose long arms and legs seemed somehow to add to the difficulty he had in speaking. A method of taking down speeches as they fell from men's lips had lately been invented—shorthand writing—and by its aid newspapers near and far had promised to give readers an accurate account of all that these men said.

So the young man drank in every word of the speeches and sent the account in to his newspaper. This youth in his early twenties was a

The material for this story is taken from the author's book, *John Muir of Wall Street*. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.

man in experience, for he had done and seen much since leaving his home in Germany five years before, whence he had fled a stern father who wished to force his son into a career not of the boy's choosing. So, like many another, he turned his face toward America, and she was not unkind. Heinrich Hilgard he had been born and given two other names besides, as was the custom in Germany or rather in Rhenish Bavaria which was his birthplace; but when the lad reached New York he became Henry Villard. After many difficulties, for he knew no English, he managed to make his way to the home of an uncle in Belleville, Illinois, where he was made welcome. As soon as he acquired enough English he began the study of law.

From the law he went into journalism, and he remained essentially a journalist to the end, although he succeeded brilliantly in other fields. The Lincoln-Douglas debates made a great impression on him. Although Douglas was a skilled debater and orator, and as such could outshine Lincoln, young Villard felt strongly that the former was arguing for a wrong cause, whereas the latter was an earnest and truthful man, inspired by the righteousness of his cause.

Troubled and dark days came. All through the Civil War young Villard was a war correspondent, winning a wide reputation for himself as a writer. The only war correspondent who dared view Admiral Dupont's attack on Charleston, Villard stood on the deck of the flagship *New Ironsides* and saw the whole engagement. For his gallantry and bravery he was publicly thanked by Rear Admiral Rodgers, captain of the flagship, and granted a leave of absence. This leave he spent in Boston, where he met Fanny Garrison, the only daughter of the great abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison. After the war they were married, and this courageous woman, who had helped her father read proof on his paper, *The Liberator*, and had seen mobs threaten him with violence, was a true and loyal wife who believed in her husband at all times and shared with him both success and adversity.

After reporting the Austro-Prussian War for the *New York Tribune*,

Villard came back to America in the interests of European stockholders in a western railroad, and this event fairly launched him upon his railroad career. His interests were many, and during the course of his life he lost and amassed two fortunes, but emerged victorious from seeming failures and established the new name he had taken when he chose a new country.

As a result of his first railroad venture, Villard became joint receiver of the Kansas Pacific Railway, which later became part of the famous Union Pacific, the latter railroad being the first to span the American continent. The Kansas Pacific saw some stormy times and just before it became part of the Union Pacific, Villard was made receiver for the road and clashed with Jay Gould, New York financier and railroad magnate, who was trying to gain control of the company. Gould had his way and Villard was forced out of the Kansas Pacific, only to turn to the Far West and devote his entire time to the thing which lay nearest his heart—the Oregon project.

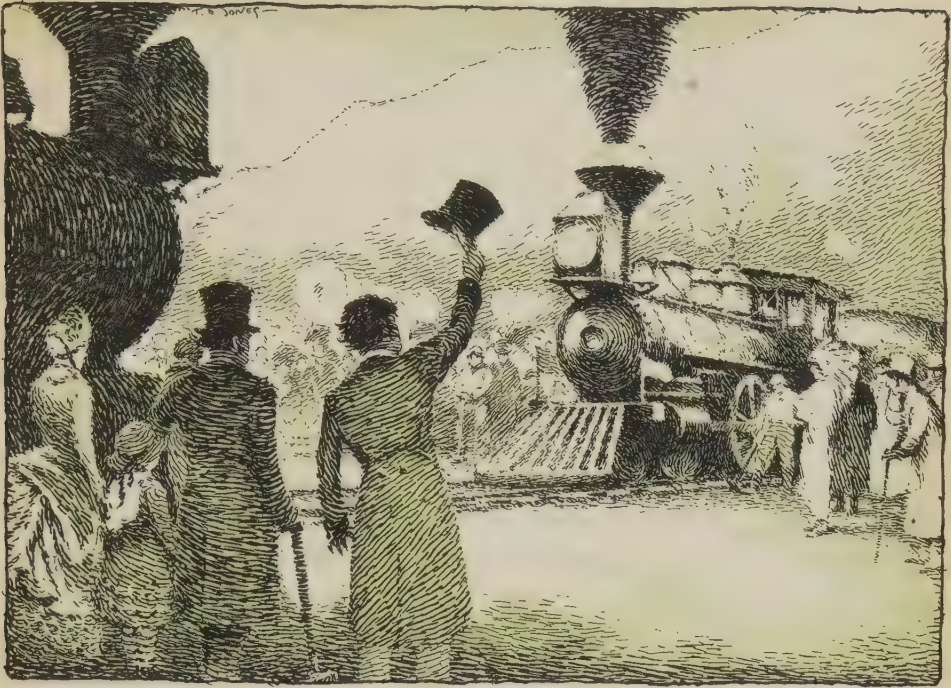
Some years before, Villard had started the Oregon and California Railroad Company, to which he later added the Oregon Steamship Company. The story of the success of the company formed from these two organizations and one or two other straggling companies reads like a glittering fairy tale. Oregon was then practically cut off from the rest of the world, as it could be reached only by the old slow journey in the "covered wagon" or by steamer every five days from San Francisco to Portland. A hundred miles it was from the sea, yet in the fresh-water harbor of Portland lay great transpacific steamers, and deep, square-rigged ships docked at its wharves. Its business section was flourishing; it possessed churches, schools, and a library; lovely homes nestled amid sloping lawns and gardens. Famed were its cherry trees, but most famous of all were its roses. Tall pines and great Douglas firs, oaks and cedars looked down on pleasant gardens of flowers and vegetables, and on chimneys from which smoke curled slowly. Across the city, towering above its scenes of bustling trade and activity,

its hills and rivers was majestic snow-capped Mount Hood.

This was a paradise worth working for, and the mighty struggle which gave to the Northwest a railroad now seems like a miracle. Villard tried something which had never been done before and has not been done since. In two years he had welded several small companies into one strong one, and now he reached out his hand for the Northern Pacific Railroad, which had been passing through hard times financially. Quietly Villard bought up all the stock, some eighty thousand shares, and then formed what is now known as the historic "blind pool." With his splendid audacity he wrote a mysterious letter, asking fifty friends for eight million dollars, the use of the money to be disclosed later.

In less than twenty-four hours Villard had the money in his hands and more was still pouring in. It was perhaps the most spectacular display of faith in one man's honesty and sagacity that is on record. With twenty million dollars backing the Northern Pacific, Villard was made president. Soon all the branch lines in Oregon were absorbed into this railroad. The route of the Northern Pacific followed the trail of Lewis and Clark when they explored the vast reaches of this country for President Jefferson. But this railroad had been neglected and all energies bent to make the Union Pacific Railroad the first one to bridge the distance from California to New York. This had been accomplished when, in 1869, the famous "golden spike" that united rails from east and west was driven at Ogden, Utah, while the country went wild with joy.

Now another transcontinental railroad was complete and Villard was determined that the Northern Pacific should have as fine a celebration as the one held by the Union Pacific. A great deal of German capital had gone into the building of the road, so Villard invited many friends and business acquaintances from Europe to be his guests at the celebration. They were entertained lavishly in the East, then journeyed up the Hudson to Villard's country home in Dobbs Ferry for a great banquet. Westward they went to Chicago, amid much rejoicing, and then they turned northward to spend a few days in St. Paul.



President Villard was always the journalist, and he knew, long before the days of wholesale advertising, what a great advertisement this cross-continental pilgrimage would be for the Northern Pacific. Newspapers heralded the affair for days. The celebration was on everyone's tongue, and the cities at which the four trains stopped between St. Paul and Portland vied with each other in welcoming the visitors. Notables from all over the United States were present, as were British noblemen, members of Parliament, ex-President Grant, ex-Secretary of State William Maxwell Evarts, and Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago. Even President Arthur honored St. Paul with his presence for a few hours.

There were parades, banquets, speeches that lasted for hours, and then the trains started across the Dakotas into Montana. Cowboys raced the trains, astonishing the guests with feats of horsemanship and daring. The road wound along the bank of the Yellowstone River and

up through Bozeman Pass into Gallatin Valley, where the red rocks, dark firs, and lighter pines made a sharp contrast to the barren plains of the Dakotas. At Gray Cliff fifteen hundred Indians staged their war dances for the party.

Gold Creek, Montana, was the scene of the spectacular climax of this celebration. It was in the midst of a wilderness, for the last rail of the Northern Pacific tracks was laid in a flat valley shut in on all sides by partly wooded mountains. Cottonwoods and willows fringed Little Blackfoot creek and narrow meadows were on either side, while lower down, the hill slopes were dotted with dark green dwarf pines. The brown hills contrasted with the many shades of green in the valley and over the whole scene hung the haze of Indian summer.

All night people had camped on the spot so as not to miss the next day's events. A big pavilion had been hastily erected, and over it floated the flags of America, Great Britain, and Germany. Newspaper men were there with their notebooks, and artists making sketches. Photographers with tripod and camera rubbed elbows with English lords and German counts. Indians, women with crying babies, great generals, and prominent statesmen herded together, careless of anything except a good view of the ceremony. Railroad laborers crowded their officials; ranchers, herdsmen, and miners shoved smug business men and bearded, eye-glassed foreigners in long linen dusters.

Briefly Villard reviewed the long trail of tremendous difficulties encountered and overcome, and then there were other speeches. Three hundred brawny-armed men quickly laid the ties and drove the spikes on the last thousand feet of track, while the foreign guests watched their rapid dexterity in amazement, and the band played and people shouted.

Towering above the crowd Villard ordered silence.

"This spike," he said, holding a small battered object up to view, "was the first spike driven on the Northern Pacific. See how it is bent and how thick it is with rust. H. C. Davis," Villard went on, "was

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the man who drove this spike. He is to have the honor of being the first man to drive it, not as the initial spike but as the *last* spike on the Northern Pacific Railroad."

Davis struck the first blow amid cheers, and then Villard, with his baby boy in his arms, the tiny baby fists claspng the silver sledge, drove the next blow. This rusty spike, not a gold one as the newspapers had it, is still in the possession of the Villard family. Many others, including General Grant, had their turn, and then two trains, one from Minnesota and one from Oregon, covered with flags and gay streamers, drew slowly together over the new-laid tracks. Rapidly the low valley filled with the mists of twilight, and almost before the trains had pulled out toward Oregon the crowds had melted away into the darkness, leaving the quiet valley to the night.

Portland welcomed Villard and his guests with an ovation almost greater than any they had received in other cities. All the Northwest seemed gathered for the gala event. People filled the streets, windows, and balconies. Roses ran riot in honor of the occasion. Flags and garlands were everywhere and the women and children wore their brightest-colored dresses. The weather was perfect, whistles shrieked merrily, and bells clanged.

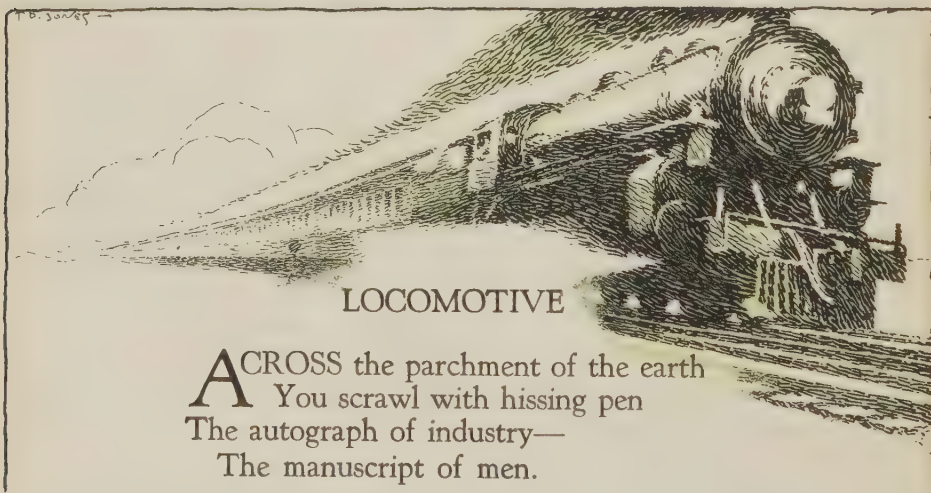
The big parade was two miles long. A handful of men, gray and bent with age, led the van. They were what was left of the Oregon Pioneer Association. After them came the United States troops stationed at Vancouver, headed by General Nelson A. Miles. At the close of the procession rumbled the prairie schooners, hauled by mud-splashed oxen, with barefooted children running at the sides. The people shouted themselves hoarse. After the immigrant wagons came the Warm Springs Indians, covered with warpaint and feathers. They whooped and flourished their tomahawks so realistically that some of the bystanders shrieked in terror.

When the pioneer section reached the stand where Villard stood reviewing the parade, surrounded by family, friends, guests, and officials

of the road, the marching men stopped and a silence fell on the throng. Then a great cheer went up, taken up by every voice, for the man who had fulfilled the mirage-like promise of those weary days on the Oregon trail.

After resigning the presidency of the Northern Pacific some years later, Villard remained a director of the road. It was his greatest achievement, although this busy man did other things. Near the close of the last century he bought the Edison Lamp Company and later the Edison Machine Works, welding the two into the Edison General Electric Company. Toward the later part of his life, as at the beginning, journalism called insistently, and he became owner of the *New York Evening Post*, and *The Nation*, which latter paper his son continued to edit.

Villard was at once a dreamer and a man of action. The average man climbs hills. Villard climbed mountains, and from their summits glimpsed the work he had to do. The people of the great Northwest territory dreamed of and prayed for a railroad. Villard linked Lake Superior with Puget Sound and made that dream a reality.



LOCOMOTIVE

ACROSS the parchment of the earth
 You scrawl with hissing pen
 The autograph of industry—
 The manuscript of men.

STELLA WESTON in the *Flamingo*

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THE HAND-CLASP

GIVE me your hand across the line,
We'll face towards the sea,
You wear your crown of silver stars,
My maple wreath for me.

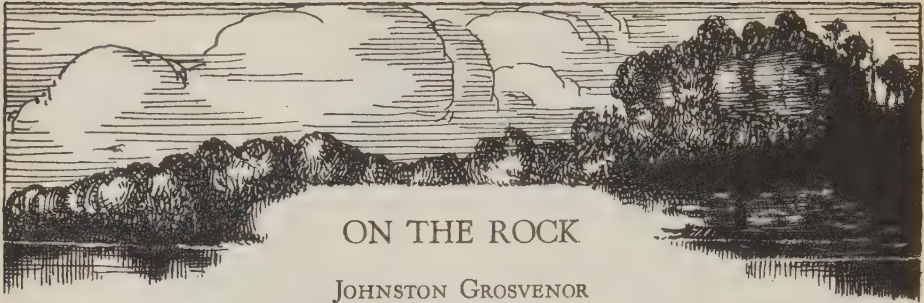
Fair heritage is this fair land,
Our flags wave o'er the whole,
Yours from the line to Rio's stream,
And mine from line to pole.

Within our bounds no tyrant lives,
Our flags wave proud and free,
O'er you the bars and silver stars,
The triple cross o'er me.

For that my hand across the line
And strong the grip will be;
We'll sing "America" for you,
"O Canada" for me.

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LILLIE A. BROOKS



The Sieur Louis Joliet and Père Jacques Marquette, brave gentleman and pious aristocrat of France, went exploring for the glory of France and the Church. One went to claim riches for King Louis XIV; the other to save the souls of the many peoples on the banks of the strange, mysterious Mississippi, known then as the Great Water. They took in their train young Anthony Auguelle, whom Père Marquette had befriended.

Anthony Auguelle was a waif out of France, gay and sunny as his own province of Picardy, a runaway, a stowaway, an emigrant; one small item in the unlisted riffraff tumbling over the side of some square-rigged hulk onto the shores of the New World. He had been in turn the companion of pirates and priests, of scullions and captains.

When his fighting spirit and his doubled fists could not make him a place, his voice could win him bread. "Sing for your supper, Tony," was the command which any roustabout of a port might give him. Because of the joyousness of his chantey in response, he had cuddled warm in the shipping many a night between Havre and Quebec, and in the canoes between Quebec and Mackinaw, when others shivered neglected. The Picard du Gay they called him.

Joliet and Marquette with their men went through the Mackinaw Straits, across Lake Michigan, into Green Bay, and up the Fox River to its source. They took possession of the Great River in the name of the king at the mouth of the Wisconsin, and then, making a map as they went, they journeyed downstream. Anthony later joined the expedition of Robert Cavelier, the Sieur La Salle, which was organized to develop the Mississippi Basin. Under Henry Tonty, second in command of the expedition, La Salle's most devoted aid, the men were put to fortifying a great projecting rock overlooking the Illinois River.

ANTHONY frowned at the capable back of Henry Tonty as it mounted the steep trail in front of him. He wished that he dared to sigh aloud to call this energetic man's attention to the fact that helpers sometimes wearied and that this was one of the times.

From Strange Stories of the Great River. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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For Anthony hated work. Common useful labor tired him. "Let the Indians do it," he thought. The Indians passed the idea on, "Let the squaws do it."

But the squaws were already over-busy curing furs and getting ready to put in the spring crops. So Tonty had decreed that Frenchmen and Indians alike should lend a hand at strengthening the fort on top of the Rock of the Illinois. It had been hastily built in the autumn and now needed the finishing touches.

Every Frenchman wanted to be a military officer or a wandering *coureur de bois*. Each Indian preferred the life of a hunter or a warrior. Yet here they were all working busily under a commander who said that they must dig ditches or fell trees for the mammoth stockade.

Now Tonty had an artificial iron hand to take the place of one he had lost in battle. He was clever, almost uncanny, in the use of it. The bad Indians whom he slapped with it and the good Indians whom he directed by its metal point regarded it equally with fearsome rolling eyes as very big medicine.

Tonty had also an iron will. Every Frenchman felt it. Few could go against it. His mandates were obeyed; the fort improved.

The Rock was a fine spot for such defense. It rose out of a plain high above all other landmarks. Over a hundred feet up in the air its almost flat top spread out in an acre of ground with a running spring hidden in its shrubbery. On the north side the Illinois River flowed past its base. Three sides dropped sheer to the plain. The fourth had a difficult almost perpendicular path.

A few men could hold it against many.

Ever since the destruction of Crevecoeur the Sieur La Salle had wanted to set a fort upon the Mississippi midway between north and south to be the center of the fur trade. He had found here on the tributary Illinois a natural fortress easily defended and already surrounded by loyal Indian towns. Upon his return from the mouth of the Mississippi he had built the stockade. For the present he would

make it answer for his central headquarters. It was christened Fort Saint Louis.

The crisp spring air was ideal for industry, and Tonty was determined to get the buildings in perfect order. To do this it was necessary to bring various materials from the plain. The end in view was good. Anthony knew that; but he decided as his gang of workmen reached the heights, threw down their loads and panted for breath, that they had done enough for the present.

He winked at a really handsome young Indian standing near him and knew by a single exchange of glances that this fellow was of the same opinion. He had loved the savage and had coaxed him into fagging for his white brother ever since the day of their first meeting in the fall. For Anthony was apt to give his light-hearted affections to any chum who promised to be full of fun.

As Tonty stood ready with his next order he faced Anthony's way. That naughty Frenchman with his team-mate beside him paused abruptly in the act of mopping his brow and fixed his eyes, popping with amazement, on a tree near him where hopped two robins. All the Indians round about followed his stare and watched the robins. Even busy Tonty looked. One bird chirped at the workers; the other bird turned his head on one side and said to the first bird in perfectly good Illinois dialect, with a thin little trilling robin voice, "Squaws work."

The Indians stood petrified. Tonty, ill-pleased at the interruption, waved his hand impatiently and the robin said again, "Squaws work." That magic hand! Every Indian saw it make the bird talk. What would it do next? With an impulse for safety they turned as one man and went scrambling, sliding, and falling to the bottom of the hill.

Tonty was provoked. "Oh, Tony, that was such an untimely thing for you to do when I need the workers. Such an old, old trick, too—so childish!"

"It is all the better for being ancient and simple if it succeeds," grinned



the unrepentant Anthony; “and besides, I did not do it. I couldn’t. It is much harder than singing a tune.”

“Didn’t the sounds come through those crooked teeth of yours?”

Anthony shook his head and crossed his heart. His chum stood innocently aloof. “Give us an hour, dear Tonty, to rest our muscles in a ball game. At your signal I will bring them all here again to work at double speed,” and away he ran to play.

Tonty, heavy with care, went to the *Sieur La Salle* with the list of his needs. The fort was nearly repaired. Quantities of stores, enough for a siege, were arriving on the backs of squaws every hour in the day. Bales and bales of furs by the same pack beasts were also coming up.

As the two leaders stood side by side and gazed down on the lovely fertile plain, the happy towns, and the rollicking ball game, they talked of how best to hold the Great River valley from this vantage point. A town of some six thousand Illinois lay just across the river. In another direction, also within reach of the refuge of the fort, was a village

of Miamis almost as large. Of Shawnees, Weas, and half a dozen others in much smaller tribes there were enough to make perhaps some twenty thousand souls.

These were allies. Also they were dependents. They expected the Sieur La Salle to give them French goods in exchange for furs and to help provide them with food if their crops failed. First of all, his soldiers and his steel weapons must protect them from their ferocious enemies, the Iroquois.

He had claimed all this land with their consent. In return he must save their constantly threatened lives. Until he could get a line of ships coming through the Gulf to his new-found port, Fort Saint Louis must be supplied from Canada by that route through the Great Lakes which he had struggled over back and forth in so many heartbreaking journeys of winter hardships.

On the Atlantic seaboard English towns were rooting themselves through settlers who owned and cultivated their homesteads and meant to keep them forever. Along the Pacific coast Spanish priests drilling the heathen into civilized farmers owned the gardens where the adobe missions were building, and stood ready to defend them. In the Mississippi Valley between the two, the little Rock of the Illinois, a pinpoint on the map, a speck on the horizon, by the right of its twenty armed Frenchmen held the whole vast region of the Great River for France.

And the twenty Frenchmen, every one as careless, gay, and irresponsible as Anthony, were playing ball while Fort Saint Louis stood empty and neglected.

Tonty was justified in his anxiety as he listened to the Sieur La Salle say: "The present governor of Canada is not like our former friend, Frontenac. This commandant is an old man and a greedy politician from Paris. He knows nothing of Indian warfare and does not see the importance of this post. He will not send the men we need to defend these towns nor will he give us the munitions and goods that we have paid for in the furs already forwarded to him."



“There are less than a hundred pounds of powder—” interrupted Tonty, “and the Iroquois are threatening even now—”

“Look!” cried La Salle, “look! Something has happened among the ball players.”

The dots of Indians, far below, had massed in a crowd at the center of their field and as suddenly separated again with shrill wails, each player going at swiftest pace in a different direction.

“Bad news! Prepare yourself for a deluge. As fast as the warning spreads they will come here by villages. Put a good face on it,” and the nobleman made ready to receive his tenants. He was their overlord; and he was at his best when dangers assailed him. His whole life was spent in defying one tragedy after another. “There are stores enough to feed them for several days—”

“When the powder gives out we can use bows and arrows, stones and logs—”

The bearer of evil tidings had fallen exhausted at the base of the Rock. Anthony was the first to come over the rim with the one word message, “Iroquois.”

Within the memory of these Illinois their valley had been conquered by the unspeakable Iroquois, the Huns of this continent. Towns had been destroyed, men killed, women tortured, children scalped, prisoners burned. Then they had had no refuge. Now they flew to Sieur La Salle and the Fort Saint Louis.

To the Rock they came pouring in such a horde as only fear can drive, red bodies striving—contorted—palpitating—feathers awry—clothes discarded—paint running in sweating streams. Hundreds of galloping moccasined feet pounded out such a series of steps up that steep trail as shovels could not have done in a whole season.

Sieur La Salle met them. His proud, domineering face showed that he had no fear of anything. Tonty's sensitive Italian lips, quivering with responsive excitement, answered their wild demands for the protective medicine of his magic hand with all sorts of impossible promises.

As one means of restoring quiet, the missionary Father prayed as loud as his big outdoor voice could shout. And Anthony attended by his faithful shadow went about among them with that quirk of a smile they all liked. His words were happily calm. He was a much better worker in a panic than he was in a ditching gang. Together they reminded the quaking ones that any man who could make a bird speak could surely save them from the Iroquois. And who had not already heard of that talking bird of a few hours ago?

A red sunset, a yellow rising moon has seldom looked upon a spot more filled with human stress. The very air above the plateau quivered with hurried breath as though a furnace stirred it. Every hour of that awful night added to the number climbing the stair. At dawn they were still coming. Peeping over the stockade and from perilous overhanging lookouts they watched the plain. Without rest or sleep, they surged back and forth, quelled to a semblance of sanity by the white men.

Peep o' dawn, a rising sun, a day of light showed a deserted vale. No Iroquois! Their enemies had passed on some other trail. This was the power of the iron hand. Let all evildoers beware!

The Illinois pledged fealty afresh to the commander who had for his servant such a captain as Tonty. They scurried back to their homes.

This event had made the Illinois as stable as an Indian settlement can ever be. It was not a town such as La Salle wanted, but it answered his purpose. In his enthusiasm for the extension of France he saw so far

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into the future that some of the things he planned could not be carried out for a long, long time.

It was not until the year 1764 that his central city for the Mississippi was founded and given the name of his choice, Saint Louis. *Coureurs de bois* began it. Indians were treated justly there. Noble Pontiac, pathetic in his defeated old age, was given a home within its stockade gates. A tablet to his memory hangs now in one of its finest buildings.

Lafayette was one of the city's guests. Thomas Benton, a statesman, lived there. From its trade depots the canvas-topped argosies were fitted out for the gold fields of the forties. It fought buccaneers, land-grabbers, cholera, cyclones, floods, and renegades, and in each trial came out victorious.

Spain at one time, England at another, tried to hold it without success. But when it became American, it remained American. The French choice of location gave it commercial success. Father Membre's shaven crown would go high in pride could he see the churches, schools, and hospitals it has today. Its parks, boulevards, and buildings would delight Tonty's Parisian taste. It was this vision of their Saint Louis to come that held these men to the dangerous Rock.

Sieur La Salle knew that the peace of the valley might be broken at any time. Men and munitions he must have. He left Tonty in command and started again over the trail to Montreal to get by personal demands the supplies that otherwise would not be given him.

In the false security which so often deceives the unprepared, the villages went through the summer and into the fall under the fort in which they had such superstitious faith.

Then again came the cry of, "Wolf, wolf!" Again the panic; again the crowded Rock; again the night of horror. No magic availed. The day revealed the Iroquois pack surrounding the hill. They sat on their haunches and yelped as though they had come to stay. All day, all night, the next day, the next night, three, four, five days and nights they besieged the Illinois.

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They did not attack. The one narrow cannon-swept path would rake off their warriors as they climbed in single file. They meant to let the Illinois make the next move in this dreadful game.

"If they find out how low our powder is—" began Tonty. He would not mention even to himself the possibility of such a thing as actually happened many years afterward on this very Rock when a warrior tribe of Illinois was besieged by Pottawottomies and perished so miserably that the place has ever since been called Starved Rock.

The Father confessor of the flock was thinking of another danger. "If the smallpox should break out here—"

Anthony laid a friendly hand on Tonty's arm. "Once you saved the Illinois because you were brave enough to go into their camp alone."

Tonty shook his head. "No, it was because I did not wear earrings!"

"It is my turn now to do what I can," and Anthony took his chum by the hand. "Open the gates for us," he demanded.

When the guarded gates swung apart the two crept through and disappeared down the incline toward the twinkling Iroquois camp.

Little owls—the forest was always full of them—hooted now here and there, calling back and forth in wavering minor notes. Tonty's ear could not tell the difference between an owl's voice and a white man's imitation of it, but any Indian could easily do so. The Illinois whom Tonty asked to listen to the sounds was sure that part were made by Anthony, but neither he nor any one else could say whether birds or Anthony's companion made the rest.

These two mimics, half in joy over the adventure and half in fear of its outcome, slipped nearer and nearer to the hostile camp. They peeped at one place and then another to find the best spot in which to let the Iroquois capture them.

At last they saw a tiny fire where sentinels were putting their weapons in order. And in the shadow, quite like a page of a child's picture book, sat four little owls all a-row on a limb. It was the stage setting that they wanted for their vaudeville act. Whether it should turn out a



comedy or a tragedy the endangered Illinois nation would soon be able to tell.

A delicate, indefinite “oo-oo-oo—” did not attract special notice from the sentinels. But when Anthony’s heavier voice and very human “hoo-oot” sounded close to them they jumped to attention, pounced upon the pair and jerked them into the firelight for inspection as though they had been a couple of rag dolls. In any surprising event there is always a half-minute when even the most active will pause to decide upon the next movement. A few seconds’ inspection of their captives were necessary before the sentinels would raise the alarm, “White man!”

On some such brief interval Anthony had built his plans. He pointed at the owls and gazed open-mouthed and intent. It is a trick that never fails. All the sentinels followed his glance. Not one of them looked at the lips of the Illinois Indian standing beside Anthony. One of the little owls blinking in the firelight shifted his feet, opened his beak and whined in Iroquois, “Answer me—answer me.”

Anthony reproachfully declared in the same language, “I *did* answer you; I *did*.” Indeed every Iroquois had heard the boyish hoot.

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One of the sentinels threw himself on the ground and rolled out of sight into the dark. His personal safety was his one instinct. Another ran to the chief speechless with alarm. But a third, who was not possessed of an excitable temperament, clutched his prisoners with fingers like steel and bade a paralyzed Iroquois bind their wrists.

Thus they were escorted toward a whooping band who were already running to meet them. They were roughly handled, their clothes torn, their faces scratched.

Yet the story of the owl as it traveled had its effect in putting the two prisoners in a different class from the handful of Illinois captives who were already bound both hands and feet. Anthony in particular they examined with a dreadfully intimate curiosity, sticking their fingers in his mouth to try the edges of his four unusual teeth and picking at his ears. If he had had a beard—but no, his chin and lips were smooth! Had there been rings in his ears—not even holes were drilled in them! That is, had he been a whiskered, earringed Spaniard they would have killed him then and there. But since he was so plainly French they hesitated as they had once done with Tonty, of whose magic fingers they were much afraid.

They had various treaties with the French which they sometimes kept and oftener broke. They never quite dared to murder a Frenchman offhand. They generally tortured him and let him go.

So Anthony as he was dumped into a brush heap by the chief's fire tried to tell his Illinois chum that they were safe enough and their business in the enemies' camp successfully begun. If, as the night grew cold and his bonds cut painfully and his captors looked more and more like the red demons they were, his courage thinned and he shed a few tears of weariness and self-pity, no one knew it.

It was easy enough to be brave at midnight when all the warriors were still awake and baiting him, but his spirits were at low ebb in the hour before dawn.

“Perhaps the chief, after a week's unsuccessful siege, may also feel

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discouraged. This is the time to try him," thought Anthony as he gazed in every direction, but saw no owl to help him. The brighter eyes of his Illinois at his side showed him where to look and indicated that he was ready to help.

The long, shivering cry of the owl woke the jaded chieftain, and Anthony's echoing answer brought half a dozen chilled warriors to their feet.

Anthony was sitting up and shaking his head at the owl. The Illinois seemed to be asleep.

The owl said, "Answer me, answer me."

"Wait until the Iron Hand comes," replied Anthony with apparent secrecy in a very audible whisper, "then he will give bad medicine."

The owl laughed—yes—laughed!

Anthony hastily set his finger on his lips as a signal to the owl to be silent. The owl obeyed. Anthony pretended to pretend to go to sleep!

The dismayed chiefs laid their ruffled feathers together. They did not like the prospect of a visit from Tonty, who had more than once puzzled and defeated them. His bad medicine was bitter to their taste.

Without stopping to call a powwow they summoned all hands to arms. They released the Illinois prisoners and drove them out of camp. They roused Anthony and his chum and bade them leave.

"But we don't want to go," protested Anthony. "We like to wait with you."

The listening chiefs were overwrought. They dared not kill him, nor keep him, nor send him back. They set some sentries over him, not to prevent his escape, but to hold him so that he could not follow them! For they were now bent on running away before Tonty's hand should strike at them. Of armed force they were not afraid, but before black magic they fled in panic.

Break o' day saw them going over the horizon.

Night in a far-away camp found the Iroquois breathing more easily. The chief was still so nervous that a little owl above him disturbed him.

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To his horror Anthony's voice in a poor imitation of the bird's call came through the woods.

"Hoo-oo-oot!"

He clutched at his braves. They huddled round him. What an unwelcome sight was Anthony as he came toward their hiding-place!

"How has the magician escaped his guards? Why does he follow me?" The great dignitary gave way to his real feelings and with a howl of fear ran still farther through the forest. All his braves trailed hot-foot after him. Anthony trotted along in not too close pursuit.

On the morning of the seventh day Tonty looked down upon the deserted plain. The enemy had left in the night. He wrote in his journal, "The Iroquois retired discomfited."

Toward night the Illinois prisoners who had been released began to straggle into the fort. Some were badly singed; others full of nasty cuts; all were scared. They could not tell why the Iroquois had freed them.

It was not until evening of the tenth day that Anthony and the Illinois came back. They were ragged and tired. The Illinois was as solemn as any screech-owl could be, but Anthony was full of laughter.

When all the tribes crowded round the two to thank them for driving the besiegers away and rejoicing in their escape, he said in great glee: "We did not *escape*. They ran from us!"





NANCY HANSON'S PROJECT

HOWARD PYLE

IT WAS in the old Quaker town of Wilmington, Delaware, and it was the evening of the day on which the battle of Brandywine had been fought. The country people were coming into town in sledges, and in heavy low carts with solid wheels made of slices from great tree-trunks, loaded with butter, eggs, milk, and vegetables; for the following day was market day. Market day came every Fourth day (Wednesday) and every Seventh day (Saturday). Then the carts drew up in a line in Market Street, with their tailboards to the sidewalk, and the farmers sold their produce to the townspeople, who jostled one another as they walked up and down in front of the market carts—a custom of street markets still carried on in Wilmington.

Friend William Stapler stopped, on his way to market in his cart,
 From *Strange Stories of the Revolution*. New York: Harper & Brothers.

at Elizabeth Hanson's house in Shipley Street, to leave a dozen eggs and two pounds of butter, as he did each Tuesday and Friday evening. Elizabeth came to the door with a basket for half a peck of potatoes. William Stapler took off his broad-brimmed hat and slowly rubbed his horny hand over his short-cut, stubbly gray hair.

"Ah! I tell thee, 'Lizabeth, they're a-doin' great things up above Chadd's Ford. I hearn the canning a-boomin' away all day today. They spare not the brother's blood when th' Adam is aroused in them. They stan' in slippery places, 'Lizabeth."

"Does thee think they're fighting, William?"

"Truly I think they are. Ah! I tell thee, 'Lizabeth, they're differen' 'n when I was young. Then we only feared the Injuns, 'n' now it's white men agin white men. They tuck eight young turkeys of mine, 'n' only paid me ten shillin' fer 'em."

"But, oh, William, I do hope they're not fighting! I expect my son-in-law, Captain William Bellach, and his friend, Colonel Tilton, will stop here on their way to join General Washington: and they may arrive tonight."

"Ah, 'Lizabeth, I've lifted up my voice in testimony agin the young men goin' to the wars an' sheddin' blood. 'F a man diggeth a pit an' falleth into it himself, who shall help him out thereof? Half a peck o' potatoes, did thee say, 'Lizabeth?"

During the evening rumors became more exciting, and it was said that the Americans had been defeated and were retreating towards Philadelphia. Late that night Captain Bellach and Colonel Tilton arrived at Elizabeth Hanson's house.

"I've heard the rumors, mother," said Captain Bellach. "I don't believe 'em; but even if there was a file of British at the door here, I would be too tired to run away from them."

Pretty Nancy Hanson spoke up. "But, Billy, they would not only send thee and thy friend to the hulks if they caught thee, but they might be rude to us women were they to find thee here."

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"Yes, sister-in-law, if I thought there was any danger, I would leave instantly; but the British, even if they have beaten us, will be too tired to come here tonight."

"I agree with my friend Will, Mistress Nancy," said Colonel Tilton. "Moreover, our horses are too tired to take us farther tonight."

About two o'clock in the morning the silence of the deserted streets of the town was broken by a rattling and jingling of steel, the heavy, measured tread of feet, and sharp commands given in a low voice.

Nancy Hanson awakened at the noise and jumping out of bed, ran to the window and looked out into the moonlit street beneath. A file of red-coated soldiers were moving by towards the old Bull's Head Tavern. The cold moonlight glistened on their gun-barrels and bayonets as they marched. Nancy ran to her mother's room and pounded vigorously on the door.

"Mother! Mother! Waken up!" she cried; "the British are come to town, sure enough!"

The family were soon gathered around the dull light of a candle, the gentlemen too hastily awakened to have their hair *en queue*, the ladies in short gowns and petticoats; Elizabeth Hanson wore a great starched nightcap perched high upon her head.

"You were right, sister-in-law," said Captain Bellach, "and I was wrong. The best thing we can do now is to march out and take our chances."

"So say I," assented the Colonel.

"It's all well enough for thee, Billy, to talk of marching out and taking thy chances," said Nancy; "thee has thy black citizen's dress; but Colonel Tilton is in uniform."

"True; I forgot."

"It does not matter," said the Colonel.

"Yes, but it does!" cried Nancy. "Stay now until morning, and I think I can find thee citizen's clothes. I have a project, too, to get thee off. For mother's sake, though, we must hide thy uniform, for if it is

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found here she will be held responsible. Billy, thee will have to go with thy friend back to the bedroom and bring his things as soon as he can take them off. Thee must lie abed, Colonel Tilton."

Nancy's plans were carried into execution. The bricks in one of the upstairs fireplaces were taken up, the sand beneath them removed, and the Colonel's uniform deposited in the vacant place, over which the bricks were carefully replaced.

In the gray of the morning Peggy Allison and Hannah Shallcross on their way to market, each with a basket on her arm, met in front of Elizabeth Hanson's house. A company of soldiers had halted in Shipley Street and their arms were stacked before Elizabeth's door. The red-coated soldiers were lounging and talking and smoking. Some officers sat around a fire near by warming their hands, for the morning was chill.

"'Tis a shame!" said Hannah Shallcross, vigorously—"tis a shame to see these redcoats parading our streets as bold as a brass farthing. I only wish I was John Stedham the constable; I'd have 'em in the Smoke-house¹ or the stocks in a jiffy, I tell thee!"

She spoke loudly and sharply. A young British officer who was passing, stepped briskly up and tapped her on the arm.

"Madam," said he, "do you know that you are all prisoners? Be advised by me, and return quietly home until the town is in order."

However patriotic Hannah might be, she did not think it advisable to disregard this order, and both dames retreated in a flutter. As the young officer stood looking after them, the house door opposite him opened and Nancy Hanson appeared upon the doorstep. She had dressed herself carefully in her fine quilted petticoat and best flowered overdress, and looked as pretty and fresh as an April morning.

"Friend," said she, in a half-doubtful, half-timid voice. The young officer whipped off his cocked hat, and bent stiffly, as you might bend a jackknife.

¹The Smoke-house was a small stone structure something like a sentry-box, only with an iron door and grated windows. In this, negroes, petty criminals, vagrants, and drunkards were confined. It stood at the junction of the two most important streets of the town.



“Madam, yer servant,” he answered. He spoke with a slight brogue, for he was an Irish gentlemen.

“We have a friend with us,” said Nancy, “who hath been compelled for a time to keep his bed. He was brought here last night on account of the battle, and was too weary to go further. Our neighbor, Friend John Stapler, across the street, hath thick stockings, and I desire to get, if I can, a pair from him, as thee may know, in case of dropsy the legs are always cold. I am afraid to cross the street with these soldiers in it. Would thee escort me?”

“Madam, you do me infinite honor in desiring me escort,” said the young officer, bowing more deeply than before, for Nancy was very pretty.

Friend John Stapler was a very strict Friend, and as such was inclined to favor the Royalist side; still, he was willing to do a kindly turn for a neighbor. He was a wrinkled, weazened little man, whose face, with its pointed nose and yellowish color, much resembled a hickory nut.

“Hum-m-m!” ejaculated he, when Nancy, who had left the officer at the door, stated the case to him—“hum-m-m! thus it is that intercourse with the world’s people defileth the chosen. Still, I may as well help thee out o’ the pother. Hum-m-m! I suppose my smallclothes would hardly be large enough, would they?” and he looked down at his withered little legs.

“I hardly think so,” said Nancy, repressing a smile, as she pictured to herself the tall, dignified Colonel in little John Stapler’s smallclothes.

“Well, well,” said he, “I’ll just step out the back way, and borrow a suit from John Benson. He’s the fattest man I know.” He soon returned with the borrowed clothes, which they wrapped up in as small a bundle as possible, after which Nancy rejoined the officer at the door.

“’Tis a largish bundle of stockings,” observed he, as he escorted her across the street again.

“They are thick stockings,” she answered, demurely.

When they reached home, she invited her escort and his brother-officers, who were gathered around the fire near by, to come in and take a cup of coffee—an offer they were only too glad to accept, after their night march.

“Gentlemen,” said Nancy, as they sat or stood around drinking their hot coffee, “I suppose you have no desire to retain our afflicted friend a prisoner? The doctor, who is with him at present, thinks it might benefit him to be removed to the country. I spoke to my friend whom I saw this morning, and he promised to send a coach. May he depart peaceably when the coach comes?”

“Faith,” said the young Irish officer, “he may depart. He shall not be molested. I command here at present.”

“What is the matter with the invalid?” inquired another officer.

“He appeareth to have the dropsy,” answered Nancy, gravely.

In about half an hour an old-fashioned coach, as large as a small dwelling house, and raised high from the ground on great wheels, lumbered up to the door. The steps were let down, or unfolded, until they

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made a kind of stepladder, by which the passenger ascended to the coach which loomed above. The door stuck, in consequence of being swollen by the late rains, and was with difficulty opened. The officers stood around, waiting the appearance of the invalid, and the young Irishman who had been Nancy's escort waited at the door to help her in, for she was to accompany her afflicted relative to the ferry.

The house door opened, and she appeared, bearing a pillow and blanket to make the sick man comfortable. She arranged these, and stepped back into the house to see him moved. Then, with a shuffling of feet, the pretended victim of dropsy appeared, dressed in plain clothes, and so enormously puffed out that there was scarcely room for him in the passageway. The so-called doctor, dressed in black, and wearing a pair of black-glass spectacles, assisted the invalid on one side, and Nancy supported him on the other. The dropsical one groaned at every step, and groaned louder than ever as they pushed, squeezed, and crowded him up the steps and into the coach. Nancy and the doctor followed, and the Irish officer put up the steps and clapped to the door, while Nancy smiled a farewell through the window to him as the great coach rumbled away towards the Christiana River.

"Oddzooks!" exclaimed one of the officers, "that is the fattest Quaker I ever saw."

He would have been surprised if he had seen the fat Quaker draw a stout pillow from under his waistcoat after the coach had moved away, while the doctor stripped some black courtplaster from the back of his spectacles, and instead of the invalid and the physician appeared two decidedly military-looking gentlemen.

The coach and its occupants had lumbered out of sight for some time, and the young officer still remained lounging near the door of Mistress Hanson's house, when an orderly, splashed with mud from galloping over yesterday's battlefield, clattered up to the group.

"Which is Major Fortescue?" he asked, in a sharp, military voice.

"I am," answered the young Irish officer.

“Order for you, sir,” and he reached the Major a folded paper, sealed with a blotch of wax as red as blood. He opened it and read:

“You will immediately arrest two men, officers in the rebel army, known as Colonel Tilton and Captain Bellach. Information has been lodged at headquarters that they are now lying concealed at Mistress Elizabeth Hanson’s in Wilmington town. You will report answer at once. By order of

“COLONEL ROBERT WYCHERLY, R. A.
Com. 5th Div. H.M.A.
in the Province of Pennsylvania.

*To Major Allan Fortescue,
Commander at Wilmington,
in the Lower County of Newcastle.”¹*

“Stop them!” roared Major Fortescue, as soon as he could catch his breath. He gave a sharp order to his soldiers lounging near; they seized their arms, and the whole party started at double-quick for the ford of Christiana River, half a mile away, whither the coach had directed its course.

Meanwhile, the fugitives had arrived at the bank of the river, where they found that the ferryman was at the other side, and his boat with him. He was lying on the stern seat, in the sun, and an empty whiskey bottle beside him sufficiently denoted the reason of his inertia. When the Colonel called to him, he answered in endearing terms, but moved not; and when the officer swore, the ferryman reproved him solemnly. Affairs were looking gloomy, when Captain Bellach, who had been running up and down the embankment that kept the river from overflowing the marshlands that lay between it and the hill on which the town stood, gave a shout which called the Colonel and Nancy to him. They found that he had discovered an old scow half hidden among the reeds; it was stuck fast in the mud, and it was only by great exertions that the two gentlemen pushed it off the ooze into the water. The Colonel then took Nancy in his arms, and carried her across the muddy

¹Newcastle County, Delaware, formerly a portion of Penn’s Proprietary Government in the Americas.



shore to the boat, where he deposited her; then pushing off the scow, he leaped aboard himself.

“Lackaday for my new silk petticoat, all spotted and ruined!” cried Nancy. “I’d rather have been taken prisoner at once!” And she looked down ruefully upon the specks of blue marsh mud that had been splashed upon that garment.

Neither of the men answered. The boat leaked very badly when it was fairly out in the water, and the Colonel was forced to bail it out with his hat. The Captain sat in the middle of the boat, paddling it with a piece of board. His hat had blown off and his black silk small-clothes were covered with mud. The tide was running strongly, and

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as the boat drifted down the stream, it was swung round and round in spite of the Captain's efforts to keep it straight, while the leak gained on them, until Nancy, with a sigh, was compelled to take her best beaver hat, ribbons and all, and help the Colonel bail.

They were scarcely more than half across when Major Fortescue and his squad of soldiers dashed up to the bank. They ran along the embankment, keeping pace with the boat as it drifted with the tide.

"Halt!" cried the officer; but no one in the boat answered. "Halt, or I shoot!" But Captain Bellach only paddled the harder.

"Make ready! Take aim!—"

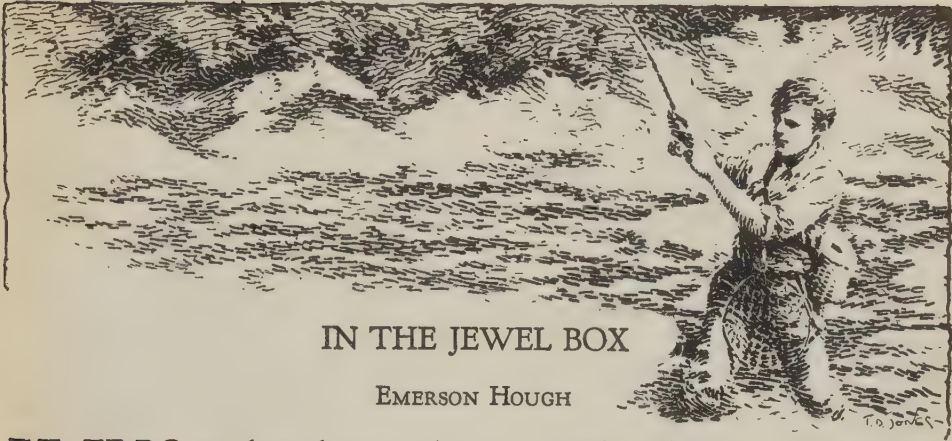
"Down, for your life!" cried Colonel Tilton, sharply, dragging Nancy down into the bottom of the boat, where Captain Bellach flung himself beside them. It was the work of a moment. The next instant—"Fire!" they heard the Royalist order, sharply, from the bank.

"Cra-a-a-ack!" rattled the muskets, and the bullets hummed venomously around the boat like a swarm of angry hornets.

None of the fugitives were hurt, though two of the bullets struck the side of the boat; but Nancy's petticoat was entirely ruined by the mud and water in the bottom. Before the redcoats could reload, they had reached the farther shore and run into a cornfield near by, in which they were entirely hidden. Captain Bellach wanted to go up the stream and thrash the drunken ferryman; but the Colonel and Nancy dissuaded him, and they made the best of their way to Dover, which they reached after a weary journey. There Nancy, who considered it safer to absent herself from home while the British retained possession of Wilmington, found herself the heroine of the hour; and she was fêted and dined and made much of, until it would have completely turned a less sensible little head than hers.

In after years, when her husband presented her to President Washington, "Ah, Mistress Tilton," said his Excellency, "your husband should indeed value an affection that not only endangered a life, but even sacrificed a fine silk petticoat, for his sake."

Winding Westward



IN THE JEWEL BOX

EMERSON HOUGH

WE DO not have kings and crown jewels and regents in this little old Republic of our own. Mostly we have business. But we have been so successful, and are now so great and rich, that before long it will be our duty to hand down to later generations some objective proof of our own greatness and richness. We must sometime be able to say that we can afford all these unused things of value and can lock them up to show to other generations—that is to say, like most rich and successful persons, sometime in our career we shall want to offer proof that we do not have to save the nickels any more and that now and then we can afford a little leisure.

What are our American jewels? Sometime they will be cathedrals, museums, and art galleries. Meantime—and also sometime—they will be our splendid mountains, our wildernesses, our sporting out-of-doors, where a man can wear a blue shirt and swear by the nine gods.

Speaking of jewels, however, are you familiar with the Sierra? The Rockies? Do you know how exceedingly beautiful Nature is in some of the most favored portions of those countries, how extremely fascinating they are in the best of Nature's moods? In the high mountains the air is so brilliant it carries an actual sting, almost like that of diamond rays. The grass and the trees are as green as emeralds—not

From Let's Go Afield. New York: D. Appleton & Company.



less. The blue of the cloudless sky—so much bluer than you ever can see blue in lower or moister countries — is deep sapphire, or sapphire plus something.

The sunset is made up of a million giant opals. Topaz and tourmaline lurk in all the rocks. Lapis lazuli and aquamarine lie at the bottom of all the lakes. Have you never sat on the high shoulder of some hill, up near the clouds, where the wind blew clean, and felt the same fascination you experienced when you looked at a mass of glittering gems—jewels accumulated by some monarch who could afford to buy them and keep them—just as this Republic can afford to buy and keep the best of its mountain landscapes?

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It is enough simply to be alive in the high Sierra, in the upper Rockies—above the timber line, up near the snow. Lower down, also, the scent of the pines, the taste of the white water, the sight of the blue, wavering pennant of the camp fire—these are almost delight enough; but if carnal man demands trout for the table, why, then it is boots and saddle, and, rod under leg, one rides even deeper into the wilderness.

Who has not felt, betimes, the spell of the mountain river roaring down out of its high sources, white over the rocks, deep and cool green in the pools? It is in human nature to want to follow any such stream clear to the head. There never were trout so large that one did not think there were trout a little larger farther up. One baskets a trout or so from this pool, almost grudging the time, because it is simply necessary to go on and on. That is ambition, that is human nature. But what a glorious experience it is to follow a mountain river back into the high mountains, with no strings to draw one back to camp at any given day, to go back into the mountains beyond the tin-can zone—so difficult a thing from Panama to Nome today!

I recall a little trip not long ago where we followed a bold river back and up until it became a thread with lakes strung on it, until we had reached the last lake, almost up to the clouds. Such an experience is more than a mere fishing trip; it is close touch with the rare and beautiful things, the jewels, the condensed wealth of the world.

Old John the Ranger knew there were trout there, but it almost made no difference when we looked out over the lake from a high shore, studying the bars for good fishing places. Old John grumbled a bit when he saw the head of the lake still stained a trifle with glacier water.

“Just the luck!” said he, “I’ve caught some old whales right up there.”

There were no tin cans on this lake. It has seen but few visitors in all its many, many days. Its shores have never been laid out for the

use of man. As beautiful as apples of gold in pictures of silver, it was rough-set in great boulders which had come down in the snowslides in years past. These rocks, hid deep in alders and willows, lay for half a mile, to weary and entangle the angler—if any angler can be weary. The cover came so close to the water that it was impossible to get out a back cast; but we hardly looked where we were going. Out in the lake, beyond reaching distance from the shore, the trout were rising—and there was no boat or raft!

All anglers are resourceful, and there was need of resource here. We studied the shore line, regarding some of the giant boulders, big as a church, which had rolled on out into deep water, and—for thus does Nature leave her secrets unguarded ever—leading out to one of these big boulders we found a sort of giant stair of lesser stones. A step here, a jump there, and we were on a flat-topped rock, with room to cast, and over twenty feet of water as clear as any diamond in the world.

Old John chews tobacco and fishes with worms. I have never seen on a human face an expression of greater content than that on his as he sat down and, reaching into his pocket for a plug of twist, bit off one vast and blissful chew.

There did not seem to be any trout at all. Out beyond us the transparent water became less and less so, until it reached a twilight zone of translucence, fading into the opaque. I cast a long line out, as far as I could reach, cast again and again. A grand trout struck the fly and I brought him in steadily, brilliant and beautiful as a whole casket of spilled jewels. And back of him came a whole procession of dark, graceful forms, converging from below, beyond, and on every side! We had been on the rock a couple of minutes and here were fifty trout in sight! I need say little more.

Old John and I took them out as we liked, methodically, carefully, and reverently. I never saw even the roughest man who did not have reverence for a trout, and John was not one of the rough. We stopped and admired them now and then, as anglers will. The climax of our

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entertainment came when Old John, chewing most vigorously, gave an exclamation and nodded toward the arch of his rod. He had on two trout—one very large, for he was using a little fly above his baited hook.

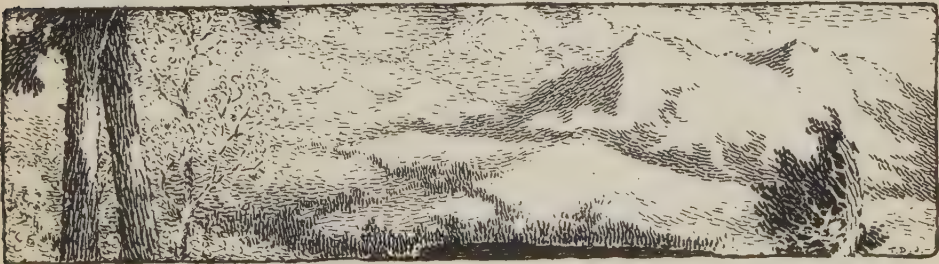
“That blame thing come right out from under this rock,” said he, “and chased my fish; and then he grabbed that little fly—and looky yonder! There’s another one just as big. We’ve been settin’ on them all the while an’ didn’t know it!”

Where those two great trout came from we never really did know, but John landed his double. And while he was doing so I cast a gentle fly over the other big one; he fastened, and was ours.

How blissful the slow and gentle ride back to camp after a day such as that, the old pack horse squattering along, with plenty of trout in the panniers! I presume trout do have something to do with the bliss of one’s soul at such a time, but none the less I assert that I caught old John looking at the sunset.

“Ain’t it a fine day?” we said one to the other more than once, apropos of nothing in particular save that it had indeed been a remarkably fine day. I do not now remember how many trout we had, but I do remember the toothed, white sky line of the Sierra. And I know how green the pool was by our camp, and how blue the smoke looked when we came riding down. Apples of gold in pictures of silver!

They are our jewels, these things set apart. Sometimes—unless I happen to be broke at the time—I am ready to say that saving the last cent you can is not all there is to life.

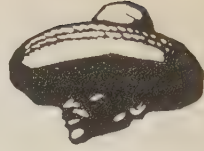


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BURNING GOLD

REX LEE



THERE was one little fly in the ointment of Don Harvey's exultant happiness as he bossed his big gang of Mexican laborers, but that insect, at the moment, was not very prominent. In fact, it was not in evidence at all as the slim, wiry young production manager of the Gray Oil Company yelled:

"All right, Billy! Turn her on!"

Turn her on they did. "Her" meant water, pumped up from the Panuco River, several hundred feet away. The laborers, for the moment, were at rest, watching the result of their handiwork.

In front of Don were three great circular steel storage tanks, each capable of holding 55,000 barrels of oil. Around them a large square space had been surrounded with a sort of frame, made of dirt that had been thrown up into a dike about a foot high.

The pumped water flowed rapidly into the shallow little inland pond that the oil men had made. As it slowly covered the leveled ground with a film of water, Don walked slowly over toward Billy Purvis, who was close to the spot where the water gushed forth from the pipe.

Don looked far more like the college sophomore he had been the winter before, up in the States, than like the product of the Texas oil fields, which he was also. He was tall and slender, dressed neatly in high-laced boots, khaki trousers, and a khaki shirt open at the neck. His thin face was deeply tanned, but somehow, despite a square jaw and keen-looking eyes, and a big sombrero, pushed far back on his head, he seemed more the college student than the two-fisted oil boss.

As a matter of fact, he had been born in Texas and had been around the oil game during his entire boyhood. His father had made a lot of money in oil, and as a result of that Don had been polished off at an

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Eastern preparatory school. During his two years at college he had studied mechanical engineering, and dug into geology and chemistry on the side—he wanted to be a really scientific oil man.

The dark-skinned, tattered Mexicans, with their huge straw sombreros looking like giant flowers against the green of the “monte” or jungle back of them, were chattering and laughing gaily. Like a mighty undertone to the noise of the water and the laughter and chatter of the Mexicans, came a steady, persistent roar. That was Gray Number 1—the fifty-thousand-barrel-a-day well that the Gray company had brought in two short days before. It was discharging through a horizontal pipe into a huge “sump” or excavation in the ground, and already there was forming a lake of oil that would be pumped into the tanks as soon as they were ready.

“Manuel! Shake a leg, old-timer, shake a leg! Get your hombres together—the water’s getting high enough!”

It was Billy Purvis, shouting jovially at Manuel Carara. And with those words the fly in Don’s ointment came to the surface, out in plain sight.

For old Manuel—a Mexican whom Don and Mr. Gray trusted absolutely—did not break into a wide, white-toothed smile as was his custom. He had not smiled for two days now.

Instead, his great dark eyes seemed to smoulder with hate as they rested on squat, powerful-looking Purvis. For a few seconds, lightning seemed to shoot forth at the smiling Purvis; then, muttering something beneath his breath, the old Mexican turned away.

Don, walking with his customary long-legged, unhurried stride, reached Billy’s side. The square-faced, gray-eyed Purvis was looking after Manuel’s retreating form with something peculiarly obvious in his ordinarily merry countenance. He looked like what he was—a joyous soldier of fortune. And he was one of the best all-around oil men Don had ever known. His face was scarred in three places, and one finger was missing from his left hand. Purvis was thirty-five, looked

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like a battered twenty-five, and had had experience from Persia to Mexico.

"Billy, what's biting Manuel?" demanded Don in his leisurely, unemotional way. "You haven't been bawling him out too much, have you?"

Purvis gave a chuckle, but somehow there didn't seem to be much real merriment in it. "Bawling out that old-timer? No—what for? He's just a temperamental Spig—you know."

"The deuce I do!" Don remarked quietly. He did not show the alarmed feeling within him.

The Gray Oil Company's single well was twenty-five miles from any other oil camp; it was isolated out in the monte. The enmity of Manuel, a leader among the Mexicans round about, might mean much.

"Don't you know Spigs after three months in Mexico?" demanded Purvis, and as his glinting gray eyes met Don's the young production manager had the feeling that Purvis was kidding him.

"Listen, Billy," he said easily, leaning negligently against a scrubby little tree. "You know as well as I do that ever since Betty nursed Manuel's baby through that sickness he's been a faithful dog to the whole bunch of us. And he did as much or more than any other man to make that well out there a success.

"Then why say it's temperament or something when for the last two days he's been slinking around as though he were afraid to look at me, and then acting toward you as though he'd like nothing better than to stick a knife in your back?"

"The greasers," stated Purvis, his eyes gazing absently down a lane cut through the monte, "are a funny race."

"Why does Manuel suddenly hate you?" Don inquired as though making a remark about the weather. But his brown eyes had grown very keen, and his lounging body seemed to tense.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Purvis. "If I knew, oh, chief, would I not inform thee?"

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Don kicked his heel against the tree. "He's just not telling," he thought uncomfortably.

There was a sinister undercurrent in the affairs of what had been a happy little family secluded in the monte. Mr. Gray was in Tampico now, and the driller and his crew had departed, their work done. It was at this moment that friction had to arise. It would not be so important were it not for—well, Don admitted, the leadership of Manuel among the laborers, and the nature of these childlike but hotly resentful people. Manuel, like any of them, would doubtless go to any lengths to obtain revenge if he had reason to desire vengeance.

"Hurry up, Betty!" Purvis roared suddenly, as though anxious to break the tense silence. "They'll float any time!"

A slim girl, clad like the men in khaki riding breeches and boots, was striding toward the tanks from the little group of small, frame buildings that was the camp of the Gray Oil Company.

"Let's get going—they're starting to float!" Purvis suggested, and in a second both men were shouting orders.

Each one of those great sheet-steel tanks weighed many tons. But now, on the bosom of a few inches of water, they were floating on their flat bottoms. And one by one, with the laborers pushing, they were floated several hundred feet nearer the well. A job that would have taken an army of men a week to perform in the ordinary manner had been accomplished as easily as the transferring of a mere truckload of supplies.

For a few seconds Don, standing on a low slope to overlook the job, let his eyes rest on Manuel. He was a man of fifty, small and erect, with a sweeping black mustache. His face was pockmarked from smallpox, and one eye was pulled down from a machete cut, but he was saved from a villainous cast of countenance by his glowing smile and his big, soft, frank black eyes. He had been a good workman—

"But when he looks at Billy he's as tough a boy as I ever saw,"

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Don reflected. "And any one of those peons would jump in the river for him!"

"I tried to telephone Dad, Don, and the phone was dead!" came Betty's voice. "The line must be down or something. Isn't that rotten?"

Don's face did not change as he turned toward the slim sixteen-year-old girl—Betty Gray. He tried to laugh at himself for thinking what he did, but instinctively the idea had flashed into his brain:

"Suppose someone has *cut* the line!"

The telephone was a private line—there are no public telephones in Tampico or the oil district around it—and it tapped in on the Texas Company's line.

"Oh, well, your father will understand," Don said lightly, his wide mouth growing wider in a smile. "Betty, when in time are you going to quit going out in this sun without a hat?"

The girl, tanned as deeply as Don himself was, laughed. She, too, was a product of the oil fields, for since the age of ten she had been with her widowed father during his adventures in the oil games from Venezuela to California. And she looked it. Her thin arms were like steel, and she could handle a rifle or ride a horse or run with most boys. Now, as the blazing sun touched her brown hair into sparkling life and her white teeth flashed in that frank, boyish smile, she looked like the "regular fellow" which the irrepressible Bill Purvis had dubbed her. There was something curiously competent-looking about her, too; she appeared able to do anything from expertly darning a sock to taking a hand on the derrick floor if necessary—and she could.

"The sun's going down," she scoffed. "Pretty soon we'll need mosquito netting instead of a parasol if this job isn't done—"

"It is," Don informed her absently. "They'll be letting the water out now. Tanks are about set. Been over to the well?"

"Uh huh. You've got her pinched down pretty fair, haven't you? The flow seems less than yesterday."



Don nodded.

"No use in taking a chance," he informed her, precisely as he might have talked to a veteran oil man. "I believe we could get good oil out of her if we let her flow twenty-five thousand barrels. But with only three tanks, a small sump, and no telling how long it'll be before the Texas Company can get a boat up here to take some of it off our hands, we might as well let her flow at ten thousand barrels, and we'll have a higher grade of oil."

This chatter would have been Greek to the average girl, of course, but not to Betty. She knew as well as Don that when a Mexican oil well is allowed to flow its limit, the terrific gas pressure forces a large quantity of dirt and water up with the oil, resulting in a very low

grade of oil. By "pinching down"—partly closing the valves at the mouth of the well—the production manager gets out a better grade of oil, with less basic sediment and water mixed with it.

Betty nodded.

"Dad'll have things arranged quickly, though," she said confidently. "Don, isn't it great? I'm a rich woman, Mr. Harvey, and you and Billy aren't broke! Even Manuel's teeny share will buy him plenty of frijoles and tamales—"

"Señor Har-r-vey?"

It was a Mexican youth, a stranger to Don, who asked that question from behind them. Don turned.

"Si," he nodded.

The boy thrust an envelope into his hand, and darted away like a frightened deer. He flashed up the lane leading through the monte and in a moment had slipped out of sight into the jungle of tropical trees and dense undergrowth.

"Special delivery letter," Don said dryly, and opened it.

As he read it his lean face changed almost imperceptibly. The eyes seemed to harden, and the wide lips thinned a trifle. Somehow the flesh drew even tighter across his jawbone, and the squareness of that jaw was very obvious then.

Betty, her eyes suddenly very bright, asked quietly:

"What is it, Don?"

He thrust the letter into his pocket, and spoke lightly.

"A billet-doux from General Alfredo de la Verlone Garcia," he told her. "The general, it appears, will be in our midst tonight. He's likely the one who cut the telephone wire."

"What?" she snapped, suddenly tense—but unafraid.

"Very likely. Oh, Bill! Bill Purvis! Come here!"

As the squat adventurer walked leisurely toward them, wiping the sweat from his mahogany forehead, Don drew the letter from his pocket again. His mind was racing swiftly.

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“By gorry, I won’t!” he decided, and suddenly he felt very much alone. “Bill seems like a good fellow, but he just wandered in here from no one knows where. And it’s between Manuel and him—must be!

“Betty, listen,” he said swiftly. Somehow he felt that he needed a confidante then. “For—reasons of my own, I don’t want Billy to know everything, but get this. Read it quick.”

He looked over her shoulder as every word of that note, written in ornate Spanish, sank into his mind.

SEÑOR DONALDO HARVEY

Honored sir:

Permit me to extend my profoundest regard and esteem for yourself and Señor Gray, and to congratulate you heartily upon the successful culmination of your well. My happiness, I will admit, is not entirely unselfish, as I may now call upon you to make a contribution to the cause of liberty.

I shall do myself the honor, my dear Señor, to visit you in the near future. It will indeed be a pleasure to see you, and I am certain that you will decide to add to the delight of the meeting by presenting me with 10,000 pesos. That sum will be but a trifle to you, my dear Señor Harvey, and I trust you will have it ready so that there may be no unnecessary delay.

There followed a mockingly subservient complimentary close and the general’s signature—Don Alfredo Verlone Garcia.

Betty thrust the letter back into Don’s hand as her level gray eyes held his. There was a leaping, dancing light in his, and she could fairly see his brain at work behind them.

“Garcia knows about that \$5,000 Dad sent down to pay off the driller and the Mexicans!” she said quickly.

He nodded. “And just five people in the world knew about that money that we’ve got in the safe: you and I and Billy and Manuel—and your father.”

Her face whitened a little, and there was a sort of anguish in her eyes as she said chokingly:

“One of them—Bill or Manuel—it must be old Manuel, Don! But I can’t believe—”



"Sh-h!" he warned her. "Well, Bill, we are going to have company. Don Alfredo—"

"What?" bellowed Bill, and Don, watching him steadily, thought that the wanderer's surprise was too strained to be real. But, then, he was in no condition to judge impartially.

"I'll bet ten to one I can repeat what he said!" Purvis went on, emphatically. "Wants a contribution to 'the revolutionary cause,' eh? Knows we've got a well and is going to milk us of every dime he can, eh?"

"Sure," Don answered calmly. "I didn't know he was around this part of the country with his gang of outlaws masquerading as soldiers. Thought he'd left for the south country—"

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"Gosh, you never know where that grinning devil'll turn up," snorted Purvis, his big white teeth coming into view in a mirthless grin. "Dog-goned if I wouldn't give five years of my life for a chance to tell off these bandit babies! They hold up every American in the oil fields every chance they get, and then pass it off as a contribution to some revolution that'll never come off!"

"Well, maybe we can bluff him. That steel box is pretty well hidden."

As he said that, it seemed as though he were trying to keep his face absolutely straight. He did, with an effort, but there was a light in his eyes that made Don wrathful. That look seemed to indicate that Bill was laughing at some private joke.

"Well, when a man gets a well he's got to expect bandits," the young manager said crisply. "But I'll be dog-goned if he gets a single centavo unless he wrings it out of my neck!"

The laborers departed, and purple twilight settled down over the little camp as they waited in taut, ever-growing excitement for the visit of the most famous bandit in that region. They sat in the little dining room, and Manuel was uncontrollably nervous. He smoked innumerable cigarettes, and sometimes the quiet, apparently unaffected Don caught the eyes of the old man resting on him with an expression in their depths that he could not read. Most of the time, though, Manuel's eyes seemed to be frozen to Bill Purvis, and there was something in them that made the young Texan keenly apprehensive.

Suddenly Don got to his feet. He was acting like a child, he told himself—imagining things that were not there. But the tension was almost unbearable; the deadly enmity he felt in that room was worse, even, than the eternal wait for the most dreaded bandit around the Panuco country.

He went out on the screened porch, and stood there, forcing himself to be quiet. In front of him the lordly river was a thing of silver majesty in the moonlight. From the monte on either side of the camp

the mysterious voice of the jungle seemed to be whispering fathomless things. Far off, the tinkle of a guitar sounded in throbbing sweetness through the scented night air—it was enough to make a man think of home and civilization and all sorts of sentimental things.

He was snapped back into the perilous reality of the situation as the thunder of hoofs reached his ears. He dashed into the dining room.

“Betty, for the last time I ask you to hide—”

“Like fun!” she flashed. “I’ll stay here!”

Every one was on his feet, and Purvis’s and Manuel’s eyes were locked. The air was vibrant, and to Don there seemed to be mutual understanding—a sort of unspoken, unpleasant secret between the two.

He and Betty, he felt, were alone among their enemies. There was one traitor there, surely—

“Greetings, señorita!”

A tall, slim form bent to enter through the door, A great, ornate sombrero, decorated with a heavily crusted silver band, was swept from a sleek dark head and brushed the ground as the bandit chieftain bowed low to the taut young girl who looked, in her white dress, as though she should be sitting on the porch of her own home in some quiet country village.

“Greetings, Señor Harvey! I salute you, my friends, and present my felicitations upon your success!”

From without came the murmur of many men and the impatient stamping of horses. Garcia, white teeth showing in a brilliant, mocking smile, stood motionless in the doorway, his sparkling black eyes darting about the room.

He was a picture, despite ragged trousers, torn shirt, and boots that had not been polished in weeks. His huge spurs clanked when he moved, and a machete, thrust in his belt, tinkled occasionally in its scabbard. A gun sagged in its holster at his other hip, hung from an embossed leather belt. He was ragged and dirty—but there was something unforgettable in the pose of his body and the panther-like grace

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of his movements. He switched from Spanish to English, as he said:

"Eet ees with the greatest of pleasure that I present my compliments. It shall be an occasion—ees eet not so? Ah! Eet does not seem to me that you show the pleasure I had expect'."

Sardonic, mocking, he smiled his flashing smile. His face was long and thin, the cheeks hollow below high cheek bones. His nose, large and aquiline, swept forward boldly over a close-cropped black mustache. His eyebrows were arched above glittering eyes, and there was a smiling, cruel devil lurking in their depths.

"Pardon me if I seat myself, eh?"

"Sure," Bill Purvis said dryly. "Help yourself, General."

"Señor Har-r-vey," smiled Garcia, "you are ready with the ten thousand pesos, eh? Ah, you do not know what a contribution to the cause of liberty it will be—to feed the starving patriots, to help bring on the revolution."

"What revolution?" Don inquired easily, from his seat.

"That ees a secret," laughed the general, and the mockery in the renegade's eyes was so graceless and unashamed that Don could barely repress a chuckle.

He continued to smile easily as he prepared to play his trump card. But he was not fooled by the pose of the bandit. He knew Garcia, and his reputation. The outlaw could cut a man's throat while singing a crooning love song. He was as ruthless and cruel as bandits came. Don was not blind to the risk he ran in what he planned to do.

He would chance it, though. The ten thousand pesos might be lost, but at least he would find out just who the traitor was.

"General Garcia," he said, as casually as though conducting a social conversation, "we've got our well, but we haven't cashed in on the oil yet. If you can find any money around here, take it!"

His eyes darted to Manuel's. The Mexican was gazing darkly at Bill Purvis. And Bill's own eyes were blazing at Manuel! The hatred between them was as obvious as though it were a tangible heaviness in the atmosphere.

Garcia rose, smiling that devil's smile.

"But no, señor," he said suavely. "It would be a long task to find, eh? You have heeden away the money, I know you have—"

"How do you know?" Don inquired politely.

"Ah, but I have ways of knowing, señor. But I weel not hunt for that money. It may be bury in the monte, eh? Hunting would take too long, weeth maybe no success. I gave you warning like a gentleman, eh, that I should come? You do not act like an honorable man, hiding eet. So you geev your contribution to our cause, to me, or—"

He seemed to crouch like the tiger he was, and his black eyes were hard as he spat his conclusions:

"I turn on your well, eh? I knock off the pipe, and I let your beautiful beeg well spout into the air—forever if need be—until you pay the money. In three hours the oil it waste weel be more than the money I ask."

Don's ruse had failed. He did not know yet who had informed Garcia regarding the money. Whoever it was did not want to reveal openly the hiding place of the box. Had Garcia known its location, he would have gone there and taken it.

Would he carry out his threat? Was Don himself wrong in thinking that there was a traitor in camp? No, he could not be! How otherwise could the bandit know that exactly \$5,000 in cash was in the camp?

Don rose. "I can't prevent you from turning on the well, Garcia,"

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he said steadily. "So I guess you'll have to go ahead."

That \$5,000 was all-important, right at this time. The men had been unpaid for weeks. Later on, when some of the oil had been sold, it would not have been so important. He was determined to bluff until the last in a desperate effort to save that borrowed, vitally necessary money.

Garcia's mirthless smile flashed savagely beneath his close-cropped mustache.

"You doubt my word, eh?" he hissed softly. "But see."

He strode out, and the grim-faced members of the Gray Oil Company saw some of his men disconnect the pipe that led from the valve to the sump, and then turn the great wheel that opened the steel plates within the valve and allowed the oil to belch from the earth. A great plume of oil and gas was flung fifty feet above the crown block of the hundred-twelve-foot derrick, and the mammoth well roared away as it wasted more than thirty-five barrels of oil a minute in a greasy rain that drenched the earth.

All was quiet. At a great distance frightened peons huddled, quaking in the presence of the notorious bandit. Garcia's followers smoked and laughed. Betty wiped tears of rage from her eyes; the men were silent, grim-faced, smouldering.

Fifteen minutes. Twenty. Garcia would stay the night if necessary. He would knock the whole valve off when he left so that the well would be running wild with no means of getting it under control again for days.

"Garcia!" yelled Don above the roar of the well. "I give up. Turn her off, and I'll lead you to the money!"

Garcia, smiling brilliantly, galloped up to them.

"We shall turn off," he said with a bow, "when the money has been pay, eh?"

"Señor Har-vey! I—et ess—I—"

It was Manuel, wringing his sombrero in his hands, striving

desperately to say something that he could not force from his ashen lips.

“What? Speak up!” commanded Don crisply.

“I—I—”

But Manuel could not finish. With a gesture of despair he threw up his hands and turned away.

There was no time to waste on speculation now. Every second meant dollars flowing from that roaring well, and Don hurried away, leading the procession. From beneath a pile of refuse in the corner of the yard he dug the small, square steel box. Purvis, his eyes glowing like a cat's in the purple darkness, fetched the key from the office. Manuel, his face drawn and suffering, watched. He snarled at Purvis as Don opened the box, with Garcia gazing eagerly over his shoulder.

“Here you are, Garcia. Great guns!—the money's gone!”

Don's jaw dropped, and for once his cool self-possession deserted him. His eyes seemed to bulge, and his face to whiten, as a thousand thoughts swarmed through his hot brain. Manuel—Purvis—

“*Dios!*”

The word came like a prayer from Manuel's lips, and at the same instant Betty gave a shrill scream. Garcia's exclamation froze on his lips, and Bill Purvis, the hardy veteran, muttered to himself in low, awed tones. Don stood as though turned to stone—paralyzed with apprehension, and filled with bitter, savage fury and disappointment.

The entire sky seemed to be ablaze. Acres of black smoke, shot with red, covered it. Even where they stood, hundreds of yards from the well, a Gargantuan furnace seemed to be throwing withering heat at them, and the earth, for miles, was lit up with a sinister crimson glow.

Gray Number 1, a fifty-thousand-barrel well blowing wide open, was afire.

As Don plunged toward it he noticed subconsciously that Garcia's men were in full flight. Never had he seen such a horribly awesome sight and he had seen not a few oil fires. The gas pressure was so terrific, and there was so much oil that there were thousands of square feet of



fire up in the sky. It was not afire at the mouth of the well—the fire started thirty-five feet up in the air, when the gas had fully expanded. There the gas ignited and was fed by millions of particles of oil.

“Must ’a started with a couple of rocks smashin’ together—or with one rock strikin’ a spark from the drillstem or somethin’!” panted Purvis. “And, lord, Don, we ain’t got men or a cannon or nothin’!”

Don did not answer. There was no need to. Sometimes a cannon ball, shot across the mouth of the well, created an instant’s vacuum that put out such a fire. If the valve could be turned off the fire would stop—but a man would be burned to a crisp before he got within a hundred feet of the valve wheel.

They had to stop, hundreds of feet from the well, the heat was so terrific. The sky was like a section of hell—rolling black smoke, a horrid red glow, solid masses of white-hot flame.

Betty was silent, but great tears welled out of her eyes. Gray No. 1 was afire—perhaps never to be put out. Don had seen fires that had raged for weeks until an accident put them out—fires in which weeks

of work had been necessary, too, before they were out. Hundreds of thousands of dollars would be consumed in that fire, even if they were lucky. And if they weren't millions would go! The long struggle had been successful, despite debt, and a thousand accidents—and now the fruit of their toil was being snatched from their hands.

As though the combined weight of the situation had compressed his mind into one blazing, concentrated spot, the desperate young oil man suddenly forced his thoughts into clearly logical channels. Perhaps it was the result of college training in science; perhaps his decision was reached through mere mad inspiration—but suddenly he was shouting orders. As he explained what he intended to try, Betty shrieked:

“Don! You’re crazy! Don! Don’t—”

“Boy, you’re off your head!” barked Purvis. “You can’t do that! You’ll be a cinder in a hundred feet—”

“Do as I say,” thundered the Texan, and there was no brooking the almost insane glow in his eyes. “I’ll come back if I can’t make it!”

Mexicans were working like madmen in a moment, and in five minutes two long lengths of hose were attached to the water pumps, one twice as long as the other. Garcia was forgotten—he had left them. His men were huddled at a distance, on their frightened horses. Beneath that flaming sky, the bandits had lost importance.

Everything was ready. Don, his face like chalk, had a big sheet of tin in his hands. He was alongside Purvis—the possible traitor. Purvis had the nozzle of the longer length of hose in his hand. Side by side they started beneath the fringes of the fire, with hundreds of feet to go to the well. Manuel, holding the nozzle of the shorter length of hose, followed behind them, and drenched them with water.

He had to stop at the edge of the heated area. His hose played steadily over them.

“Feel it, Don!” bellowed Purvis above the shattering roar of the well. “Man—it’s—it’s—you’re cuckoo, I tell you!”

Now Purvis, his face red and sweat pouring from him, was at the

end of his hose length. Manuel's hose saved him from being roasted to death, while he, from the nozzle of his own hose, played water on Don.

The onlookers watched in frightened wonder as their slim young boss walked on into the furnace. Don's clothes seemed to be charring in spots, and the water to evaporate before it reached him. He held the sheet of tin over his head, and his hands felt as though he were holding a hot griddle as the water sizzled against it. It grew hotter and hotter. He could barely stand the pain, but he fought forward with his teeth clenched against his lower lip and his eyes staring steadily at the blackened remains of the derrick.

He was almost out on his feet. If the next twenty feet did not prove that his wild surmise was well founded, he'd be done for. Step by step, through torture that almost drove him mad, he tottered on.

Was it imagination, the figment of a crazed mind, or was it actually growing cooler? Was the air fresher, or was he delirious before unconsciousness?

It was cooler! And despite pain that almost made him cry out, he turned and danced clumsily in the weakening spray of water. The further he went, the cooler it got. The terrific flow of gas created a suction that swept cooler air into the region close to the well. Why, there was a real breeze in there under that ceiling of white-hot gas and oil.

But the worst was not yet over. Keeping the sheet of tin at his side, he turned the valve wheel as he gathered himself for the ordeal. Turn after turn—it was closed!

As though some giant had blown out a candle, the fire went out, and at that instant Don's hands darted to the tin square and he raised it over his head. A rain of boiling oil, not yet completely consumed in the fire above when it had ceased, showered down upon him. White-lipped, groaning with pain, he felt the drops sear his hands and patter against the tin. His hands were pricked with a thousand spatters of boiling liquid, but with every atom of strength in him he forced

himself to hold that tin, and save his body from similar torture. And the iron in his soul was strong enough.

When the rain of fire ceased, though, he forgot the two burnt appendages he called hands, and lost consciousness as Betty Gray came darting over the soaked ground toward him, leading Bill and Manuel.

He had made oil history that was to be told from Persia to California, and saved millions of dollars, but he did not know it.

Nor did he think of it when he came to with soothing bandages on his hands. His eyes rested on Manuel and Purvis and Betty, and he snapped out:

“Fainted, did I? Went out like a light. Dumb thing to do. Now, where’s that money and what’s the meaning of what’s been going on around here?”

“Listen, old-timer,” grinned Purvis. “We were all dumb-bells, going crossways. I’ve had the money since last night. Take it easy, boy, and I’ll tell you. Manuel and me’s made up—we love each other like brothers, now.”

Purvis nodded gleefully, and then went on:

“Night before last Manuel hears a rumor that Garcia is around. Doesn’t want to worry you, but figures he’ll take the money and hide it. Then, if Garcia should come you won’t be able to give him the dough, and your surprise ’ll be so much on the level that even Garcia could tell you weren’t stallin’. He—”

“Garcia very clevailr man!” nodded the smiling Manuel.

“I happen to see Manuel take it. I follows him, and digs it up and hides it myself. I’d heard about Garcia, too, by that time, and had about the same slant as Manuel—makin’ it so you couldn’t give in to Garcia, see? But I thought Manuel was a crook, and I was just waitin’ to label him until Gray came back and we wasn’t so short-handed. Didn’t want to shoot off my mouth right then.

“Manuel, he finds the money’s gone, and suspects me because he’d thought he’d seen me outside the window when he was takin’ the

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dough. Which I was. We all acted crazy—fool thing to do. Anyhow, Manuel figures I stole the money for myself, see, when I didn't put it back in the box.

"Then Manuel wants to tell you, but he figures you won't believe him—figures you'll think he stole the dough for himself and that because he lost it is trying to save himself. It was all so darn dumb I'm sore at myself, but honest, with a guy like Garcia it didn't seem like a bad scheme to steal it from you, temporary, to save it from him. He must have found out about its being here from some bank fellow in Tampico, or some way like that. He's got spies all over. I—"

"Señor Harvey, eh? My congratulations and admiration, señor!"

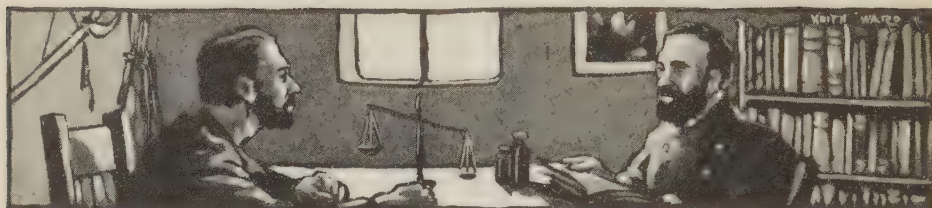
It was Garcia, smiling in the doorway, blithe and debonair, and quite unaware that he had just missed overhearing a conversation that would have interested him greatly. Bowing deeply, he said:

"I leave. I believe your money was stole. Your surprise was—the real thing, eh? I come back later, when the well she ees making much money, eh? And I do not desire to argue more weeth a very brave man. I salute you, señor!

"Adios, señorita! Adios, señors!" Another deep bow.

Then he was gone, and a happy crew listened as the hoof beats of his horse died away in the depths of the brooding, moon-drenched monte.





THE GOLD RUSH OF '49

J. WALKER McSPADDEN

ON NEARLY every tongue around the world the name, "California," was associated with that magic word, "Gold." The El Dorado which every adventurer had been seeking in the New World since the days of Columbus was found at last. It seemed the irony of fate that the great discovery of gold in California was made within a few months after the country had passed into American hands. Spain had been seeking gold here for centuries. Her descendants in Mexico had no sooner hauled down their flag on the Coast than the astounding news flew everywhere: "Gold has been found in California!"

The way in which it came about was prosaic enough. Captain Sutter was taking his ease, one fine day, in his tight little fort on the Sacramento, when a newcomer in the country asked to see him. The man gave his name as Marshall—James W. Marshall—and he hailed from New Jersey, clear over on the other side of the continent. Marshall had a scheme which interested the shrewd Captain. There was so much building going on in San Francisco and other places, that lumber was at a premium.

"Let's go up into the Sierras," advised Marshall, "and set up a saw-mill. We can get all the lumber we want, just for the cutting. We can get all the power we want to drive our mill from the river. And we can float the lumber downstream to any point needed. It can be sawed cheap, and it ought to fetch a fancy price."

From *California*, the Romantic Stories of the States Series, by J. Walker McSpadden. Copyright 1926, by J. H. Sears & Company, Inc., New York.

The two men talked the scheme over at length, and the more they talked the better it sounded. At last—"Go ahead," said Sutter, "and I'll furnish the men and supplies." Marshall lost no time in getting organized. Taking with him six white men and twice as many Indians, he drove wagons along a rough road following the swift mountain stream up and up into the foothills. When they had reached a spot about fifty miles away from the fort, where the dashing river promised a good "head" for their mill, they set to work felling trees and building their mill and dam.

They spent several weeks in this arduous work, and soon the dam was high enough to force the water through a short race and over the mill wheel. Things looked very promising to Marshall when, one evening, after the day's work was done he turned off the water and inspected the race. This ditch, he decided, was too narrow to carry off the full stream, and he was considering ways and means to enlarge it, when his eye caught sight of some shining yellow particles in the now dry bed of the race. Here, yonder, and on all sides they shone invitingly. They had been either carried down or washed out by the swiftly rushing water from above.

Marshall glanced quickly around to see if he was being watched, but the tired men were all away resting or at supper. So he made haste to scoop up as many of the yellow bits as he could, put them in his pocket, and turned some water back into the race to cover up his find.

Saying nothing to anybody at the mill about it, he mounted his horse early the next morning and rode down to Sutter's Fort.

"What's up?" asked the Captain, when he sighted him.

"Oh, just came down to get some goods and tell you how things are getting along," answered Marshall casually, for the benefit of anybody who might be listening. But a glance of his eye told Sutter that he wanted to see him alone.

The Captain led the way into his private office and closed and locked the door. "Now what's on your mind?" he asked.

For reply, Marshall emptied his pocket of the tiny pieces of yellow metal. "Found 'em in the mill race," he said laconically. "What do you think of 'em?"

Sutter picked up some of them doubtfully. "Looks a heap like gold," he said; "but you know how many fools have been taken in by pyrites."

The other nodded, and the two men continued to weigh and test the tiny nuggets.

"Wait a minute," said Sutter. "I've got a book here that tells all about tests for gold." He produced a volume from his shelves. "It says," he continued, after turning the leaves for a few minutes, "that gold will resist aquafortis, which is an acid. Now I have some of that stuff right here, and we'll just try it out."

They did so, and the metal withstood every test; it was undoubtedly gold. Still they refused to get excited. There might not be much of it, they reasoned—just a trace brought down from nobody knew where in the mountains. It would be a lot more profitable for them to go ahead with their mill, rather than chase all over the country searching for gold. So they decided to keep quiet about it, and go ahead with their own plans.

But they soon found that keeping such a secret was impossible. Not many days after Marshall returned to the mill, his men learned of his find, and although he belittled it, they began searching during every odd moment for more traces. They found them in other exposed places along the banks of the stream. Soon the great news filtered out of the little camp—down to Sutter's Fort—then to San Francisco—and eventually to the four quarters of the globe.

As for Sutter's men, they deserted him in a body, and with every other able-bodied man who could handle a tool went posthaste up into "the Diggings." The ordinary work of the farmer, mechanic, sailor, soldier, and even professional men, was suspended. Everybody had caught the gold fever, and they had it bad.

And no wonder—for gold in rich quantities was soon found at sev-



eral points along the river between the fort and the mill, and in the gulches above. Soon miners began to come back to San Francisco for supplies, carrying well-filled pouches of the precious metal. Men who before that could not boast a dollar to their names, now began to take on the airs of wealthy nabobs. They were followed by others and still others—all spending their gold dust recklessly in store or saloon or gambling hall, and telling marvelous tales of their strikes. On every side nothing could be heard but the one word, *gold, gold, gold!*

Most of the business houses in San Francisco and Monterey had to close up. There weren't enough men, or even half-grown boys, to run them. The editors of the two little pioneer papers also shut up shop and put picks and shovels on their backs. The sailors in the ships deserted. Soldiers risked court-martialing to desert. Out on the ranches only women and children were left to do the work. In one short month

everything in the existing order of things had been turned upside down.

To add to the confusion, the land was speedily filled with newcomers seeking gold. They came from everywhere: over the mountains; from the Oregon country; from Lower California; through the Golden Gate (oh, the magic of that name!) by ship. The telegraph had not yet been invented, but when one man whispers, "Gold," another man seems to hear him a thousand miles away!

They came from every walk of life, from ministers, lawyers, doctors, clerks—to gamblers and horse thieves. Law and order were for a time forgotten in the mad scramble for gold, and men's lives were held cheaply indeed. It was a wild and reckless period about which many tales have been told.

As more and more vessels anchored in the Bay of San Francisco, the few merchants remaining there shrewdly saw that there might be as much gain in selling supplies and luxuries, as in digging gold. Or—to put it another way—they decided to dig their own gold out of the miner's pockets; and they did. Prices went soaring. Picks, shovels, pans, and "rockers" were worth almost their weight in gold. So were articles of clothing—and no wonder—for the immigrants came pouring in by the thousands, and all wanted to be outfitted at once.

Shacks began to spring up everywhere in this busy little town which had been named for the good Saint Francis; and just now its inhabitants were anything but saintly. The miners who came back with their pockets full of "dust" demanded amusement and were willing to pay royally for it. Soon there were more saloons and gambling halls than dwellings, and they were wide open for the full twenty-four hours of the day. Fortunes were made and lost at the gambling tables. Men would come in with thousands of dollars worth of nuggets one day, and would start back for the hills on the next, empty-handed.

This was in the summer of 1849—a time that will always live in the history of the entire West as "the days of '49." In the spring of that year San Francisco was a sleepy town of a few hundred people. By



midsummer it contained five thousand; and by October, twenty-five thousand. Up the rising ground from the busy water front the streets were hastily surveyed, and quite as hastily built up with every manner of shelter—brick, adobe, slabs, canvas, even the limbs of trees. Sidewalks were constructed of planking, but under the tread of thousands of feet they soon became yawning traps for the drunk or unwary. The middles of the streets were sloughs of mud.

Along the streets you would see silk hats, broadcloth, and “boiled shirts” from back East rubbing elbows familiarly with flannel shirts, chaps, and sombreros. It was hail fellow well met, and the magic password was “Gold!” Here were men literally from the four corners of the globe—Chinese, Japanese, Malays, East Indians, Spanish, Italian, Peruvians, Chileans, Russians, Englishmen, Americans—what not—reminding one of the Tower of Babel.

It is not surprising that for a time there was little or no local government in the town. But things soon came to a climax when a band of thieves and desperadoes, calling themselves “The Regulators,” began to terrorize the whole community. Then the better class of citizens organized a “Vigilance Committee” and drove the gangsters out. A semblance of order then prevailed, but it was far from what we of today would call “civilized.”

To add to the excitement of living in this mining town, San Francisco

had five disastrous fires within a year and a half, one of which nearly burned it to the ground. But in the flames was consumed a vast amount of trash and filth which had accumulated, and a bad epidemic was doubtless averted by the onswEEPing fire. From the ruins a new and better-built city gradually rose up; and the common danger made the citizens unite for a better organization and better laws.

Meanwhile, back in "the Diggings" men were still working furiously—some successfully, some otherwise. Claims were staked out in every direction, and of course many of these were worthless. But where pay dirt was struck, the yields were handsome. Mr. Larkin, who had been the United States Consul in California when it was Mexican territory, thus describes one famous place, called the "Mormon Diggings."

"At my camping place I found forty or fifty tents, mostly occupied by Americans, strewn about the hillsides next the river. I spent two nights in company with eight Americans, two of whom were sailors, two carpenters, one a clerk, and three common laborers. With two machines called "cradles," these men made fifty dollars each per day. Another miner had washed out, with a common tin pan, gold to the value of eighty-two dollars in a single day."

Sutter and Marshall both died in poverty. Marshall stuck to his original idea of a sawmill too long—until the best claims were taken up all around him. He tried mining for a time, but never made a success of it. He was one of those rolling stones which gather no moss. Some years later, after California had become a State, the legislature gave him a pension, in recognition of his discovery of gold; but this was allowed to lapse after a while, and he wandered back up into the mountains, doubtless dreaming of the gold which he had first found in their silent pockets—now, alas, empty. In a little cabin with only the barest necessities of life the old man spent his last days, and died unnoticed and uncared for. Then, a few years later, the State of California suddenly remembered him again, and erected over his grave a big bronze statue. It is a mute and lasting memorial of a man who found great

riches for others, but who starved to death, himself!

Sutter had a strange and checkered career. For a time his holdings were vast. His original grants comprised thousands of acres of rich timberlands, and he reigned over them like a feudal lord. He had his own little army, and made his own laws. When the gold was discovered, he went ahead with his plans for building both a sawmill and a gristmill. The latter proved a success, and he charged fancy prices for his flour. He disdained to wield a shovel or pick himself, but he sold all sorts of supplies and at high prices.

Colonel Mason, who was then military governor, thus writes:

“Along the whole route” (that is, to the Diggings) “mills were lying idle, fields of wheat were open to cattle and horses, houses vacant, and farms going to waste. At Sutter’s there was more life and business. Launches were discharging their cargoes at the river, and carts were hauling goods to the fort, where were already established several stores, a hotel, etc. Captain Sutter had only two mechanics in his employ, whom he was then paying ten dollars a day. Merchants paid him a monthly rent of one hundred dollars per room; and while I was there a two-story house in the fort was rented as a hotel for five hundred dollars a month.”

Seeing this boom in real estate, Sutter was seized with another idea. He decided to lay out a town, which, as it was nearer to the Diggings than San Francisco, would speedily outstrip it. So on a strip of flat, marshy land about a mile from his fort, he surveyed and laid out the streets of his future city. This he called Sacramento, and the town was to be our future capital. The streets terminated at the water front. His next step was to mark off lots and sell them—just as in boom towns today—and it was here that he got into difficulties. His land was all held under grant from the Mexican authorities; and now as it began to swarm with lawless adventurers, they took up “squatters’ rights”—that is, they settled down wherever it pleased them. They argued that now, with California the property of America, these Mexican titles

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were of no value. Of course this was wrong, but it forced Sutter to go into the courts to prove his claims.

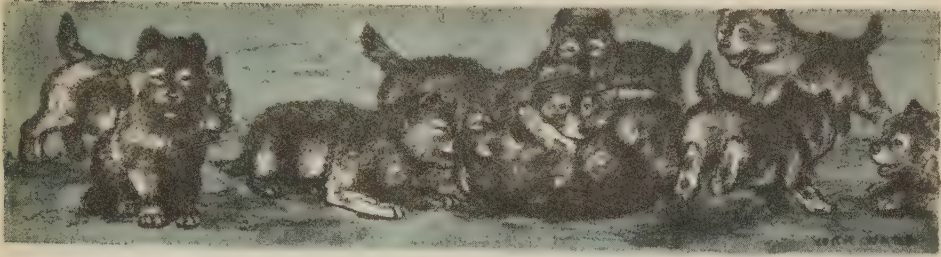
I am sorry to say that most of the decisions went against him. The popular cry was, "California for Americans!" and many old California families saw their holdings thus taken away from them. In 1850, Sutter's property was worth many millions. Twenty years later he was a poor man. The State legislature voted him a monthly pension, but, as in the case of Marshall, it lapsed, and Sutter now an old man traveled back to Washington, there to plead the justice of his claims.

Disappointed, broken in body, this pioneer, who once had ruled over a territory as large as a smaller Eastern State, breathed his last a pauper.

In the year 1850 it is said that the huge sum of fifty million dollars worth was mined; and still larger amounts each year for the next three or four years; then it began to fall off. In ten years, most of the great throng of adventurers had shouldered their picks and wandered elsewhere. California is still a gold-producing State, but the precious metal is now mined with hydraulic machinery. And another great gift of Nature has risen up to supplant Gold; its name is Oil.

When Mexico surrendered this country to the United States, at the close of the war, we gave her as a sort of quitclaim the sum of fifteen millions of dollars. How chagrined must those dons have been to see the newly acquired land pouring hundreds of millions of wealth back into the lap of its new owners!





ONE SMART PUP

FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

“I AM afraid we’ll have to drown the runt of the bunch!” announced Dean, with obvious reluctance. There was an expression of deep regret upon his strong face as he contemplated the playful group of puppies. An even dozen there were—sturdy little Malemutes, awkward in movement; feet seemingly many sizes too large; baby teeth as sharp as needles and as white as snow, gleaming from pink jaws.

They snapped and growled in their play, tugging at an ear, leg, tail that happened to be conveniently within reach. Each lived in the happy present, as children do. The future lay ahead, a life of long days tugging at heavy sleds over heavier trails, facing the rigors of arctic winters, of gnawing at the ice balls that formed on their pads, of sleeping on their ration of frozen fish, so the heat of their bodies would thaw it sufficiently to eat, of serving mankind as it is given no other breed to serve.

Of the pack of heavy-coated puppies, the one usually beneath the others, the one with the brightest eyes, the shortest legs, yet by far the most intelligent and active despite his physical handicap, was the Runt. In the days that were to come, when perhaps Dean’s very life depended upon the strength of his dogs, the Runt would be a liability. It is the unwritten law of the frozen regions that only the strong of heart and body shall survive, a natural law that governs all living things.

From *The American Magazine*. Used by permission of the author.

As Dean would have stood out from a group of rugged men, so did the dogs he bred stand out from the others. In the man's makeup was a deep love for dogs, any kind and size of dog, even mangy mongrels of the alleys, but above all he loved Malemutes. His love and sympathy urged him to permit the Runt to live; but the law of the land, which knows not the meaning of love and sympathy, ordered otherwise, and he knew the Runt must go.

"Hang it all," he growled, "I'll have to drown him!" He was silent a moment, then added desperately, "Or something. He'll eat his share of food, but he can't do his share of the work, and that is a burden on the others."

"Ba gar!" protested Le Mar, the French-Canadian who planned to winter in with Dean. "You no kill those pup! He's the smartest feller in the bunch!"

"It's pretty tough all around," Dean replied; "but you can see he's a runt. He'll never be a big dog. His legs will always be short. If I lived in town, I wouldn't care; but up here, where every pound of food counts, it's different. He's got to go, poor little cuss!"

For the first time the Runt noticed the two men. His fellow pups immediately became a minor consideration. He scrambled and squirmed through the irresponsible pack, spilled over the last, and landed nose foremost in the dirt, simply because his forelegs were not long enough to prevent such a mishap. He squatted down upon his haunches and eyed Dean quizzically, cocking his head first to right, then to left.

When Le Mar spoke, the Runt's attention was turned instantly toward him. He waited patiently for some sign of recognition from the men. None forthcoming, his eyes brightened with a roguish gleam and he reared his body upward, nipping at Dean's bootlace with his sharp teeth. Then, his none too steady legs giving way beneath him, he tumbled into a furry heap; but he still held to the bootlace, his eyes rolling in quaint humor until the whites showed. This was real sport, far superior to biting another pup's tail or leg.

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"Aw! Aw!" murmured Le Mar, "the leetle Runt, ba gar!"

"You win!" cried Dean. "I simply can't do it now! Feast or famine, we'll find enough for you to eat, even if I have to share mine."

Through the long, balmy days of a glorious Alaskan summer, the Runt vied with his brothers in the matter of food consumption. Twice a day Dean placed great quantities of food before the growing pups. A mad scramble, a few gulps, and it had vanished, leaving each pup hungrier than before. Despite his handicap, the Runt secured his share. Perhaps the strength of the food went to develop his brain, to make his bright, humorous eyes still brighter; certainly his body did not develop to any appreciable degree. He grew, of course, but the others developed by leaps and bounds.

"Look at those legs!" commented Dean one day. "If I didn't know otherwise, I'd say there is a strain of dachshund in him."

"Ba gar," responded Le Mar, "look at those bright eye—smartest feller—"

"Don't I know it?" interrupted Dean. "If he only had a body to match that brain of his, what a wonderful lead dog he would make!"

The others gradually took on names. There was "Moose," so named because he was the biggest of the several litters; and "Shorty," and "Mike," and "Cultus," the bad dog, and "Skookum," who was strong. And the smallest of all was the "Runt."

At an age when pups of warmer climes are taught to heel, drop, and ho, the Malemutes were fitted with small harnesses attached to a block of wood, which they dragged over the grass as they learned that "Gee!" meant swing to the right, "Haw!" to the left, "Mush on!" to go, and "Whoa!" to stop. Often Dean carried a whip, but their woolly backs never felt the bite of the lash—never would, in fact. Dean's method of training was different. The pistol-like cracks were used to emphasize commands and not to force obedience through fear. The Runt viewed the training of his fellows with interest, while his active brain speculated on the reason why *his* shoulders were never

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fitted with a harness, why *he* was not permitted the joy of this fascinating new game. Perhaps his stout little heart even felt a twinge of unhappiness when he was not allowed to join with his brothers in dragging the block. The Malemute pup instinctively enjoys work, and when in leash will lunge forward and pull for all he is worth, making even a strong man exert himself to hold the dog in check. The Runt did the next best thing; he trailed behind the others. Without knowing it, he had taken an optimistic view of life. Early he had discovered that a pup with very short legs could keep pace with one of long legs by the simple expedient of taking two steps to one. Logical enough was the Runt's way of reasoning, and he followed it.

Shortly before the snow fell, the Runt found himself in his first real fight. Just how it started none of the half-grown dogs knew, but Cultus was supposed to have been the instigator. The Runt found himself at the bottom of the snarling pack. Dean burst from the cabin, a warlike peacemaker. To his amazement, the Runt held the field very much to himself. The battle was over as suddenly as it had begun. A number of pups were nursing minor wounds; others were pondering on the futility of warfare; but the Runt, still somewhat dazed, was experiencing the sweetness of his first victory. Literally the under dog, he had turned disadvantage to advantage and made the most of his position.

Dean noticed a change from that day. When the irresponsible pack took a notion to romp afield, the Runt assumed leadership, the others trailing along behind. At such times he would make his stubby legs move at top speed, though his brothers cantered along without effort.

"Poor little devil!" whispered Dean one day as the pack returned after an absence of nearly three hours down the creek. "He's a natural leader, but his little heart is too stout for his short legs." The others were still in a playful mood, but the Runt was exhausted. None had disputed his leadership, but it had cost him heavily in strength.

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With the coming of the first snow the old dogs read the signs. After a summer of ease, work would now begin. There were several long trips for supplies to the distant mining camp, as well as shorter trips. Dean usually bagged a moose in the fall and hauled the meat to camp with the team. To obtain sufficient fish for his team during the winter, he would make a number of excursions to Fish Lake.

The Runt was the first of the half-grown dogs to scent the unusual. He romped around as Dean brought forth the sled and harnessed the old dogs; then he manifested extreme hopefulness, as several of the younger dogs were harnessed beside their elders. This was the final course previous to actual work with the sled. It taught them to perform real work, to pull with the others, to swing with them, and instilled the first feeling of pride and responsibility.

The Runt's spirits ebbed; but he was not yet beaten. He floundered through the fresh snow at top speed and barely held his own. A hundred yards from the cabin Dean stopped, and to the Runt's ears came the cruelest words he had ever heard: "Go on home! Go back, Runt!" Dean had spoken them kindly at first; then, as the Runt squatted down in the snow to argue the point, a new and severe note crept into his voice, but the Runt stood fast. The others were bound on a new adventure, why not he? True, it was a different sort of trail from what he had traversed in the summer, and a dog's legs sometimes sank into this

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soft, cold white stuff until it quite reached his middle; but if a dog kept constantly at it, wouldn't he get somewhere? He most certainly would.

"Go on back!"

Disgraced and disappointed, the Runt bowed his head in shame, but his stubby, determined legs did not move.

"Hey! Le Mar!" shouted Dean. "Come and get the Runt! He wants to go along, and the little devil is floundering in snow to his belly already."

With pipe gripped firmly between his teeth, Le Mar emerged from the cabin, a kindly grin upon his face. "Ba gar, those Runt, one smart pup!" commented the man, and he caught up the Runt by the scruff of his neck and carried him to the cabin, an inglorious, limp, crestfallen object. From the corner of his eye the Runt had seen the team leap into the harness in response to Dean's "Mush on!" had watched his ungainly fellows emulate their elders and every unharnessed pup romp happily in the sled's wake, an ecstatic pack enjoying their first trail experience.

For several minutes after Dean had vanished, Le Mar regarded the Runt sympathetically, then, muttering something in French, he donned his parka and called the Runt to follow. Outside, he fitted a small harness to the Runt's shoulders, attached it to a small piece of wood, then set off, carefully breaking a trail about the cabin. The Runt followed happily; never had life been sweeter than at that moment. And when Le Mar quit after a half-hour of it, the Runt was still ready for more.

But the kindly Le Mar could not always give time to the Runt's entertainment when the others were away. The hateful words "Go back home!" came frequently, and seared the impression of disgrace on the Runt's active brain. He did not understand why; but he sensed he was not wanted. Above all, he wanted to serve the big, friendly man who was always kind except for this one thing.

Now that they were working, the half-grown dogs cared less for aimless excursions about the cabin. The Runt was still their acknowl-

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edged leader, and when he trotted away they followed dutifully enough, but they would have preferred the comfort of the kennel.

Twice, when Dean made short trips, the fateful "Go back home!" did not fall on the Runt's ears. Instead, the man smiled and said, "Come along, Runt!" His joy at this was boundless, and death itself in this man-god's service would have been sweet. The trips were far too short, which, if he had known it, was the reason he was permitted to accompany the others.

When the lakes and rivers were frozen and the grip of the arctic winter lay heavy on the land, Dean prepared for an extended trip to Fish Lake. It was a day's mushing from the cabin, and he would remain about a week, depending upon his luck in securing fish.

"It's quite a trip," commented Dean, "but I haven't got the heart to leave the Runt behind. He does enjoy trail work so, and the loyal little fellow is lots of company. I'll take him with me, and when he tires he can ride on the sled; the trail is pretty well packed anyway, and the going for short-legged pups accordingly is much easier."

Le Mar watched the interesting expedition's start two days later. Dawn of the short day was still far away as Dean cracked his whip. A team of seven dogs settled down as one, the sled lunged forward, and with a final wave of his hand he was off. Close to his heels followed the Runt, and trailing behind him were eleven other pups.

Le Mar remained standing motionless in the doorway until the last pup had vanished from view, then entered the cabin and settled down for a week of loneliness. In the winter kennel beneath the cabin his own team quarreled among themselves over real and fancied wrongs.

Dean's Malamutes were equal to averaging six miles an hour over a good trail with a light load. This morning, with the Runt's short legs in mind, he cut down the speed to four miles an hour, and broke trail across country until he came to the river bank five miles away. Below, the frozen stream lay gleaming in the first light of dawn. Descending to its inviting surface, he lifted the Runt to the sled and set off at top

speed. He could make real time now and reach the fishing camp thirty-three miles ahead, by night, provided the pups could maintain the pace. It would be a good test of their physical strength and courage.

Shortly after noon Dean passed the blazed tree on the river bank that marked the twenty-three-mile point. The team was still fresh, tails curled over their backs, tireless. The pups no longer cavorted about, but plodded steadily, stopping occasionally to investigate some vagrant and mysterious odor that chanced to reach their curious nostrils; then to race like a pack of young wolves to overtake the sled.

In a land where fortune smiles when least expected, tragedy strikes without warning. One moment, the cold silence of the land was broken only by the soft padding of many feet and the gliding of the sled runners; the next, the sickening, sinister crack of shattering ice broke the stillness. The sled reared upward, jerking the startled team to an abrupt standstill. Beneath the ice, sinking slowly from the weight of man and sled, the waters ran swiftly and dark. Dean, clinging to the sled with desperation, felt the water creep up his legs halfway to the knees, while its icy chill drove away all sensation after the first shock.

"Steady," he cried sharply; then, "Mush on! Mush on!"

The note of calmness in the ringing cry steadied the team. In unison the dogs settled down and pulled—pulled until each back bowed and each belly touched the ice from the strain, while toes dug for footing and held. The load slipped from the lashing and tumbled toward Dean, the Runt rolling helplessly with the rest. In the brief moment that ice cakes and sled jammed, Dean hurled the Runt clear, tossed a bundle of precious birch bark after him, then leaped himself. The reaction as he leaped broke the jam. The sled, caught by the current, was sucked beneath the ice, pulling the wheelers in with it. For one brief instant the others held, then as the strain became too great, one gave way, and with him went the others. Dean landed on his hands and knees, his right leg clear; the left, half in the water, cracked against the ragged edge of the break. Something snapped, a sickening pain surged

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through his body, the world turned red for the briefest moment, then his vision cleared. Once before he had experienced the pain of a broken leg, and now he read the signs rightly. The ice about him was cracking beneath the strain, though here it was thick enough to bear his weight. He crawled clear by a supreme effort. The lead dog alone remained above the surface, paddling with desperation; then his hind quarters were pulled under, his forepaws splashed an instant longer, then vanished.

The deep, stinging bite of the frost was already at work on Dean's wet feet and legs. Fascinated for an instant, he saw the glaze of ice forming on his moccasins. He had known what would happen the instant the air touched his wet feet. His feet and legs would soon become blocks of ice; then, with that slow assurance with which a glacier moves down a valley, the frost would work up. Breaking through the ice—the tragedy he had escaped so many times—had come at last! And he was alone, except for the pups. The Runt came close and thrust a cold nose forward as if offering sympathy. The others squatted about, their heads cocked at quizzical angles, as if seeking to understand it all.

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Never had Dean's need of the assistance of a fellow man been greater. He crawled to the bundle of birch bark, then noticed for the first time that he still retained his whip.

Gripping the bark and whip he commenced to crawl over the ice to shore. Each movement required a special effort to execute. Behind, slowly following, came the pups, the Runt leading.

Even while the frost worked relentlessly upward, Dean managed to force back the terror that leaped again and again into his mind; each movement was made with the calmness and deliberation of desperation. Ages later he reached the shore. To a point where last summer's floods had piled the driftwood high, he made his way.

With his mitted hands he tore at the shattered bits of wood, pulling away slivers and sticks that would blaze up readily, until at last he had a formidable pile.

Hardly breathing, he watched the yellow flame flicker a moment, then burst into a fierce blaze as the bark flared up. It licked the wood so carefully piled above it and spread until the whole mass was ablaze. The lighter stuff would go quickly, but the heavy logs of the tangled mass would burn for hours. And then? With the optimism of those of the North he gratefully accepted even a short lease of life, and commenced the slow task of stirring the circulation in his feet.

With his knife he cut and hacked the moccasins and socks away, until his bare feet were exposed to view, bloodless and strangely white. "It's not so bad," he whispered, "not so bad; if somebody should come along and help me."

The Runt, squatting on his haunches, watched the preliminary process of thawing with snow, his alert eyes following every movement. The other pups, stretched upon the snow, were resting.

The spark of life within Dean had always burned brightly, but it never burned brighter, nor struggled harder, than it did at that moment when the agony of restored circulation commenced to torture his limbs. His great strength and determination had pulled him through so far;

but it was maddening, this thought of winning out against the frost by his own efforts, only to die of hunger and cold because of his helplessness. With his old dog team standing by, he could have crawled to the sled, wrapped himself in his robes, and the wise old Malemute lead dog would have taken him safely home.

Yes, the old team would have taken him safely home. Some day, when the pups had grown up, they would be trained the same way; but now they were still irresponsible, playful youngsters, the Runt alone displaying hints of the wisdom and leadership of the older dogs. Dean glanced up at the Runt, and when he looked into the little fellow's bright eyes, the answer to his problem came. It was a long chance, but the only one. Perhaps in the Runt's brain the instinctive knowledge that enables the old dogs to find and follow a snow-covered trail over frozen lake and river had developed sufficiently to meet this emergency successfully. Banking heavily on one natural instinct, Dean would be going up against an even stronger, the inbred instinct that causes a dog to remain with man to the end.

Dean was not one to fear the test. With a sweep of his arm toward the back trail he spoke in a low, sharp tone: "Go back home, Runt!" The Runt's erect ears dropped suddenly; the misery of his soul was pictured in his expressive eyes. The joy of the day was gone forever, yet he hesitated. Something was wrong with this man-god of his who crawled about on his hands and knees, and whose face frequently turned white from pain. The Runt was quite certain his place was here with the man and not at home, miles away. His fellows bestirred themselves and squatted about in a circle, waiting for a move from the Runt. Dean contemplated for a moment the circle of pups, erect ears forming triangles on each side of their quizzical faces, eyes bright and expectant. The Runt alone drooped.

"Go back home!" said Dean again. A new note crept into his tone. Ordinarily, the Runt would have leaped to obedience, but now he stubbornly stood his ground. His place, he knew, was with the man. Twice

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more Dean repeated the command, then reluctantly caught up the whip.

"Go on home!" he shouted for the last time, emphasizing his words with a crack of the whip. "I got to do it!" he groaned.

The lash whistled through the air and cracked like the shot of a pistol; a tuft of soft fur vanished from the Runt's woolly back. In an instant the wolf strain in the Runt's veins leaped to the front. Lips lifted in a snarl, baring baby fangs; his fur bristled in rage, his defiance magnificent. Then the domestic routed the wild, he whined a mute plea and shivered, turned very slowly, and walked away. The others followed silently. On the ridge, a hundred yards distant, he paused and looked back, the others grouped about him. Dean, tears in his eyes, watched the twelve youthful faces a moment, then waved them on. The Runt searched about uncertainly for an instant, then picked up the trail and trotted from view.

Le Mar was up to his old tricks. Like many Alaskans, he had laid up a stock of magazines in consecutive numbers for the long winter. The words "To be continued" at the end of an installment never annoyed Le Mar. He merely picked up the next number and continued reading. A thriller had gripped his interest and it was fully two o'clock in the morning; but he continued to read on.

Below, his dogs stirred uneasily, then, without the least apparent reason, one of them howled the mournful, wolfish note of the Malemute. Far in the distance came an answering howl. "Ba gar!" exclaimed Le Mar. "Those pup!"

The return of the pups could mean but one thing—disaster of some nature had overtaken the older dogs and Dean. The pups would never return of their own accord. He hurriedly put on his clothing, grasped a flashlight, and stepped out. Into the white gleam staggered the Runt. He dropped in his tracks; the others, tails dragging, heads hanging from exhaustion, followed their leader's example. For one brief moment Le Mar regarded the pups as if he expected them to tell the story he sensed, then he drove the tired pack into the cabin and called out his



own team and harnessed them to the sled. Onto the sled went plenty of robes, a first-aid kit, provisions, and other articles his experience told him might be of use. Still, the load seemed incomplete. He rubbed his parka hood with his hand and gazed doubtfully. "Ba gar!" he exclaimed suddenly, "those Runt!" Le Mar ran back to the cabin and returned with the Runt, whom he tossed on top of the robes.

For this night's run Le Mar replaced the lean collie he used as a lead dog to speed up the team with a wise old Malemute, one that Le Mar declared could find a trail where none existed.

The team, dragging the light load through the night, jerked the driver along at top speed. Sometimes he rode short stretches in order to rest, but usually he gripped the handles of the sled and raced behind. In the gloom, a few feet way, he could make out the form of the Runt, sleeping the slumber of the just.

At seven o'clock, with the dawn of the short day still two hours away, the lead dog stopped and commenced to sniff uncertainly. The trail ended. Le Mar walked ahead cautiously and located the spot where the team had broken through, then shook his head sadly. The hole was frozen over, but the signs of the tragedy were there in plenty.

"Ba gar!" he whispered softly. "Dean—he—"

The Runt leaped from the sled, gazed about uncertainly for one brief instant, then glanced up at Le Mar as if to say, "Here! what are you wasting time for?"

"Hey, Runt!" shouted Le Mar excitedly. "What you try tell me, huh?"

But the Runt did not waste words. He located himself at that instant and was away at top speed. Le Mar circled the thin ice and followed. Around the nearest point he caught sight of the glow of charring logs. As he neared, a form straightened up, then into the light leaped the Runt. For an instant he hesitated, gripped by doubt, then, as Dean opened his arms, he threw himself forward, his tail wagging furiously, his cold muzzle thrust against the man's cheek. Dean stifled a groan that came from the sudden movement of his leg and hugged the happy form of the Runt to his breast.

The pup's body shivered with a joy that was boundless, while his loyal little heart pounded ecstatically. Something, he knew not what, told him that he had rendered a signal service, and that this wonderful man-god was grateful. What matter if other pups were harnessed to sleds with the big dogs to make mysterious trips abroad? Never had a dog, large or small, been hugged as the Runt was being hugged at that moment.

Into the light came Le Mar, his parka glistening white with frost. "Ba gar, those Runt—" he began happily.

"You bet—those Runt!" rejoined Dean brokenly.

"Huh!" grunted Le Mar. Then after a long pause. "Huh! Ba gar!" And he roughly brushed away a tear with his mitted hand.



ATLIN LAKE AND THE GOLD FIELDS

HAMLIN GARLAND

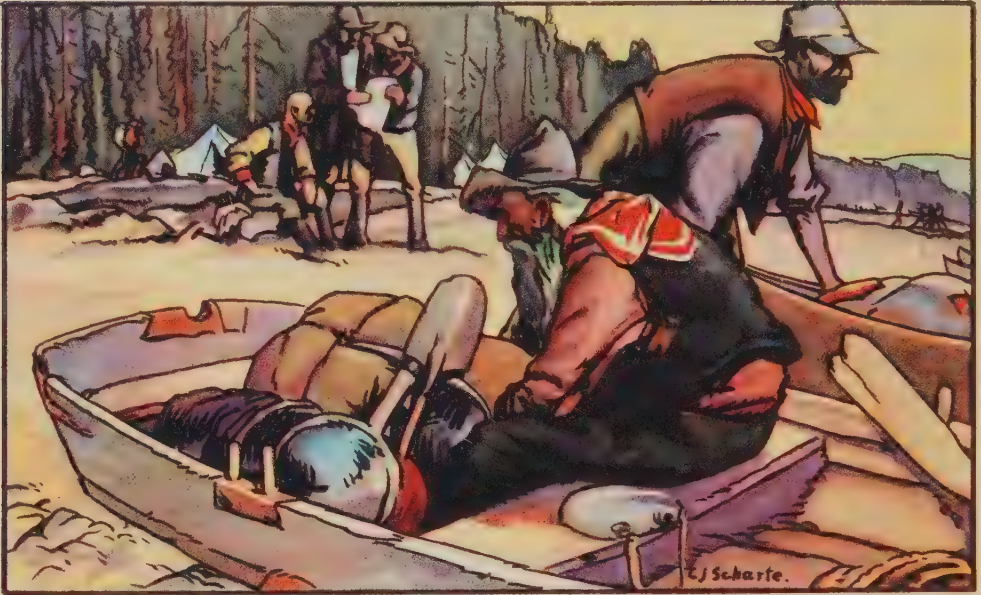
A SHORT portage was necessary to reach Atlin Lake, and taking part of our baggage upon our shoulders we hired the remainder packed on horses, and within an hour were moving up the smooth path under the small black pines, across the low ridge which separates the two lakes. At the top of this ridge we were able to look out over the magnificent spread of Atlin Lake, which was more beautiful in every way than Tagish or Taku. It is, in fact, one of the most beautiful lakes I have ever seen.

Far to the southeast it spread until it was lost to view among the bases of the gigantic glacier-laden mountains of the coast range. To the left—that is to the north—it seemed to divide, enclosing a splendid dome-shaped solitary mountain, one fork moving to the east, the other to the west. Its end could not be determined by the eye in either direction. Its width was approximately ten miles.

At the end of the trail we found an enterprising Canadian with a naphtha launch ready to ferry us across to Atlin City, but were forced to wait for some one who had gone back to Taku for a second load.

The next morning we hired a large unpainted skiff and by working very hard ourselves in addition to paying full fare we reached camp at about ten o'clock in the morning. Atlin City was also a clump of

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tents half hidden in the trees on the beach of the lake near the mouth of Pine Creek. The lake was surpassingly beautiful under the morning sun.

A crowd of sullen, profane, and grimy men were lounging around, cursing the commissioners and the police. The beach was fringed with rowboats and canoes, like a New England fishing village, and all day long men were loading themselves into these boats, hungry, tired, and weary, hastening back to Skagway or the coast; while others, fresh, buoyant, and hopeful, came gliding in.

To those who came, the sullen and disappointed ones who were about to go uttered opprobrious cries: "See the damn fools come! What d'you think you're doin'? On a fishin' excursion?"

We went into camp on the waterfront, and hour after hour men laden with packs tramped ceaselessly to and fro along the pathway just below our door. I was now chief cook and bottle washer, my

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partner, who was entirely unaccustomed to work of this kind, having the status of a boarder.

The lake was a constant joy to us. As the sun sank, the glacial mountains to the southwest became most royal in their robes of purple and silver. The sky filled with crimson and saffron clouds which the lake reflected like a mirror. The little rocky islands drowsed in the mist like some strange monsters sleeping on the bosom of the water. The men were filthy and profane for the most part, and made enjoyment of nature almost impossible. Many of them were of the rudest and most uninteresting types, nomads—almost tramps. They had nothing of the epic qualities which belong to the mountaineers and natural miners of the Rocky Mountains. Many of them were loafers and ne'er-do-wells from Skagway and other towns of the coast.

We had a gold pan, a spade, and a pick. Therefore early the next morning we flung a little pack of grub over our shoulders and set forth to test the claims which were situated upon Pine Creek, a stream which entered Lake Atlin near the camp. It was said to be eighteen miles long, and Discovery claim was some eight miles up.

We traced our way up the creek as far as Discovery and back, panning dirt at various places with resulting colors in some cases. The trail was full of men racking to and fro with heavy loads on their backs. They moved in little trains of four or five or six men, some going out of the country, others coming in—about an equal number each way. Everything along the creek was staked, and our test work resulted in nothing more than gaining information regarding what was going on.

The camps on the hills at night swarmed with men in hot debate. The majority believed the camps to be a failure, and loud discussions resounded from the trees as partner and I sat at supper. The town-site men were very nervous. The camps were decreasing in population, and the tone was one of general foreboding.

The camp fires flamed all along the lake walk, and the talk of each group could be overheard by anyone who listened. Altercations went

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on with clangorous fury. Almost every party was in division. Some enthusiastic individual had made a find, or had seen someone else who had. His cackle reached other groups, and out of the dark, hulking figures loomed to listen or to throw in hot missiles of profanity. Phrases multiplied, mingling inextricably. . . .

I permitted myself a day of rest. Borrowing a boat next day, we went out upon the water and up to the mouth of Pine Creek, where we panned some dirt to amuse ourselves. The lake was like liquid glass, the bottom visible at an enormous depth. It made me think of the marvelous water of McDonald Lake in the Kalispels. I steered the boat with a long-handled spade, and so was able to look about me and absorb at ease the wonderful beauty of this unbroken and unhewn wilderness. The clouds were resplendent, and in every direction the lake vistas were ideally beautiful and constantly changing.

Toward night the sky grew thick and heavy with clouds. The water of the lake was like molten jewels, ruby and amethyst. The boat seemed floating in some strange, ethereal substance hitherto unknown to man—translucent and iridescent. The mountains loomed like dim purple pillars at the western gate of the world, and the rays of the half-hidden sun plunging athwart these sentinels sank deep into the shining flood. Later the sky cleared, and the inverted mountains mirrored in the lake were scarcely less vivid than those which rose into the sky.

The next day I spent with gold pan and camera, working my way up Spruce Creek, a branch of Pine. I found men cheerily at work getting out sluice boxes and digging ditches. I panned everywhere, but did not get much in the way of colors; but the creek seemed to grow better as I went up, and promised very rich returns. I came back rushing, making five miles just inside an hour, hungry and tired.

The crowded camp thinned out. The faint-hearted ones who had no courage to sweat for gold sailed away. Others went out upon their claims to build cabins and lay sluices. I found them whip-sawing lumber, building cabins, and digging ditches. Each day the news grew more

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encouraging, each day brought the discovery of a new creek or a lake. Men came back in swarms and reporting finds on "Lake Surprise," a newly discovered big body of water, and at last came the report of surprising discoveries in the benches high above the creek.

In the camp one night I heard a couple of men talking around a camp fire near me. One of them said: "Why, you know old Sperry was digging on the ridge just above Discovery and I came along and see him up there. And I said, 'Hullo, uncle, what you doin', diggin' your grave?' And the old feller said, 'You just wait a few minutes and I'll show ye.' Well, sir, he filled up a sack o' dirt and toted it down to the creek, and I went along with him to see him wash it out, and say, he took \$3.25 out of one pan of that dirt, and \$1.85 out of the other pan. Well, that knocked me. I says, 'Uncle, you're all right.' And then I made tracks for a bench claim next him. Well, about that time everybody began to hustle for bench claims, and now you can't get one anywhere near him."

At another camp, a packer was telling of an immense nugget that had been discovered somewhere on the upper waters of Birch Creek. "And say, fellers, you know there is another lake there pretty near as big as Atlin. They are calling it Lake Surprise. I heard a feller say a few days ago there was a big lake up there and I thought he meant a lake six or eight miles long. On the very high ground next to Birch, you can look down over that lake and I bet it's sixty miles long. It must reach nearly to Teslin Lake." There was something pretty fine in the thought of being in a country where lakes sixty miles long were being discovered and set forth on the maps of the world. Up to this time Atlin Lake itself was unmapped. To an unpractical man like myself it was reward enough to feel the thrill of excitement which comes with such discoveries.

However, I was not a goldseeker, and when I determined to give up any further pursuit of mining and to delegate it entirely to my partner, I experienced a feeling of relief. I determined to "stick to my last,"

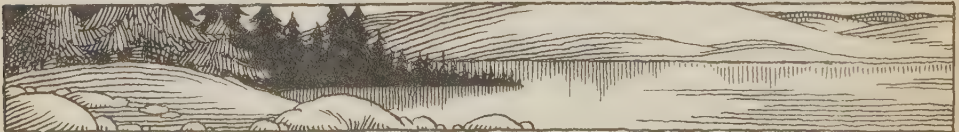
notwithstanding the fascination which I felt in the sight of placer gold. Quartz mining has never had the slightest attraction for me, but to see the gold washed out of the sand, to see it appear bright and shining in the black sand at the bottom of the pan, is really worth while. It is first-hand contact with Nature's stores of wealth.

I went up to Discovery for the last time with my camera slung over my shoulder, and my notebook in hand to take a final survey of the miners and to hear for the last time their exultant talk. I found them exceedingly cheerful, even buoyant.

The men who had gone in with ten days' provisions, the tenderfoot miners, the men "with a cigarette and a sandwich," had gone out. Those who remained were men who knew their business and were resolute and self-sustaining.

There was a crowd of such men around the land-office tents, and many filings were made. Nearly every man had his little phial of gold to show. No one was loud, but everyone seemed to be quietly confident and replied to my questions in a low voice, "Well, you can safely say the country is all right."

The day was fine like September in Wisconsin and the lake as I walked back to it was very alluring, but my mind returned again and again to the things I had left behind for so long. My correspondence, my books, my friends, all the literary interests of my life, began to reassert their dominion over me. For some time I had realized that this was almost an ideal spot for camping or mining. Just over in the wild country toward Teslin Lake, herds of caribou were grazing. Moose and bear were being killed daily, rich and unknown streams were waiting for the gold pan, the pick and the shovel, but—it was not for me! I was ready to return—eager to return.





THE COAST RANGE OF ALASKA

THE wind roars up from the angry sea
With a message of warning and haste to me.
It bids me go where the asters blow,
And the sun-flower waves in the sunset glow.
From the granite mountains the glaciers crawl,
In snow-white spray the waters fall.
The bay is white with the crested waves,
And ever the sea wind ramps and raves.

I hate this cold, bleak northern land,
I fear its snow-flecked harborless strand—
I fly to the South as a homing dove,
Back to the land of corn I love.
And never again shall I set my feet
Where the snow and the sea and the mountains meet.

HAMLIN GARLAND

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THE MAKING OF A MOUNTY

T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

THE three had run together for years despite their differing social ways of life. They had lent each other knowledge in times of need. They had laughed and planned and played hockey together through the magic years when girls are distant heroines and boys close comrades. And for the last weeks they had been sad together, since it looked as if they must now separate from each other and the scenes of their delight. Bill, the son of Enoch Eaton, was slated for college. Alec Chase had been offered a position in the Bank of Montreal. Glum Macdonald, christened Barnaby by his father, the gardener to Sir William Lande, but so designated by his friends because he never could eradicate the smile from his healthy features, Glum Macdonald had seemed destined to take up the parental hoe and wheelbarrow, until he had seen a dozen scarlet-coated men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police on escort duty two weeks before. The sight had changed his outlook, had touched a spark to his ambition, and now he was arguing with his friends on the lawn of Bill Eaton's home.

"Well, what of it?" Alec had just said to Bill. "It's as Glum says. Money's not the only thing. And it's the one thing you can afford not to get more of."

"Dad's sure to horn in with his line on education."

"That's just the point," interposed Glum, quickly. "Go to college and what do you learn? Just to repeat things you've read in books. Come with us, and you learn how to ride, how to shoot, how to take care of yourself, and others. You learn the law; you make history; you belong to a set of fellows you're proud to be classed with, you're of real

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use to your country and the empire at the same time as you're having fun."

"Say, you ought to be on a stump somewhere," and Bill stared at his friend so suddenly eloquent.

Glum smiled. "Just thinking about it does that. Come on, Bill, climb on, won't you?"

"Are you going to be a mounty?" and Bill looked at Alec.

"Glum and I put in our applications this morning."

There was a pause. This was different from talk; his pals had actually taken the step—and without him. Something in the middle of Bill's person stirred, woke. Heretofore, his father or his mother had made these decisions for him. He raised his eyes. Alec's serious blue ones were on him; at the corner of Glum's mouth he saw a twitching, a smile of superiority. The words came before he had a chance to think them over, "If you two join up, I suppose I'll have to. I'll get ahead of you," he went on, warming up. I'll wire my application in to Ottawa. What do you tell them?"

"Say that you're a British subject, eighteen years old, pretty husky considering how much you've been coddled, and that you want to join the R. C. M. P."

"Don't forget about the two citizens," Alec reminded Glum.

"Yes, you might add that you can get two reputable citizens to report favorably on your honesty, reliability, and so forth. That is," added Glum, "if you think you can." Glum dodged the expected blow, and held out his hand. "It's great that you'll come, Bill. You and Alec and me! We'll disable the toughs of the Northwest Territories, won't we, Alec?"

"It'll be the *Three Musketeers* all over again," said Alec. "And the only thing we have to do now is to go home and tell our people."

It was acknowledged, when they met to talk it over, that Bill had had the hardest time of it. His father had made a fortune, and it was his intention that his son should increase it. He walked the porch for hours,

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arguing, threatening, beseeching, but secretly he was glad, beneath the disappointment, that his son had a way of his own.

Their replies came from the Adjutant's Office, Headquarters Division, Ottawa, almost by return mail, in a long unstamped envelope with the mysterious initials O.H.M.S. at the top, which they finally solved to mean On His Majesty's Service. Within was the glad news that the application was approved, and that the applicant must be examined by a local doctor, the \$2 fee for which to be paid by the police. Providing the doctor reported favorably, the recruit to be enlisted at the point nearest.

"Things are clearly moving," said Alec, as they filed into the Eaton's family doctor's office.

"So that's what you are up to!" the doctor said to Bill; "you're going out west to be frozen to death."

"Better than being jumped on by a Ford in a city street, sir."

"It is at that. Best thing for the country if you all had to go."

Glum passed easily. He had helped his father since he was old enough to pull weeds and push a lawn-mower. "There are some back-muscles to be proud of!" exclaimed the doctor. "Now breathe in!" He had the required chest average of 35 inches, exceeded the required height of 5 feet 8 by a good inch, was of normal weight, sound heart, lungs, of good sight and hearing, and fulfilled the other requirements. Bill passed, though not so easily, and the doctor was silent as he worked over Alec. "You're an inch short," he said finally, "but we might waive that if the pump was working right. Do you smoke?"

"Not in hockey season." Alec's troubled eyes met the doctor's.

"Cut it out for a while, and take it easy on the hockey this winter. I'm sorry, but you couldn't stand the gaff at Regina, son, and I have no right to tell the Government you can."

"Of course not," said Alec, turning away. "But it's the first time we've been separated. That's what I care most about."

"We won't be separated," blurted out Bill, "will we, Glum! We'll

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wait till you're stronger and then we can all enlist together."

"You can't," said Alec, quietly. "You're committed at Ottawa."

They looked at the doctor. "He's right. You've put your hand to the plow. But you can be sure that you've left a good soldier behind." They dressed quietly, with never a smile from Glum.

It was ten at night. Before the gate with the exciting sign "Ottawa, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Vancouver" stood Bill and Glum, enlisted men, each surrounded by a cluster of family. They had taken their oaths, had been supplied with transportation, tourist berth, and sufficient meal-money to feed them to Regina, where, at the depot division, they would receive their training. Alec, good sport that he was, had come to see them off.

To his quiet self, this seemed a glorious adventure. "I'm glad I can't see you in uniform," he said; "that would be too much."

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"You can always come out and be a criminal," said Bill. "That's another way of joining the police."

"If you get tired of it, dear, you will come home, won't you," Bill's mother was saying to him.

At the same time Glum's mother was whispering into his ear:

"Remember, son, the only thing of value in the world is courage, the courage to be true. You'll remember that for Mother."

The new recruit pressed her hand.

"Bill, your mother is trying to talk to you," said Mr. Eaton.

"You will write, won't you, dear?"

"What's that?" said Bill, picking up his suitcase. "Certainly, of course. Come on, Glum, old soldier."

"If anybody robs your bank, Alec, just drop a post-card. . . ."

The boys showed their tickets, passed through, disappeared.

The new recruits had had their third sleep and the train was rolling across the sea-flat prairie into Regina.

"As soon as you hear the band, you'll know they've seen us," said Bill, more to hide his nervousness than anything else.

There was no band, however, there were no men in uniform to direct them to the barracks.

"This is a fine hang-out," growled Bill, "no band, no barracks. What if there isn't any mounted police?"

"There's one! See?" and Glum pulled Bill's arm.

A constable conspicuous in a jacket of scarlet serge and black riding-breeches with a broad yellow stripe disappearing into his spurred boots was approaching. Glum asked, "Can you direct us to the barracks?"

"I should hope so," said the young man, eying them; "I've been living there two years."

"He means, will you?" said Bill, imitating an air of ease in the presence of the constable; "we're recruits."

"Is that so?" said the tall one in uniform. "Going to make the force famous, eh?" His guile was not apparent in his tone, but Glum guessed

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a danger and said, "We hope it is going to make us famous." The policeman shot a look of approval, which Glum did not see, and they were soon jolting west on Dewdney Street in a barracks' truck.

"I didn't know they mounted us on Fords," Bill broke the silence.

"I suppose you're accustomed to Rolls down East?" The constable was searching for Bill's number.

"We do happen to have one," admitted Bill, modestly.

"What in thunder did you leave it for?" said the constable, and the silence was resumed. Bill saw at once that he had started off on the wrong foot.

Glum was taut with excitement. Momently they were nearing the very spot from which many a good man had started on great patrols, a few never to return. At Regina had been housed the men into whose hands had been given the safekeeping of the plains. From Regina had set forth the level-headed law-bringers who had made the Yukon a civilized place, while shootings, theft, and mob rule were the practice in Alaska just across the line. To Regina came young corporals and sergeants and inspectors to report after their terms in the North, where they had taken the Union Jack to fly over lands larger than Great Britain, but which had hitherto known no flag, and to bring help to Indian and Eskimo in the name of the "gray old mother overseas," as the Eskimo called Queen Victoria. Regina was the central home of the famous force, where boys were turned into men—if possible—and Glum felt an apprehension of glory seize him as he recollected that he was already one of them, although untried.

The truck had turned in and was skirting a square. "Look at that funny row of houses," said Bill, "six in that litter and all alike!"

"Yes, and all full of officers," growled the constable. "This building is 'A' block. Go in there and report to the division sergeant-major."

"How'll we know him?"

But the truck had leaped away. "I don't think it's a good plan to ask questions," said Glum. "I'm going to get along without them."



"Same here," said Bill.

They entered the building. A machine-gun confronted them. Beyond it was the sergeant-major's office. That officer notified the adjutant of the recruits' arrival, and in a few moments Glum found himself standing in the presence of the assistant commissioner, a spare man with graying hair, every inch the officer and the gentleman. Glum felt the strength underlying his calm, and for the first time received an inkling of what it meant to be an officer in the force.

"Macdonald, I have received notice that you have taken your oaths of allegiance and office. You realize that you are privileged to enter a force which is world famous. You are expected to live and work according to the letter and the spirit of the tradition which has been handed down. You will do all in your power to keep the name of the Royal

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Canadian Mounted Police as it has been written in the annals of your country's history. For what reason have you joined?"

"Sir, because I wished to be classed with Canada's crack police-force."

"What work have you been engaged in?"

"Mostly school, and all kinds of gardening, sir."

"Sergeant-major, make a record of that. Have you any hobby?"

"Yes, sir, dogs. I entered a team in the Quebec Derby."

"That is good. Did your train win?"

"No, sir."

"You will have a chance to perfect yourself. Sergeant-major, parade this man before the adjutant for further questions. That is all."

The boys met at the hospital, where they received a thorough examination by the senior medical officer of the force.

"Our little old Dominion isn't taking any chances," said Bill, as they were dressing. "The adjutant questioned me inside out."

"I think that's sensible," said Glum. "When there is a call for a motor-mechanic or radio telegrapher or rough carpenter, they only need to consult those records and spot their man."

"If they want a really rough carpenter, they can call on me," said Bill. "Now I think we report back to the office."

The division orderly took them to "C" Block, the fine-looking building on the south of the square, which housed the barrack-rooms, mess-room, library, canteen, and guard-room, where to each was assigned a cot-bed and mattress. "Noon stables" was over, and the constables, in slacks, were returning with bridles over their arms. Bill felt strange, felt that his *sang froid* could not cover so many new faces at once, and so was silent. Glum glanced from one to another thinking that this was as good as college, for here was the same happy-go-lucky joshing and camaraderie; and it was better than college, for here everybody was working, not selfishly, but together for one purpose.

"Drawn your kit yet?" asked a tall, seasoned youth who had the bed next to Bill's. Bill shook his head. "Well, let me give you a word of

advice. When you get measured for your sentry-box, don't let them slip over any old maple thing they have on hand. Insist on hickory. This is a thundering hard climate on sentry-boxes, so much wind."

Bill looked at his adviser in doubt; his voice sounded benevolent enough. Yet there was a sudden hush about the room; into the hush Glum's low voice fell with considerable distinctness as he said, "If they're as slow at that as they are at measuring up newcomers around here, I guess there's no hurry about that part of our uniform."

The room broke into a laugh. "It's on you, Stooty," some one called; "the rookie's got one on you."

The constable joined the laugh. "Well, it takes a lot to make a warrior. There's mess sounding."

Constable Stooty made a place for Glum at his table, and, because Bill was Glum's friend, for Bill. They had an excellent meal of soup, meat, two vegetables, and dessert, and listened to a lot of talk which they hoped some day to understand, after which they reported to the supply store and drew their kit. This was divided into a free issue—such as boots, brushes, uniforms, and the like—which became the constable's own, and a loan issue—consisting of blankets, badges, mitts, mattress, and arms—which the constable must return in good order on leaving the division. They were instructed to take their red serge jackets and riding-breeches to the tailor shop, and there they were measured for size of hat, shoes, gloves, shirts, and the records were filed for future reference. Then they were warned by the D.O. (division orderly) to climb into their fatigue clothes and appear at evening stables. The business of becoming a mounted policeman had begun.

"Do you know what the man who had been blown into the tree by a tornado said when he was knocked out of it by lightning?" asked Bill of Glum.

"No."

"He said, 'What next?' and I'm likely to put that question myself soon. They can't crowd much more into a day."

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"You wait and see," smiled Glum. "I've a notion they can."

What they did do is best told in Bill's own words as received by Alec in a letter some two weeks later:

Room No. 4. The Barracks,
R. C. M. Police, Regina,
Sept. 20th.

"DEAR CHILD:

"Thank the doctor. Go to him with money. Take gifts and let him see your grateful face, for in this letter you are going to see what you, lying back there in the feather-bed of the East, have escaped. This is what they do to us:

"First, the beastly trumpeter blows his horn at 6 A.M. Only the slouches aren't dressed by the time "quarter" blows, 6:15, when we sluice down a cup of coffee at mess, and are ready to 'fall in' at 6:25, when the D. O. calls the roll, after which the trumpet blows 'stables' 6:30, whereupon everybody but the blessed sick are marched off to wake, groom, and generally pamper their steeds. This is one tedious hour. At 7:25 goes 'feed call,' when every horse is fed oats, after which they allow us food. We fall in again at 8:55 for the 9 o'clock parade. This doesn't mean what you think—marching to a band with spectators—but is a mere preliminary line-up for the 'fatigues,' which is police for 'chores'—and a better name.

"'Orderly room' blows at 9:30, if there have been any cases of negligence or rules broken, which the O. C. (which means Officer Commanding) tries. Then comes the work of the morning, or how to handle a horse. This is new enough yet to be fun. Glum knew a lot more than he ever told me, but I had to learn from the ground up, and more than once. The riding-master is a good sort who doesn't believe in biffing horsemanship into you over the head. He handed me over to his assistant, who taught me how to saddle and bridle my beast, then to mount and sit, without spurs. They picked out a quiet horse who knew his job far better than I did, and I got confidence right away. Soon I'll be given spurs and handed over to the senior instructor. By the way, if you want to amuse yourself in a new manner, drag on a pair of boots with spurs and go to a dance in them. Glum and I did the other night. Try this, for our sakes. Then write us; but now don't let me get away from these confounded calls.

"Noon stables comes at 11:30, with 40 minutes more petting for the brutes, then dinner, and at 1:30 a police lecture. Just at present it's a course on the criminal law of Canada, and I'll say right now it's far easier to be the rat than the rat-catcher. With new recruits dropping in at any old time, you can guess how much of a job the instructor has. When we know all about the law, I'm told that they instruct us in the history of the force and its workings, with a course on first aid, on horse ailments, in blacksmithing, and practical things like that. All this time we're having squad drill on foot—that is, being taught to walk properly, turnings, saluting (which isn't the cinch it looks), and parading with rifle and revolver. By the time we've mastered the foot-drill, we'll be

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horsemen enough to apply the same principles on horseback. Pretty clever.

"Alec, you're safe yet. After they get me down on a mat with my left arm tangled up in the rifle-strap, the stock eating into my shoulder, the sights propped against my brow, and my eyes squinting through the wobbly hole in the end, you could practise counterfeiting in front of me and I couldn't touch you. But they say it's wonderful what keeping at it will do. Glum can hit the 90's now. Alec, Glum is the talk of this place, he's learning so fast, and they like him, too. I just scrape through because I'm his friend. He stuck to me those first days when I would have fallen by the wayside without him. I have to laugh when I think of Mother's objections to my enlisting with a gardener's son.

"Let's see, I got to 2:45, when we fall in for physical training, then 3:30 arm drill, and 4:30 stables once more. Supper's at 5:15. For the fellows on guard duty, guard-mount is at 6:30, but the rest of us are free. At first it was bed for mine, old top. Can you picture it? In the old times, the day began about then for me, with a movie or a dance and a little ride in the roadster. But here you're dead when they're done with you, the rookies at least. The others get seasoned. They don't have to be in until last post blows at 10:30; and if you want to go to town, you can get a pass until 1:30. Lots of them stay out till then, too. That shows what the training will do for you. We are supposed to be 'twenty-four-hour-men,' subject to call at any time. But until I get that call, I'm going to be human. Glum says that he'll write soon, as per promise. I'll sign off now.

"Yours,

"BILL"

Not a moon had passed before Glum and Bill had been shaken down into the saddle and the routine of drill, and were more in a position to gibe at the recruits that kept coming from the East at the rate of three or four a month. They attended church parade and read the tablets to those brave who had died while in the performance of duty. They made friends and enemies, and learned the method, if not the art, of settling with these latter in the gym, dressed in shorts and boxing-gloves and little else. They learned what amazing cleanliness could be attained by soap and mop on the eve of Saturday inspection. And they learned what discipline could do with a set of young men.

Winter came, and both Glum and Bill were glad that they had got thoroughly seasoned before the mercury descended and the blizzards blew. In Montreal, a few days of below-zero weather caused comment; during that January in Regina, the mercury rose above zero only twice,



and gale of snow followed gale. But the training went on, and the boys began to pride themselves on their endurance. One night one of the old-timers, a man who had enlisted in the 80's, dropped into the canteen, and Glum found out from him what a life of ease and luxury the present recruits were enjoying.

"They're making you soft," he growled through his pipe. "Why, they tell me you sleep in beds."

"Naturally," said Glum with a smile, "didn't you?"

"Bless your innocent heart, no. They handed you three boards and a pair of trestles. That was your bed, and a hay-filled paliasse was your mattress."

"Did you get any sleep?" asked Glum.

"We never learned to do without it."

"How about rations?"

"They were the good solid sort," replied the old-timer, "beef, beans and bacon, flour, rice, potatoes, and dried apples, sugar, tea, coffee, salt and pepper. That was the issue. If you wanted any of these modern

luxuries, like butter or fresh vegetables, they came out of your fifty cents a day. So did your washing, church dues, library fee, tobacco, and all. No wonder we were all broke three days after getting our pay-checks. But we were happy then."

"And you did the business," said Glum, admiringly.

"We did that," said the old-timer, "at least they say we did."

Six months passed and winter began to relent; so did the riding-instructors. Bill had been heard to remark that he never felt at home now off a horse, and he remembered with a grin that first day of drill. A rookie had fallen and been carried off in a litter.

"Does that happen often?" he had asked one of the older constables.

"About once an hour. They have the funerals on Saturday afternoons. It's the only free time."

And Bill had believed him. Now he believed nobody, until he had thought about it, which is not a bad state of mind for one who must earn his living by enforcing the criminal code.

Bill had made the hockey team, had struggled successfully with the intricacies of "Rules and Regulations," and felt almost friendly to the clever little "Constables' Manual," which was a handbook of criminal procedure, magistrates' jurisdiction, summonses, warrants, arrests, evidence, inquests, and the hundred other items which the general public does not realize have to be stored beneath the jaunty Stetson before a man can don the scarlet they so much admire.

One day he was coming in from a little voluntary practice at tent-pegging, a pastime of the skilful rider, when he saw a crowd about the bulletin-board where the G. O. (general orders) were posted each week.

"Hello, Skookum," called Roper, "you've drawn Winnipeg. Hard luck!"

"Hard luck, your eyebrow! I applied for it. There's Indian country north."

"I applied for Montreal and they're sending me to Vancouver," said French, with a wry smile in appreciation of his lot.



Winding Westward



"Where's Glum?" asked Bill.

"K," spoke up Glum, "I guess they didn't want two of us good fellows together. Well, Lethbridge will have to do."

The spring transfers were announced. Some men were going north for their two years of arctic patrol. The new men were being given a chance at the field divisions. The G. O. sheet was their fairy godmother, granting wishes—or not. Nobody knew the future except the invisible hand at Ottawa. This was part of the exhilaration that made up for irregular hours, small pay, hardship. What happened to Glum is best told in one of the letters to Alec:

R. C. M. P. Detachment,
Banff, Alberta,
July 25th.

"Hello, Old Scout:

"Now get out your atlas. Did you think I was going to stay in Regina forever? Wrong again. Look around in southern Alberta until you find Lethbridge. That's where they shunted me in April, and I was sore at first, for I had applied to go to 'D' with Bill; but we don't consider this a separation, not while we're in the same force. And now I'm glad I got this, for, if you'll notice the heading, I'm stationed in Banff, which is not only the most beautiful but the busiest place on earth. Here we are the whole show. There are no other police, provincial or otherwise, and conditions are as they were in the old days. But I'm forcing the pace; let me go and put you in the running.

"You see, the system is this: they keep you at depot until you know the ropes, down to the last strand, and when they consider that you won't be a discredit to the force, you get a transfer to any one of the eleven divisions all over the Dominion. When I arrived at Lethbridge I reported and was given a going-over by the O. C., a very quiet man who knew his business and mine. It was uncanny how much he knew about me. I was tried out on a lot of errands, serving warrants, seeing foreigners about naturalization, checking off licenses for explosives, and doing the odd little things which you probably never supposed figured in the life of this outfit. I've done my best, Alec, to make you believe that we don't go round with a smoking gat in each hand and a dripping knife in our teeth. Leave that sort of a picture to the movies.

"Well, you know what they say about a new broom. I tried to sweep clean as I went along, and one day I made my first arrest. It was something every constable looks forward to with a little nervousness. A Galician or Slavonian was abusing a dog, wounding it. I warned him to stop, and he kept right on. It made my blood boil and I ran him in. I couldn't help it, though our instructions are to prevent, rather than wait till it is necessary to cure. But I knew

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there was a section in the C. C. (criminal code) about cruelty to animals, and I got him, and the O. C. was pleased, though it isn't according to Hoyle to show it.

"The very next week, however, he called me in and said, 'Macdonald, I have decided to put you on detachment. Be ready to leave for Banff on the afternoon train.'

"My heart pounded, you bet, for detachment duty is the goal we all are working for. Technically, of course, Banff is a subdistrict from which, in turn, other detachments are sent out.

"So here I am, happier than a lord, and a darned sight busier. What doing? Why, enforcing the federal statutes, and the regulations of the dominion parks, the C. C. and the provincial ordinances. Doesn't that sound impressive? There are thousands of tourists here, a lot of them motoring on the Banff-Windermere Highway, which we patrol, and then there are some Indian reservations in this district, and we have to keep law and order on them. So you see, Alec, that the ten of us are kept on the leap. But I feel a thousand times better than this time last year. It's because they made my body over in Regina, and my brain with it. They taught us to measure ourselves up with somebody a hanged sight better. You ought to have seen what it did for Bill. That pie-face look of self-satisfaction went in the first week, and he's well set up now. You wouldn't know him. He's got the spirit of the force.

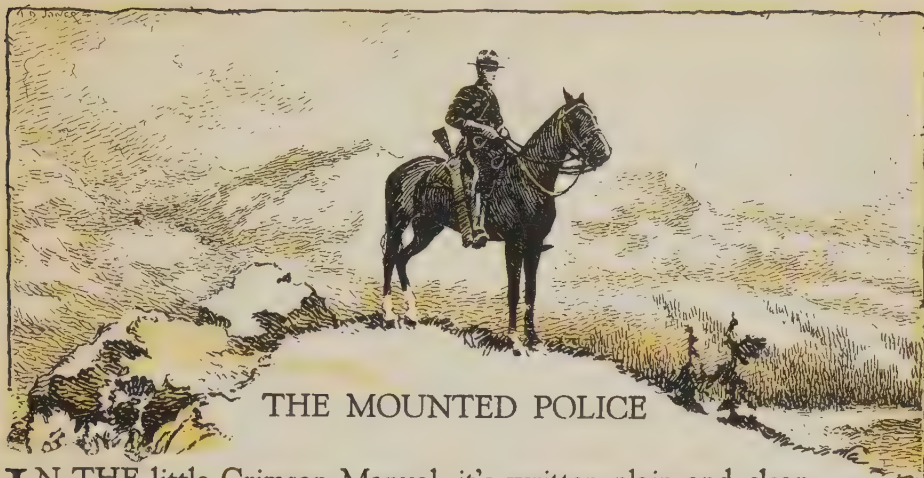
"That's the wonderful thing I've been meaning to write to you about. We didn't realize it while we were at the depot. There we used to grouse about the fatigues and the eternal stables, and we were so sick of the endless routine we never guessed what it was all for. But now I see why they held certain men and certain manners up to our attention. It was to make you proud to belong to the same force. Little by little you grew to want to be like that. You realized that you *had* to live up to the tradition when you got in a jam. Two things were whipped into our blood: to be just, and to be fearless. The force has never shown the white feather, and it never has played dirty; and that's a big thing to say in these times, when money can buy nearly anything it sets out to buy. But it can't buy us, Alec. The poorest homesteader can have the same chance as the richest rancher. There aren't quite a thousand of us, but from Halifax to Dawson and from here to Ellesmere Land, any poor soul can turn to us for advice or aid and be sure of getting it. We're out to see the law upheld. That's our motto, you know, *Maintiens le droit*—maintain the right. Sometimes, on a hot day, we curse our boots and neckbands; but we're mighty proud of the uniform, and there's not one of the fellows who has been through the mill who wouldn't give his best, his life if need be, to keep it clean.

"It's train time and I've got to go up and see if any tramps are riding the bumpers.

"So long,

"GLUM

"CONST. R. C. M. P."

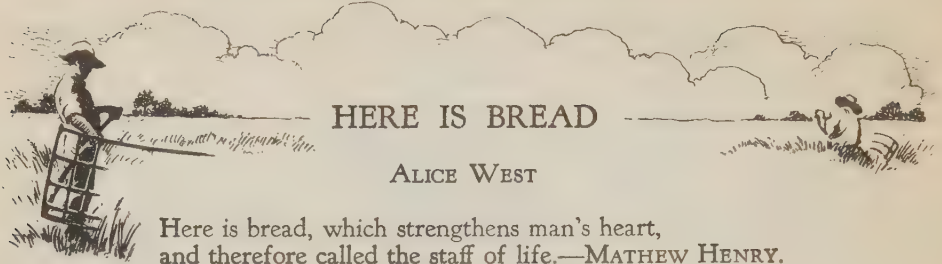


THE MOUNTED POLICE

IN THE little Crimson Manual it's written plain and clear
 That who would wear the scarlet coat shall say good-bye to fear;
 Shall be a guardian of the right, a sleuth-hound of the trail—
 In the little Crimson Manual there's no such word as "fail"—
 Shall follow on though heavens fall, or hell's top-turrets freeze,
 Half round the world, if need there be, on bleeding hands and knees.
 It's duty, duty, first and last, the Crimson Manual saith;
 The Scarlet Rider makes reply: "It's duty—to the death."
 And so they sweep the solitudes, free men from all the earth;
 And so they sentinel the woods, the wilds that know their worth;
 And so they scour the startled plains and mock at hurt and pain,
 And read their Crimson Manual, and find their duty plain.
 Knights of the lists of unrenown, born of the frontier's need,
 Disdainful of the spoken word, exultant in the deed;
 Unconscious heroes of the waste, proud players of the game,
 Props of the power behind the throne, upholders of the name:
 For thus the Great White Chief hath said, "In all my lands be peace,"
 And to maintain his word he gave his West the Scarlet Police.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Abridged from "Clancy of the Mounted Police," from *The Ballads of a Cheechako*, by Robert W. Service, published by Barse & Co., New York.



Here is bread, which strengthens man's heart,
and therefore called the staff of life.—MATHEW HENRY.

MANY men have done their share to advance civilization, yet few can lay claim to bringing greater benefit to mankind and to furthering the growth of his native land than could a Virginia farm lad who was born in a year of famine, 1809, yet who was the means of bringing cheaper bread to the whole world. Cyrus Hall McCormick, the farm boy, was blessed in one particular, for he had a father who was gifted with an imagination that foresaw a machine capable of cutting as much grain in a day as a number of men could do in a week. For years the elder McCormick labored over his idea without making it practicable. But where Robert McCormick stopped, young Cyrus took up the task.

True, his first reaper was a queer, clumsy machine that required one man to drive and two more to walk behind and gather up the grain, BUT—that reaper worked! It was a far cry from the sickle, which had served men since the prehistoric Iron age; and from the scythe, which allowed the use of two hands instead of one in cutting. The improved, or *cradle*, scythe, that carried the cut swath to the end of the stroke and laid it neatly for sun-drying, was not invented until 1776. It was produced by an American colonist and was considered a wonderful machine, one cradle doing the work of six or seven men with a sickle. Its use spread rapidly to other countries and is still employed where conditions make reaping machines impracticable.

It was in 1831 that young McCormick gave an exhibition of his first crude machine. With four horses hitched to the reaper which he had built in the blacksmith's shop on the farm, he drove into a field of

wheat nearby and in half a day he cut as much as six men could have done by the old-fashioned cradle method.

Oddly enough, men did not believe in the reaper, though they could see its work. And so Cyrus McCormick went on with his farming for a time, meanwhile preaching the gospel of the reaper. After ten years he managed to sell two for a hundred dollars; the next year seven were sold, and each year the number gradually increased. When, in 1844, there were fifty ordered, the inventor decided it was time to leave his backwoods farm and set out on horseback to see where he should settle. For a time he had his machines made in New York State, but after visiting a number of cities in an effort to find a good central location for manufacturing and shipping, he had the keen foresight to select Chicago as the coming center of the grain trade, although at that time the city had not even a single railroad connection.

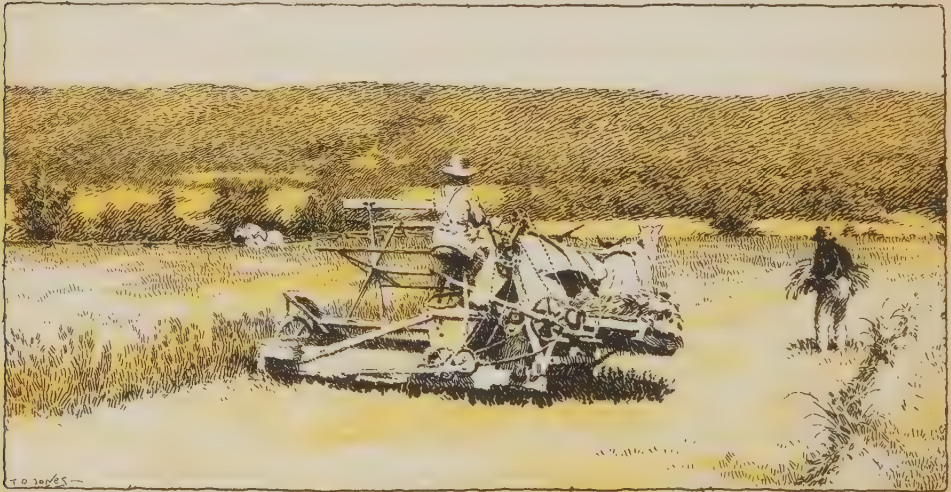
McCormick was quick to grasp the virtues of the inventions of others and bought patents, paid royalties for their use or, as in the case of William Deering who perfected the self-binder, took his rival into partnership. When the machine was "perfected," McCormick went on trying to better it. Gradually his sons took a share in managing the business and in the civic life of their adopted home city. The eldest, Cyrus Hall McCormick, cut short his study at Yale in order to take care of part of the rapidly expanding business.

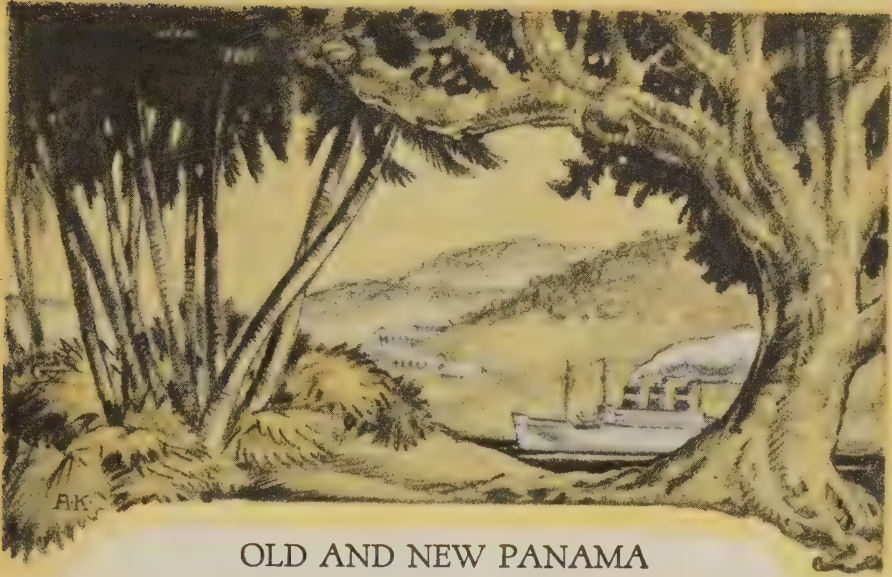
The West grew rapidly. Boats and trains poured grain into the cities on the Great Lakes, and more and more reapers went forth to make possible the harvesting of larger acreages. The reaper did the work of many men, and those released from farm labor crowded into the factories and shops of the cities. Every reaper shipped into the West was a feeder for the city, bringing in more wheat, opening new territory as better machines made larger farms possible, releasing men to work on the fast-growing railroads and boat services. Boats and trains came to the Middle West with freight, sure of a return load of wheat.

Most of us take the reaper for granted, yet were men still cutting

grain by hand, whence would have come the bread to feed the millions who have gone to live in the cities, to toil on great engineering undertakings, or engage in other creative, but non-food-producing activities? Bread, cheap and plentiful, was a prerequisite to our country's rapid growth, but without the reaper such bread was impossible. Then came the tractor to take the place of horses in the pulling of the reaper on many farms, and again man's work was lessened, and his output increased. A tractor does not need to be cared for as does an animal, and besides it can work night and day in the busy season, several shifts of men taking turns at running the machine, thus saving a crop that bad weather might ruin.

Thus more farm hands were released for work in factory and shop, in college and school. Many have been the inventions that have helped the growth of our country, yet of them all none has had more influence, has aided other industries and given opportunity for the leisure that lets men do the creative work they love, than has the reaper. It turns into national wealth those waving fields of golden grain that are the glory of our country, and has put within the reach of all mankind ample supplies of nourishing food.





OLD AND NEW PANAMA

STELLA BURKE MAY

BEFORE I reached the Canal Zone, I had visualized Panama as an efficiently managed waterway with a strip of well-ordered territory on either side and the American flag waving overhead. And there my mental camera clicked.

The canal I found, just as I had pictured it, a triumph of American engineering. There were graceful concrete wharves and steel locks and electric locomotives and telephone wires and radio apparatus stretching from the port of Balboa on the Pacific side to the port of Cristobal on the Atlantic. The strip of well-ordered territory was present, also, lying along the canal on either side, with glistening asphalt roads, cement curbs, flowers, green lawns, cool, spacious homes. Golf courses, too, and swimming pools and clubs and an Italian Renaissance theater; yes, and there were quick-lunch counters, and the American flag flying over all.

From *Men, Maidens, and Mantillas*. New York: The Century Co.



During the day, when the telltale sun shone relentlessly upon that connecting link between the eastern and the western world, that was the Panama I saw—the fulfilled dream of Goethals and Gorgas and Theodore Roosevelt.

At night, though, when lights flickered out in Spanish homes across the way, the old isthmus returned. That old isthmus lay velvety black under the stars, a well-worn highway which had felt the tramp of white men's feet for more than four hundred years. It was not the soft thud of over-ripe fruit striking the ground that I heard as I listened in the moonlight, nor the whirl of night-flying insects. It was the footsteps of Columbus' followers, the brushing of sedge grass against the brave sword of Balboa, the muttered oaths of pirates—Morgan and his raiders. I could see the glint of cutlasses down below me where cocoa-palms tossed their arms heavenward. Pizarro came, too, his helmet gleaming in the moonlight—Pizarro, eager for gold and glory. I could feel the touch of his bony fingers luring me along the paths he had trod. I heard the tinkle of bells as pack-trains wound through the jungle, carrying the wealth of Peru to fill the coffers of Spain.

I half expected to find all those adventurers at breakfast that first morning at the Tivoli. We had returned the night before from Colon after bidding farewell to the *Esmeralda*. A modern train had brought us across the isthmus, winding along the banks of the Chagres River, where those early adventurers had guided their canoes. The road cut through the heart of the Cordillera and brought us back to Balboa's own Pacific.

But phantoms do not thrive in the sultry sun of a Panama morning, and, instead of Columbus and Balboa and Pizarro, I found more modern adventurers when I descended the stairs to breakfast. Ships were sailing for the States that day, and there was a bustle of activity about the corridors. It was a more leisurely, dignified activity than one would see in a temperate zone, for a prolonged season of tropical rains had filled the air with more than customary humidity. My own clothing

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felt like steam-packs freshly applied, notwithstanding the fact that electric bulbs were used as drying-agents in my clothes closets.

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After breakfast I set off to find the market. Always in towns of Spanish origin my interest was divided between the public plaza and the public market.

In order that each may keep its identity—on the Pacific side of the isthmus, Balboa is the port, Ancon the American city, and Panama the Spanish capital of the Republic of Panama. The Tivoli Hotel was located in Ancon. A few yards from the hotel door, I crossed a white line in the roadway and stepped into Panama.

Ancon, the American city, was spotless town, spotless and discouragingly modern. Only the trees and hills could boast of more than ten years of life. The houses were of wood and for the most part of unattractive construction. Across the road, Panama City, with Moorish arches and mossy tiled roofs, lifted her old eyes to the younger generation, as a venerable grandmother over her spectacles regards her overgrown flapper granddaughter.

Some of the buildings in Panama were less than fifty years old, but even those newer structures, from association or tropical moisture, had assumed an ancient guise. Others, like the Presidencia, counted back more than three hundred years; while five miles farther out was a still older Panama, where Morgan and his band burned and pillaged and mercilessly put to death. Indeed, it was to escape such marauding that the present capital was built nearer to the sea in 1673. The old seawall and parts of the moat and drawbridge are still standing.

I crossed the Plaza de Lesseps, a delicate bit of green landscape, which does honor to the first French builder of the canal. I passed the modern railway station, and from there I followed my nose. It led me along narrow streets with overhanging balconies, down a steep incline to the water front, where banana and fishing boats lay stranded along the mud flats. They had come in with the tide and would go out with the tide,

thus saving lighterage in landing their cargoes at the market. Brown-skinned Panamans of piratical countenance swabbed decks or mended sails or sang songs of the sea while waiting for the rising tide.

The real interest, however, was inside the market place, and there I went. The building was a mammoth structure, where tropical fruits and vegetables, fish and meats were displayed on endless rows of long tables. The multiplicity of peoples was almost as great and far more fascinating than their produce, for the Panama market was a great bazaar where all the nations of the world met under one roof.

Chinese truckmen in native costumes offered garden-stuff to tall, slender negro women from Martinique. These women sauntered about in picturesque garb, their heads adorned in colored turbans, their long, pink cotton gowns caught up in the back or on the hips. To each other they spoke a provincial French. To the stallkeepers they spoke English, the while looking ignominiously on negroes of lesser breed. Panama negroes purchased queer edibles: steaks from a fresh-caught shark, tender portions of a mammoth turtle. Meats were offered in great abundance—beef, pork, venison; and buyers were of every hue. A fat iguana, trussed up like a turkey, was carried off by a curly-headed black boy. Turks and Hindus shunned the meats and purchased vegetables.

American doctors walked briskly through the market, occasionally snapping fingers and ordering storekeepers to clean up, for American sanitary supervision extended to the market.

American housewives, some from navy and army posts, and many attended by servants, purchased their daily supplies of edibles with an eye to economy.

A scantily garbed black boy touched me on the arm and waved his hand alluringly to the stalls outside, where live birds and animals were on sale. I followed him to his mother's stall, where I found a collection of monkeys that might have done credit to the world's greatest show or the Central Park menagerie. Brown monkeys with big, poppy eyes



and bushy tails, little spider-monkeys or wee marmosets, and pale-faced howlers, who at night would clap their cheeks and make loud outcry. A strange creature, who seemed a weird mixture of raccoon and squirrel, claimed my attention.

“Buy the *gato solo*, madama,” the woman urged. The name meant, literally, a lone cat. Indeed he was all of that—the most solitary specimen of cat I have ever beheld. I demurred, and she offered to include a small monkey for the price of the *gato solo*. I shook my head. The woman retired to the back of the stall, having apparently lost all interest in the transaction and in me. Then, just to see if the old trading instinct still survived in Panama, I offered her a jade bracelet in exchange for the two animals. Instantly her bartering instinct was aroused—the instinct that is as much a part of the isthmus as its red rock soil. She would not take the bracelet alone, she said, but if I would bind the bargain with some silver she would give me the *gato solo* and retain

the monkey. The deal was becoming too complicated for my North American mind, and, being unable to figure on traveling about South America accompanied by a lone cat, I had to forego the bargain.

The shops along Avenida Central were no less interesting than the market. Dress and lingerie emporiums, where mostly French was spoken, silk and curio stores run by Chinese and Japanese, drug-stores and other small shops in charge of Panamans or negroes offered an unending temptation to my purse. Silks and fans, ivories and feathers brought as many messages from as many corners of the earth as did their buyers. Every day was red-letter day in Panama, where ships arrived hourly, bringing shoppers from all the seven seas.

The streets outside were no less enchanting. Along the curbs and under the eyes of all who cared to observe the ceremony—and all did—native negro mothers washed their gurgling black babies. It was a process attended with much lathering, and it was hard to tell whether the performance delighted more the actors or the audiences.

Just why the negro mothers chose the sidewalk for bathing their babies was always a mystery to me, since their open-air homes afforded quite as good a view to the passer-by. Most residents of Panama lived and moved and had their being under the eyes of all who cared to look.

I say they lived and moved. They lived, it is true, but such moving as was necessary was done reluctantly and with exceeding slowness. At first I was inclined to resent the attitude of shopkeepers who gazed languidly at me and permitted me to drift in and out of the shops.

“Don’t these people want me to buy their goods?” I asked an American resident, after several vain attempts to make some necessary purchases.

“Oh, yes,” she replied. “But they think it beneath their dignity to show goods. If you want to buy anything, you must ask to be shown, or else go behind the counter and get it yourself.”

I spoke of having found the same indifference elsewhere than in native shops—in the steamship offices, for example.

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“Oh, I guess they have missed too many boats,” she said, meaning that the languid employees had remained too long in tropical climates. “That is why the American Government has reduced the term of service from three to two years,” she added; “no matter how much energy one has to begin with, there is always a slowing down in Panama.”

I learned the truth of her remarks, for before I had been a month in Panama I began to keep pace with the oldest inhabitant. It was several days, for instance, before I could summon sufficient energy to climb Ancon Hill, a hill but seven hundred feet high and which would be just an appetizer at home.

One morning early I took my courage in hand and began the ascent. The green land was vibrant with growing things that day. The glad cry of a bugle-bird, the fluttering of many wings spurred me on. I climbed the red side of the hill cut away to make room for the American hospital and other government buildings. I wound through clumps of banana and cocoanut palms, and at last I reached the brow of the hill. The sun was just rising over the bay, for in Panama the sun rises in the Pacific. Soft green islands dotted the ocean, Perrico and Naos and Taboga—the last an extinct volcano, inhabited now by negroes and half-breed Indians who fish or raise pineapples, or by people of the better class who find tonic in the cool, dry air and rest in the sanatoriums. Farther up the coast the hills of Darien stood out, softly outlined against the morning sky. At the entrance to the canal near by, a mammoth British liner tugged like a dog on leash waiting for the word to pass. Below me, tier on tier, people were astir in staircase houses. A moving streak of brown was the inspection of troops at Fort Amador. The old city of Panama still slept, while two cathedral towers, like sentinels, guarded her rest. I was hot and weary when I reached the hotel, but the view was infinitely worth the effort.

Day after day we walked or rode about the isthmus. There was a delightful social life, especially in the army and navy circles; and the

workaday world at Fort Amador was crowded with interest for the observer all the day. It was pleasant at dusk to drive back to the hotel, under the darkening palms, their thick fronds weighted down with a myriad parrakeets, perched in orderly rows like soldiers at the fort. Pleasant, also, to wander about the city of Panama in the late afternoon, viewing the old Church of Santa Ana, to admire the flat arch in ancient Santo Domingo, now degenerated to a public garage. Once a week there was a band concert in the plaza. But best of all I liked to sit at night on the broad verandas of the Union Club, built over the sea, watching the languid life in Panama homes or the twinkling wink of the lighthouse.

Fourth of July was a gala day. There were baseball games on both sides of the isthmus, by members of various government departments: cricket games in which Spanish-speaking negroes of Panama matched their skill with English-speaking negroes from Jamaica; bicycle races and bowling matches. Motor-loads of white-garbed sailors or khaki-clad soldiers raced about the narrow streets of Panama, shooting fireworks and making the old walls echo in celebration of the independence of the United States.

But I went to a horse race.

Most of the hundred or more spectators at the half-mile course, with its rickety, wooden grand stand, had failed to consider what tropical rains could do to an amateur race track. There had been a number of entrants, but most of them withdrew early in the day, so, by two o'clock when the races were called, there were but two horses left to run. I was not dismayed, however, neither were the enthusiastic occupants of grand-stand seats, nor the dense crowd of native negroes down in the paddock. Odds were even on Phantom, ridden by a Panaman jockey, and Starlight, ridden by an American. Naturally, I bet on Starlight and the "Duke of Manhattan," as we called his confident rider.

A Panaman pup, an undersized yellow mongrel, which evidently belonged to the owner of Phantom, hung about the horses' heels and



took his place beside the two entrants when they lined up at the pole. Every time a false start was made, the Panaman pup started, too. At last they were off. Starlight was in the lead, Phantom a close second, and the Panaman pup—so small that he was almost hidden by the mud ruts—bringing up the rear. Whether because the pup was accustomed to following his owner about the track or because he had no weight to bog down in the mire, the same order prevailed when the first half-mile was run: Starlight still ahead; Phantom second, and the Panaman pup a close third. The Americans applauded loudly as Starlight held the lead; the Panamans cheered Phantom with equal enthusiasm. The negroes in the paddock urged on the little pup, as pantingly and with tongue lolling, he followed his master under the wire.

Mud was flying in every direction as the two racers began the second and deciding half-mile. We could see the Panaman pup dropping behind as he rounded the curve. When directly across from us on the outside of the track, we saw Phantom creep up on Starlight. For a time the two horses raced together, neck and neck; a second later we lost sight of the Panaman pup. Then from our elevated seats we saw the long grass rustle in the central oval, as the dog, for some reason

known only to his canine mind, started to cut across the field to the grand stand. Every one stood up and cheered for the dog louder than they cheered for the horses. On the horses came, down the home stretch, Phantom now in the lead. And on the Panaman pup came, across the grassy field. He reached the fence just as the horses came down the home stretch; and a moment later the Panaman pup raced in under the wire, a split second ahead of his master, who rode the mud-spattered Phantom. Starlight and the "Duke of Manhattan" had lost the race.

The negroes went wild. They shouted. They beat the air. They grabbed the Panaman pup and marched up and down holding him high overhead on spread palms. I lost a good American dollar on the finish, but it was the most exciting race I ever saw.

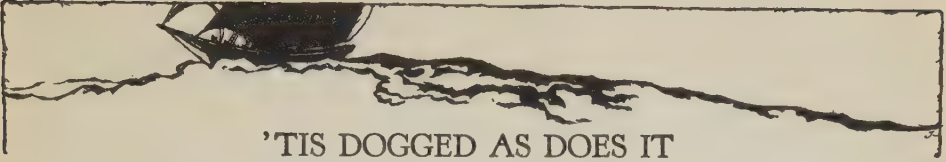
Life is not all sweet idleness in Panama, however, even among the old Spanish families, of whom there are many more than a glance at the streets would indicate. The people of the better class seldom walk in the daytime; hence one is inclined to think of Panama peopled by blacks or half-castes.

After three weeks on the Pacific side, we crossed the isthmus to enjoy the swimming-pool at the Washington Hotel and the tarpon fishing at Gatun Locks.

Cristobal and Colon have aged considerably since Christopher Columbus—whose Spanish name is divided between the two cities—touched on this coast during his fourth voyage in 1503. The coral reef has accumulated sufficient soil to grow great trees; the mangrove swamps have disappeared. But Cristobal and Colon lacked the charm of antiquity seen on the Pacific shore. I missed the green hills of Ancon.

So, after a week on the Atlantic side, warmed by the hospitality at the Strangers' Club, where all are friends who enter the portals, and chilled by the rebuffs of surly San Blas Indians, who called no white man friend and who rejected all overtures when approached on the Cristobal wharf, we prepared to embark for Peru.

Winding Westward



'TIS DOGGED AS DOES IT

WILFRED T. GRENFELL

THE good fore-and-aft schooner *Rippling Wave* had made a most successful run to her market, which happened this year to be in the Mediterranean. The fact that she had not left the Labrador coast till late in October was no fault of hers or the skipper's; for if there was one ocean-going skipper on the coast known to be more of a "snapper" than the rest, that man was Elijah Anderson. When the fish-planter saw Old 'Lige clewing down his hatches, and trimming the *Rippling Wave* for the "tri-across," he felt satisfied that if his catch lost in value by being late, it would not be the fault of a craft whose record "couldn't be beat," or of a master who was afraid to drive her. If all the tales were true, Old 'Lige had been known to clap on his topsails when other men were lacing their reef-earrings, and so he would give them the "go-by." Many a time, by pressing her, he had got clear of one of those cyclonic storms which are the bane of the "roaring forties" in the late fall of the year.

But this year easterly winds and the foggy blanket they fling over the coast had hidden the sunshine that the fishermen need to dry their catches of fish, and 'Lige had been jammed in and kept waiting for his load, long after he had hoped to be under the sunny skies of the Mediterranean.

But to the *Rippling Wave*, as to everything else that waits, the great day had come at last. The cargo was all stowed—hatches sealed down—moorings cast off—the parting jollifications held. She had not even to delay for a tow through the narrow gulch between two islands that had served her for a harbor, in order to wait in the roadstead for a wind

From *Down to the Sea*. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

that would give her slant enough to clear the offlying shoals and reefs before dark. A spanking nor'wester had sprung up just as Old 'Lige was ready, and with flags flying and farewell guns banging she had cleared with a leading wind through the narrow eastern tickle and was hull down long before dark, leaving good sea-room between her and the outermost shoals.

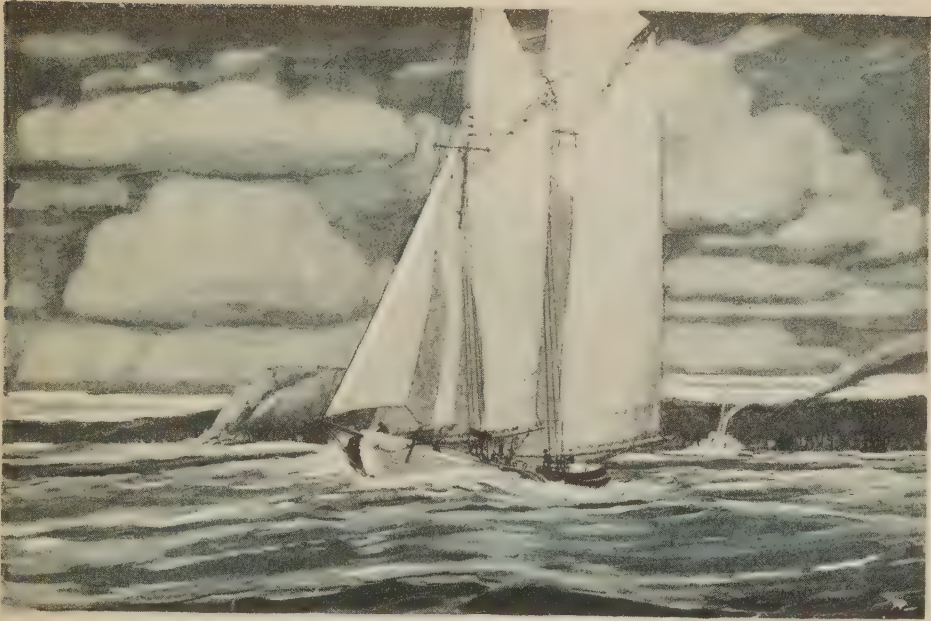
Day after day, without exception, the wind held abaft the beam, and the miles rolled off like water from a duck's back. Had she been contesting an ocean race instead of carrying a cargo of dry cod, her record would have vied with that of the sauciest racing-machine that has ever attempted the passage from Sandy Hook to the Lizard.

When in due time she hove to under the rock of Gibraltar for orders, her log showed an average of nearly ten knots an hour all through—and she had passed the 300-miles limit in one twenty-four hours, which would have shown a clean pair of heels to the average tramp steamer.

Ordered to Patras in Greece, she again eclipsed even her own record. She had out-distanced several rivals who started before her from Labrador, and had "caught the market on the hop"—i.e., fish was scarce and therefore in such demand that her cargo fetched splendid prices.

When at last she started on the return journey to her Newfoundland home, after calling at Cadiz for a cargo of salt, no lighter-hearted, happier bunch of men ever trod a good ship's deck. To most of us, in these degenerate days of luxurious floating cities, the prospect of a passage out across the Western Ocean in the month of December, in a 99-ton schooner, would not be dangerously exhilarating. But the viking stock is preserved in the North lands still, and these men were all Newfoundland fishermen, with the genius for the sea inborn, with minds and bodies inured from childhood to every mood and whim of the mysterious deep; even their baby hands had been taught to hold a tiller and to pull an oar. On the dangerous banks they had served their apprenticeship, till they had learned to fear the perils that beset them no more than we landlubbers fear the dangers of our modern streets. There

Winding Westward



finishing course had been in butting into the everlasting icefloes from the Polar Sea in search of seals, and running home a loaded schooner among the endless reefs of the uncharted, fog-ridden, ice-frequented coast of Labrador. They graduated when, adrift in a dory in thick fog in open ocean, without food or water, they had run for days, "Westward ho!" for the land, some one hundred and fifty miles under their lee; or had wandered in darkness over loose ice astray from their vessels, away out seal-hunting on the Atlantic, till half-frozen and half-stupefied they had been picked up, only to return cheerfully to the same work again, as soon as they were thawed out.

So when once again the *Rippling Wave* dropped the tug and braved the rollers of the wintry ocean, the fact that it was the first day of December didn't cause them even to look at the weather glass, or think of anything but the stories they would be telling of their great good fortune alongside their own firesides by Christmas Day.

But man proposes and God disposes, and there was that in the womb

of the future for the crew of the *Rippling Wave* which at that time they little reckoned of. There were lessons to be learned that will have served some of them well when they come to pass the last bar, and "meet their Pilot face to face" on the shore of the ocean of Eternity.

It is always harder to get to the westward in the North Atlantic than to "run east," for the prevailing winds are ever from southwest to west and northwest. But the *Rippling Wave* was a weatherly vessel, and the fact that by the middle of the month they were only in 40 west longitude and 40 north latitude did not distress her skipper—though if he would make sure now of being at home by Christmas Day, he could not afford to ease the ship down for a trifle.

The third Friday was a dirty day. The barometer was unaccountably low, and the heavy head sea made pressing even the *Rippling Wave* to windward in the dark somewhat dangerous to the hands on deck, owing to the low freeboard that their heavy cargo of salt allowed them. Old 'Lige was in a generous mood—the success of the voyage had made him more soft-hearted over such details than these men of the sea are apt to be; and, anyhow, Friday is not an auspicious day to take chances. As the Mate went on deck for the night watch, even though an occasional star did show up in the heavens, the Skipper remarked half apologetically to him as he was putting on his oilskins, "You can heave her to till daylight, Jim, if you thinks well."

After one or two seas, more curly than usual, had rolled on deck, Jim did "think well," and till midnight the hands below enjoyed the leisurely motion that these handy vessels assume when jogging "head to it" in a long sea.

Skipper 'Lige had just turned in, and was peacefully enjoying his well-earned beauty sleep, when he felt something touch him on the arm, from which his relaxed grip had but just dropped his favorite pipe on the locker. He started up, to find a figure in oilskins bending over him.

As soon as he grasped the fact that he was back in the world of realities, he realized that the Mate wanted him on deck to give an

opinion as to a strange darkness that seemed to be crossing the ship's path low down over the water. Half a second was enough for him to get his head out of the hatchway, following the Mate who had scurried up before him, and his experience at once told him the truth. "Jump for your life, Jim!" he yelled; "it's a waterspout." The two men had hardly time to fall in a heap down the companion ladder, when something struck the good ship like a mighty explosion.

Over she went—shook—trembled—rose again, and then up—up—up went the cabin floor, both men being hurled against the for'ard bulkhead, which temporarily assumed the position the floor had occupied the moment before. The *Rippling Wave* was standing literally on her head, and it was a question which way she would come down.

But there wasn't time to get anxious about it. Another mighty heave or two, a sudden sickening feeling, and the two men were rolling about in the water on the cabin floor. But the ship was evidently the right way up. "On deck!" roared the Captain, and both men were up in time to know that the crew, who had been literally drowned out for'ard, were also scrambling aft in the darkness to learn what to do next. All lights were out, and everything was awash, for the scuppers could scarcely drain off the water quick enough to clear the waterlogged ship of the seas that rolled over her counter, as she wallowed broadside to it in the trough of the sea.

Knowledge, to be of any value, must be intuitive on these occasions. Instinctively the Captain had rushed to the tiller. The lanyards had broken adrift, and the helm was apparently hard up. Frantically the Skipper tried to force it over to get the ship's head, if possible, to the sea. Alas! the rudder was unshipped and fast jammed. The lower gudgeon was off the pintle, and the trusty *Rippling Wave* found herself free to put her head in just whatever direction she liked best.

Somehow, it seemed that she was endowed with sense, and that she meant to stand by her skipper. For hazily, but surely, she rounded up in time to prevent herself from filling. The men, meanwhile, had seized

the axes, and, almost before 'Lige Anderson had issued his orders, they had ventured for'ard again, to try and clear away the wreckage.

They soon realized that virtually everything for'ard had gone by the board; for the solid spout of water had hit the foremast about half way up, and had then broken, falling in countless tons on the devoted deck. For'ard of the middle line nothing was left. The mast, boom, gaff, and sails were missing, with rigging, ropes, and everything attached. The bowsprit, jib boom, winch and pawl bitts, anchors, chains, fore-companion, fore-hatch and galley were nowhere to be seen. The decks were torn open so widely that one man fell through to his thigh between two strips of planking. Much of the bulwarks and stanchions were gone, as were also both the lifeboats and jolly-boat, and every drop of water that came aboard poured into the hull, threatening to engulf the ship in a few minutes. Probably what saved her was the fact that some of the torn remnants of canvas were still on deck, or rather in it, for the last of the fore-staysail was so hard driven through the open seams above the foc'sle, that the men were unable to start a rag of it, much as they needed it to cover up some of the other yawning gaps.

With the doggedness that characterizes such men, they had succeeded before daylight in getting out of the waterlogged cabins some nails and spare canvas, and with these they had covered over every large opening. Below the water line the almost solid-timbered vessel was still apparently sound, though the stump of the foremast was unstepped, with the result that its foot, rolling round in the deck gammon, was so thumping the bilge inside that it threatened every moment to smash through the sides. There was enough left of it, however, above decks, to make it valuable for the "jury mast," and the Mate with two volunteers climbed down into the hold and succeeded in jamming it into an upright position.

In that dark, rolling box, soaked through with the water swashing about in it, not knowing but that at any moment they might go down like rats in a barrel, their task required no ordinary skill and courage.

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But they managed to accomplish it, fixing the foot of the mast in place with wooden stays captured from the broken rails. The rest of the crew stood to the pumps. Daylight, struggling through the murky sky, revealed a situation that looked hopeless enough.

For forty-eight hours every man was at work helping to jettison the salt and every other available ounce of weight that could be dispensed with, or taking his trick at the pumps, under the stern eye and unflinching example of Skipper 'Lige.

Hour after hour, without a wink of sleep or any refreshment but pieces of hard biscuit that once had been dry, they fought on with sullen strength and energy.

When the galley went, every pot, pan, and cooking utensil had gone by the board with it. Not a bite of food could be cooked, nor a sup of drink be heated. There was one thing, however, that these men brought to their aid. Like most Newfoundland fishermen, they were praying men. They knew that praying at such a time is no substitute for work, but they knew also that attitude counts for nothing in the sight of the Almighty, and not one of them had forgotten to "call upon the Lord in their trouble, that He would deliver them out of their distress."

But at last the instinct of self-preservation began to lose its energy, as there came time to think, and they began to realize the apparent futility of continuing the unequal struggle.

It must be remembered that it was the dead of winter. They were in the middle of the North Atlantic. The water was bitterly cold, and they were bruised, wet, and exhausted. They were, too, far out of the winter route of transatlantic liners. The chance of being picked up seemed infinitesimal, and it was obvious that with no boat left it was impossible to escape from the wreck. Small wonder that faith and hope began at last to fail!

But all hands worked on incessantly at the pumps and at the cargo. Hour after hour, watch relieved watch, and the *clank, clank, clank* of

the pumps, that alone broke the monotony of silence, was almost enough to drive men mad.

They were apparently making no headway in raising the ship out of the water. They were merely keeping her afloat. But if 'Lige Anderson were to abandon hope it meant abandoning himself, and he was still sane. In the hours between the spells of the pumping, which he shared with his men—hours which he ought to have devoted to rest—the Skipper had by no means been idle, and he was now able to hearten the rest with three discoveries he had made.

First, the after half of the ship was absolutely sound; so were her mainmast and sails. Moreover, he had been able to rig a "jury" rudder, which more or less guided the ship. He had set to work with these as a basis to rig a "jury" foremast that would carry a small sail. He had dried out the after cabin, and fortified and caulked as far as possible the fore bulkhead to give a water-tight division from the hold. In this it was possible to get some rest.

Secondly, he had found his logbook and sextant, and though the latter proved useless owing to the sun being continually invisible, it certainly was a source of hope. The last entry in the logbook on the day before the accident led him to the conclusion that he was about fifty miles south of the track of the ocean liners.

Thirdly, from his almanac he found that there was still a forlorn chance that some steamers might still be running by the northern route.

It was difficult to make sure which way the wreck was really moving. But he could now keep her heading somehow to the west'ard, and it was possible that she might still be worked to a position where they could expect to be sighted if such was the case. A more trivial discovery, but one that counted not a little in the hearts of his Newfoundland crew, was an old tin paintpot, with a sound bottom. This Captain 'Lige had managed to clean up, and over the tiny stove in his cabin he had been able to brew enough hot tea to serve out a drink all round. These facts he now thought good to announce to the crew; and,

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heartened by the warm tea, they stood to the pumps again, as night came on, with fresh faith and energy. Slowly they edged, and worked, and drifted, as they hoped, northwards! If only they could make a hundred miles of northing their lives might yet be spared.

A week had now gone by since the accident, and a settled gloom close akin to despair had settled upon the men. As is often the case, however, just in the nick of time a thing happened which, trivial as it may seem to us, meant very much to them. The sun for the first time suddenly shot out thro' the drift about mid-day, and the Skipper was able to get his bearings and tell them that, though they were farther to the west'ard, they had made at least thirty miles to the nor'ard also. Moreover, he was wise enough, seeing that they were rather more than holding their own, to tell off one man from each watch to keep a look-out from the mainmast head. Though nothing was seen to encourage them, yet the fact that the Skipper believed it was now likely that they would sight something, acted as a fresh charm, and for yet another four days the *clank, clank, clank* of the pumps maintained its even tenor.

The salt was now all out of the boat, and this halved the time that each man had to work pumping. But as day after day passed and no sail was seen, and the ship ceaselessly battled with the angry waters running between a northwest and southwest gale, flesh and blood began to give way; nerve and muscle had been strained to the breaking point.

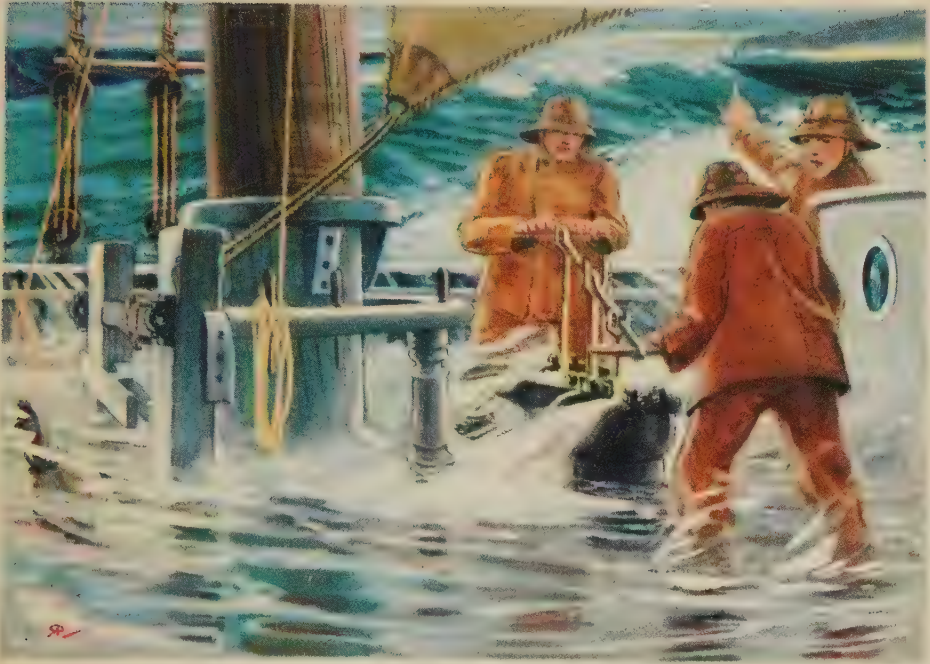
By the fifteenth morning all faith in the possibility of salvation had so departed from some of the men, that they formally proposed to give up striving, and that all hands should go to the bottom together. Skipper 'Lige was at his wits' end. Violence was out of the question. No man aboard would have minded even death at his hands. His only subterfuge was in continually pointing his sextant at the lowering clouds, in inscribing endless successions of figures in his book, and at last in announcing that he had discovered they had reached their desired goal. Having called them together, he pointed out to them on his well-thumbed chart, that they now lay exactly on the 49th

parallel of latitude. A great cross that he had made on it signified the position of the ship. Exactly through this point ran many lines stretching from the Fastnet to New York, intersecting in his picture the spot that represented the ship. "Them there lines," he announced, "be the tracks o' them big steamers. They always races across, and this be the shortest way for 'em to go."

It would not have required much acumen on the part of the audience to detect the fact that the lines on the paper were not so old as the discourse suggested. But men in the condition of these poor fellows are not inclined to be critical. All that was required of them was to move a handle up and down, and the Skipper had staked his all on their not questioning what he told them. They scanned his face narrowly, and saw that he seemed so hopeful that once again the poor fellows returned to their duty at the pumps. "Now we be in the track of steamers, boys," the Skipper said, "us'll wait right here, sink or swim. Let's keep at it so long as us can stand. They sha'n't call us cowards anyhow." In all this the Mate bravely backed him up. And so again, though the response was feebler than before, the *clank, clank, clank* of the pumps kept on, as the plucky fellows doggedly set their hands to the work.

The morning of the seventeenth day broke with a clear horizon under an oily, sullen sky. The remnant of a ship still tossed up and down, up and down, on the troubled waters. Forward the *Rippling Wave* looked now only like a bunch of weather-beaten boards. Hour by hour, the weary clank of the pumps alone announced that there was any life aboard, and that she was more than a mere derelict on that dreary expanse of waters. Though dispirited and half dead, not one man yet gave in. Now and again one could no longer stand to do his work, yet as soon as he had rested, the faith of the others roused him to action, and he struggled back, even if it were only to fall down at his place at the handles.

It was just 10 A. M. when the watch at the masthead called the



Skipper. "Smoke on the horizon to the east-northeast," he shouted. So far gone were some of the men that they took no notice of the announcement; even if they heard, it seemed too wonderful to be true. But in two seconds the Skipper was aloft by the side of the watch, and shouting "Steamer coming, boys; keep her going!"

Little by little the cloud, at first no larger than a man's hand, grew bigger and bigger, till the hull of a vessel was visible like a tiny speck beneath it. There was no need now to cheer on the men. The watch below was turned out to "wear" the ship, that they might, as far as possible, drive across the head of the approaching vessel. The improvised flags, long ago made ready out of bed clothing, were hoisted to the tops, and a pile of matchwood was prepared in a tar barrel on deck to make a good smoke.

The excitement on board can better be imagined than described.

But though their eyes were strained to the utmost, they could not make out that the stranger got the least bit nearer, and it wasn't long before 'Lige realized that no help could be expected from that quarter. For the speck grew no larger, and eventually disappeared again behind the wilderness of waters.

The reaction was proportionate to the exhilaration, and an awful despondency fell upon all hands when their hope of safety had again sunk out of sight.

The Skipper's resourcefulness was not exhausted, however, and he spoke to the crew as if he were in the greatest spirits. "You see we'll be all right now, boys," he said. "Our reckoning be just as I told you. Us'll work a mile or two more to the nor'ard, and be home by the New Year if we aren't by Christmas." He took care to emphasize his faith by serving out an extra and earlier dinner, so that, in spite of themselves, not a man slackened at the pumps, and the everlasting clank droned monotonously on.

The afternoon was wearing away, when suddenly once again the eagle eye at the masthead spied smoke. This time it was in the western sky and 'Lige took a bigger risk. Twice as much inside planking as before was torn from the sides of the hold to enlarge the bonfire. So big grew the pile that it could scarcely be kindled without endangering the vessel. As the speck grew bigger, hope grew proportionately large, and without any word from the Skipper the pulse rate of the pump reached a fever speed. Closer and closer came the stranger. It seemed impossible that she should pass now without seeing them. Evidently she was a small cargo tramp in ballast, and no doubt lightly manned. She was now almost abeam, but still she showed no signs of recognition. Possibly the only man on watch was in the wheelhouse, there being apparently no reason for a special watch. Or possibly the outlook man was smoking his pipe under some shelter from the weather. 'Lige, through his glasses, had long ago learned that there was no one on the upper bridge. That she was an endless time approaching seemed

to him their best chance of being seen. For surely *someone* would be on deck to sight them before it was too late. But she passed them by like a phantom ship with a crew of dead men on board; and to this day no one on board knows why.

It was getting dark, and the wind was rising again, with a sea making from the nor'west. The dumb despair that had all along been a kind of opiate, allaying any fear of death, had been rudely removed by the awakened thoughts of home, rest, and safety, and by the apparent certainty of at last being rescued. The suspense as the steamer passed by had made the enfeebled men conscious of the bitterness of death, and aroused in them an emotion that was perilously near to fear.

There could be no disguising the fact that the end was very near at hand. The mere pretense of work that they were now able to make was at last permitting the water to gain on the pumps; and finally the relief watch failed to stand to their work. No one was in a mood for speaking now. The Skipper himself silently strode to one of the handles the men had dropped, and commenced mechanically to heave it up and down.

Only a minute, however, did he labor alone. Without breaking the silence, the gallant Mate, whose turn it was to rest, placed himself at the other handle again, and the play at "pumping the ship" went on. There seemed to be no hope. The night promised to be their last on earth. But they were men, and they would at least die fighting, for no man can tell what may be wrested from the fates by a dauntless faith.

The horizon had already faded into the lowering sky overhead, and before the sun rose again, the long-drawn agony would be over, and the bitterness of death passed.

But it was not to be. Suddenly a loud cry from for'ard for the last time stopped the pumps. Sure enough, there was a bright light away to the eastward, now and again bobbing up over the waters. It has always seemed right to Skipper 'Lige that their salvation should have come out of the East. In his own mind, so he says, he hadn't the slightest doubt, then, that all would be well.



It was plain to him that the usefulness of the pumps was at an end, and that his last move in the game of life must now be played. He was always known as a silent man, but on this occasion a corpse would have heard him. The half-dead crew were on their legs in less time than it takes to write it. He had himself but recently come down from the mainmasthead, where he had been fixing fast to the crosstrees a barrel full of combustibles. Now, forcing an unlighted flare into the hands of the Mate, "To the masthead," he roared, "and light up when I do! Up the foremast!" he screamed into the ear of his third hand, above the roaring of the wind and sea, "and take this old can o'tar with yer." For'ard and aft he led the rest with their axes. All were working like madmen, with a strength that was like the final flare-up of a flickering lamp. Soon large pieces of wood had been torn off from the hatches, lockers, rails, bulwarks, and even the decking. They hacked it from

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anywhere, so long only as the pile on deck should grow in size. But even as they worked the water was steadily increasing in the hold, and every man was conscious that the *Rippling Wave* was sinking under them.

Sometimes—it seemed for ages—the approaching light disappeared from view; yet the axes kept going, and the pile of wood steadily grew. To restrain the crew from setting fire to it during these apparently interminable intervals required a nerve on the part of the Skipper that they themselves no longer possessed. But even at that moment, with death standing at their very side, they were held to an absolute obedience. Their reverence for their indomitable Captain had long since grown into a superstitious fear. As it was, the sound of ax and lever, as once on the walls of ancient Rome, alone broke the death-like silence every man maintained.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, a huge black mass rose up out of the water, towering far overhead like some fabulous monster of the sea. The right moment had arrived. So 'Lige Anderson fired his last shot, and lit his flare. In an instant the vessel was ablaze. Fore and aft, aloft, and on the waterline, the ship seemed one roaring mass of flames, which shot high into the heavens above her each time the water-logged hull rolled heavily to windward. A moment later a brilliant searchlight still further blinded the men on her deck, and afforded the pleasure-seekers who were crowding to the rail of that floating palace (for it proved to be a steamer on a trip round the world) such a scene as in their lives they are never likely to look on again. It was a scene well able to bear all the light that could be thrown upon it. For these fishermen had fought a fight worthy of the traditions of the best days of viking seamanship.

The huge steamer turned to wind'ard and stopped short close to them. A loud voice called through a megaphone, "Can you hold on till morning?" There was no hesitation in giving, and no possibility of doubting, the answer. So close were the vessels that every man heard the question, and every throat shouted back the same answer as from

one man, "No, we are sinking!" The swash of the fast-gaining water, surging loudly to and fro in the hold, lent emphasis to the reply. Only the voice of Skipper Lige once more broke the silence. "We are played out; we can't last till daylight."

Words are poor things at best, but the words that came back this time thrilled them all as words had never thrilled before. "Then stand by; we'll try for you now." The Captain on the bridge had no need to ask for volunteers, though the night was black as pitch by now, and the danger of launching a boat in that rolling sea was a terrible one indeed.

The steamer was a German liner from Hamburg. The perishing men were only common British fishermen. But there is a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, and the gold-laced Captain bore a true sailor's heart beneath his dapper uniform. Had he listened to the dictates of his own emotions, he would himself have been the first man in the boat. In spite of his brilliant searchlight, the wreck to him looked but the after half of a vessel, as if a ship had been cut in two. Pride in the sheer brotherhood of the sea, that there still lived men that could do the things these men had done, almost led him to throw discretion to the winds, and share in person the welcome danger of the rescue.

But wiser counsels prevailed, and the well-trained life-saving crew that such vessels always carry had already arranged themselves in position by the side of the steel lifeboat.

There was no lack of skill, no undue haste, no shortage of tackle. But long ere the boat had reached the water, a heavy sea had swung her into the iron wall of the ship's side and smashed her to fragments. Those on the wreck had witnessed the attempt, and also the failure, and the ominous swash of the water in the hold seemed louder and more threatening than a few minutes ago. Faster the water gained on them as deeper the wreck wallowed in the seas; yet to man the pumps now was not even thought of. The last die had been cast, and, without making any conscious resolution, they simply stood by to watch the issue.

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The big ship had forged ahead. By the time she had regained her position, a wooden lifeboat was already on its way down from the davits with the men in it. Close to wind'ard of the wreck the Captain maneuvered the steamer to shorten the distance to row, if by any means he could get a boat launched and safely away. Again every movement was visible from the *Rippling Wave*. The lifeboat reached the water. The port oars were out, but before the for'ard tackle was free, a great sea drove her into the vessel's side again. The rescuing party were themselves with difficulty rescued, their boat a bundle of matchwood.

All eyes were fixed on the steamer. Could it be possible that they would be discouraged and give up? Even Skipper 'Lige expected to be hailed again, and warned that he *must* keep afloat till daylight. But the men on the liner were real sailors, and not the faintest idea of abandoning the attempt ever entered their heads. At sea, a thing to be done must be done—and that is the end of it. Cost is a factor that a sailor's mind doesn't trouble itself about, so long as material remains. Anxiety about what loss may be involved is a thing to be left for the minds of landmen, and harries Jack less than it does a Wall Street millionaire.

The only question with the Captain was, which boat next; as if it were a simple question of which tool would best serve to complete a job that had to be done. A light, collapsible lifeboat seemed to promise most. While the ship was again getting into position, this was made ready. The men took their places in her and were almost literally dropped over the side, as the monstrous ship lurched heavily to wind'ard. There was just one moment of doubt, and then arms and shoulders that knew no denial shot their frail craft clear of the ponderous iron wall. Scarcely a moment too soon did they reach the *Rippling Wave*. Her decks were little better than awash, when Skipper 'Lige, the last man to leave, tumbled over the rail into the lifeboat. Even his dog had preceded him.

Nor was the wreck left to be a possible water-logged derelict, to the danger of other ships. What was left of the kerosene oil was poured

over her as a parting unction and then fired. Before the last man was safe aboard the steamer, however, the *Rippling Wave*, mantled like Elijah's chariot in "flames of fire," had paid her last tribute to the powers she had so long successfully withstood.

A line fastened to a keg having been thrown over from the steamer's side, was picked up without approaching too near. With that absence of hurry that characterizes real courage, the lifeboat kept off (with her stern to the dangerous side of iron) until each of the rescued men had been safely hauled aboard in breeches of cloth, secured to a running tackle. Even the dog would have been saved in the same way had he not with vain struggling worked loose from the breeches and fallen into the sea; as it was before getting the lifeboat aboard, the Captain was humane enough to peer round everywhere with his searchlight, in the hope of finding it. The rescued were stripped, bathed, and fed, and snugly stowed in comfortable beds such as they had seldom ever seen before.

From the kindly passengers, more new and warm clothing poured in upon them, next day, than they had ever dreamed of possessing, and the journey to land was as remarkable to them for its luxuries as had been the past fortnight for its privations.

Though Christmas Day had after all been spent on the *Rippling Wave*, New Year's Eve found them in the lap of luxury. At dinner in the grand saloon, to which every man was invited, Skipper 'Lige occupied the seat of honor next the Captain. There was a general feeling that it was a great occasion. Never before had the close of an old year spoken so forcibly of the fickleness of life to many of the others present. After a few seasonable and brief speeches had been made by some of the guests, the climax was reached when the Captain—who, at his own expense, had ordered some dozens of champagne to be served out all 'round—in terse sailor language proposed the toast of the evening. There were few dry eyes among those who drank "To the wives and children of the brave men it has been our good fortune to save."



THE MIXER

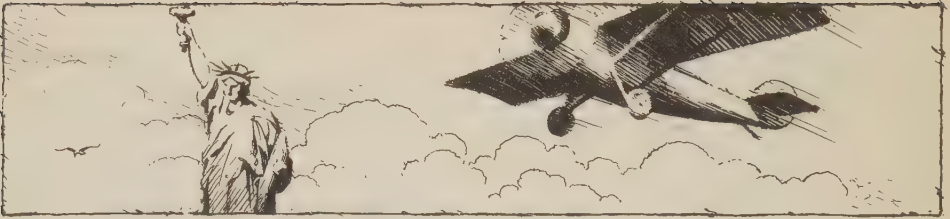
THEY are fresh from all creation, from the corners of the earth,
Where a man is held and bonded by the rule of caste and birth;
From the homes of rank and title, from the slums of want and woe,
They are coming as the cattle that have nowhere else to go;
They are haggard, huddled, homeless, frightened at—they know not
what;

With occasional exceptions they're a disappointing lot;
But I bury old conventions as I bury all the past,
And I turn them out Canadians—Canadians at last.

.
In the city, on the prairie, in the forest, in the camp,
In the mountain-clouds of color, in the fog-white river-damp,
From Atlantic to Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Pole,
I am mixing strange ingredients into a common whole;
Every hope shall build upon me, every heart shall be my own,
The ambitions of my people shall be mine, and mine alone;
Through the pangs of transformation in my fiery furnace blast
Do I shape and mold and make them—Canadians, at last!

ROBERT J. C. STEAD

From *The Empire Builders*, by Robert J. C. Stead. Published by arrangement with The Musson Book Company, Ltd., Toronto.



A WINGED VIKING OF TODAY

JOHN STILLWELL

FOR centuries to come men will sing of the slim lad who flew out of the West in a silver-gray monoplane and from the Atlantic shore, without a stop, winged his way into Paris and into the hearts of the civilized world. The first non-stop Atlantic flight brought the world's acclaim to an American, but America's greatest pride lay in the man himself. The transatlantic flight of Charles A. Lindbergh was no "spectacular stunt," but rather the outcome of careful study and preparation, of sturdy self-reliance and accurate planning. The flight accomplished, "he walked with modesty in high places and courtesy in low. Neither cupidity nor flattery could tempt him." And so, all unintentionally, he became an ambassador of good will from America to Europe, doing more to cement friendship between nations in his twelve days' stay than diplomacy had done in as many years.

To American youth the career of Charles Lindbergh is a living proof that the days of romance are still with us if we but have eyes to see; that opportunity exists for him who will but climb the hard and rocky road to where it waits; that the old-fashioned virtues of integrity, hard work, and courtesy are still appreciated by the world at large.

Lindbergh had the opportunities of the average American youth. His father, of Swedish descent, was the third generation on the family homestead near Little Falls, Minnesota. His mother, of English and Irish ancestry, had been a teacher before her marriage, and during the years that Charles Lindbergh, Senior, was a representative in Congress,

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she helped her son bridge the gaps made by frequent changes of school. Life on a farm and in a small town were his, but he had also the advantage of camping trips with his father and, when he was fourteen, a journey to California with his parents in the family automobile. Always interested in machinery, when he took over the management of the farm on his graduation from high school at sixteen years of age, the farm machinery held his attention far more than did actual farming. Recognizing this fact, he entered the engineering college at the University of Wisconsin.

There he remained three terms. Before that period was over he realized that what he wanted to do was to fly, and that the university courses did not give him enough that would be of direct use in that profession. So he mounted his motorcycle and started for an aviation school in Lincoln, Nebraska. There he finally arrived after encountering such bad roads that he and his cycle were forced to an inglorious finish of their journey by rail.

Then followed study at the aviation field, work in an airplane factory, and a period of "barnstorming," as exhibition flying and taking passengers for a few minutes' ride is called. But all this did not quite suit young Lindbergh. His were old army planes and he longed to handle the swift new planes of the Air Force; so when a chance companion suggested he apply for army aviation training at Brooks Field near San Antonio, Texas, he did so at once. He passed the searching examination given all applicants and survived the training that weeded out all but the most efficient of his class and passed them on for further training at Kelly Field. Of the hundred and four who entered Brooks, but eighteen remained to complete the strenuous course at Kelly. Then came more independent flying.

Meantime the air mail had come into being, and when the Robertson Aircraft Company of St. Louis put in their bid to carry the Chicago-St. Louis mail, Lindbergh was offered the position of chief pilot provided that the contract was awarded them. He took up his residence

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in St. Louis and joined the Air Squadron of the Missouri National Guard, soon becoming flight commander.

After a short wait the contract was awarded, and then came a period of experimental flights to determine the best routes, see that the terminals were in condition, and train others connected with the work. On April 15, 1926, the first regular mail service was flown, and for the remainder of that year the twenty-four-year-old chief pilot was busy seeing that plane service was as regular and carefully timed as any railroad schedule. Although the men were not required to fly in heavy storms, many a time when others considered the fogs too dense, the winds too wild, or the cold and sleet a menace that would make wings break under a heavy ice-coat, Lindbergh would take the mail through, some sixth sense, born of accurate knowledge of flying and air conditions, taking him safely to his goal.

But while he was flying with the mail he was thinking of longer flights. In 1919 Raymond Orteig of New York and Paris had offered a prize of twenty-five thousand dollars for the first non-stop Atlantic crossing. Several attempts to win the prize had ended in failure, but recent improvements in equipment made winning the prize seem more possible, and the achievement in itself fired the imagination of Lindbergh, winging his regular route over Illinois prairies. His was no vague dream. It was a dream founded on thorough training and experience in flying, as well as an acquaintance with airplane construction and machinery. He was a member of the "Caterpillar Club" composed of flyers who had more than once been forced to escape by parachute from a disabled plane in midair, so he knew the risks he had to take. When he explained his idea to a group of St. Louis business men late in 1926 they realized that he could turn dreams into reality and they furnished a major part of the necessary funds, Lindbergh's own savings of two thousand dollars forming the largest individual contribution.

A trip was made to New York to study planes, and he finally placed an order with the Ryan Airlines in San Diego, he himself supervising

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the entire construction of his monoplane, the "Spirit of St. Louis," and the installation of equipment. Then followed the flight across the continent that broke the records for speed between San Diego and St. Louis, and between St. Louis and New York, but these were lost sight of in the thirty-three and a half hour flight that on May 20-21, 1927, carried him from New York to Paris.

The story of that crossing, of the praise of kings and peasants, of presidents and the ordinary man on the street, all that is too well known to repeat here.

Men called him "Lucky Lindy." But was it luck?

Luck? Accident? Perhaps. But if so, there has been continued luck and a series of accidents. This was shown by the later flights to Central and South American ports. Landings on fields that resident airmen considered hazardous, goals reached through storm and fog that sent the

escort of welcoming planes astray; these and many other circumstances showed ability and knowledge of unusual order, rather than mere luck.

To few men has it been given to follow one achievement with others in such rapid succession that the earlier ones are scarce acclaimed before they are obscured by greater triumphs. When Lindbergh flew his plane in meteoric flights across the North American continent, two speed records were established for one-man, long-distance flights. Yet, in the greater achievement of the transatlantic crossing, men forgot the lesser records.

Luck? Accident? Perhaps. But that man knows his business, knows every instrument and part of his machine, knows how to manage them and use them. When he goes on a flight, he goes prepared. The Atlantic flight was a fight with storm, and sleet, and fog. Ten thousand feet up in the air, ten feet above the water, he alternated in efforts to escape the storms. Yet when he reached Ireland he was but three miles north of the point he expected to pass. His earth inductor compass helped, but the man had to have knowledge before the compass could tell him its tale.

Straight over the edge of England he flew, over the English Channel and into France, where the rockets and Very lights on Le Bourget Field guided him into his landing place. When that silver-gray monoplane whirred its graceful descent out of the darkness to a shouting, cheering human sea on the aviation field a few miles from Paris, the twenty-five year-old pilot so little realized that all the cheering was for him that he thought there had been some mistake and he was receiving an ovation meant for another.

After the ovation in Europe, Lindbergh returned to a like welcome in America. Then came the flights to South and Central America bearing similar messages of good will, followed by the flight around the United States arousing the people to become "air-conscious." No one man has ever done so much to further the progress of aviation by making people recognize it as a means of travel rather than a dangerous

❖ ❖ Winding Westward ❖ ❖

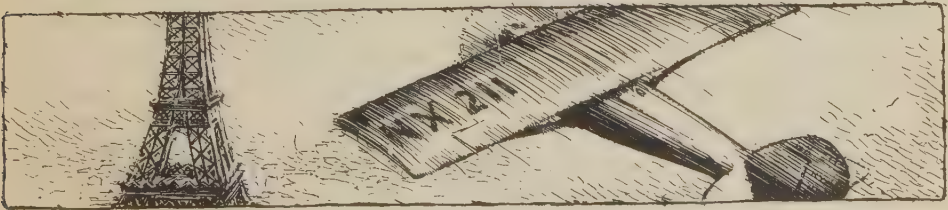
sport. Never, since the days when the Wright brothers made the first real flights, have so many people thought seriously of the possibility of air travel as an accepted means of going from one place to another, as a daily mode of locomotion.

All that Lindbergh did for aviation only time will show. But what he did in giving us a concrete example of American youth at its best, we of today know and appreciate. His quiet way of saying "we," in speaking of his plane and himself as partners in the flights; his ability to keep his head when others lost theirs mean much to America.

In the introduction to Lindbergh's own account of his transatlantic flight in his book "We," Myron T. Herrick, the American Ambassador to France, who had the young man under his roof during the Paris stay, wrote:

"The way Lindbergh bore himself after getting here (Paris) was but a continuation of his flight. He started with no purpose but to arrive, he remained with no desire but to serve, he sought nothing, he was offered all. No flaw marked any act or word, and he stood forth amidst the clamor and the crowds the very embodiment of a fearless, kindly, cultivated American youth—unspoiled, unspoilable. A nation which breeds such boys need never fear for its future. When a contract for a million dollars was sent to him he cabled back: 'You must remember that this expedition was not organized to make money but to advance aviation.' There is the measure of his spirit, the key to his intentions."

His steadfastness of purpose proved wise in the end, since it made the field of aviation his, for when Opportunity knocked he was found to be prepared, and "to him who hath shall be given."

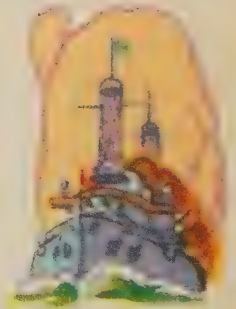




THE MAN WHO DUG THE DITCH

RENÉE B. STERN

A man went down to Panama,
 Where many a man had died,
 To slit the sliding mountains
 And lift the eternal tide:
 A man stood up in Panama,
 And the mountains stood aside.



PERCY MACKAYE

THREE men had tried and failed. Great engineers they had been, men whose reputation for accomplishment had been founded on worthy achievement. Yet the canal that was to unite the Atlantic with the Pacific and bring the American seaboard close together in point of time was still a problem, not a fact, even as it had been in the days when Balboa broached the matter to the Emperor of Spain and made

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surveys for a canal across the Isthmus in the early days of the sixteenth century. Millions had been poured into that ditch; worse yet, lives had been sacrificed for it. And still the work was little more than begun.

First there had been Ferdinand de Lesseps, the French engineer, fresh from his triumphant building of the Suez Canal. The purses of rich and poor alike were opened to aid him in making the canal that should separate the Americas. But De Lesseps was an old man, well past seventy, and he trusted too much to the careless plans of a less-experienced engineer. Besides, cutting through the level ground at Suez was a far simpler problem than removing mountains, curbing a turbulent river, and providing for the twenty-two feet of tidal difference between the sea-levels of Atlantic and Pacific. So De Lesseps failed, and the many poor folk who trusted their little savings to his scheme found themselves impoverished.

But the canal had to be built. Commerce was hindered by the Isthmus and so was protection of America's coasts, for it took too long to send fleets around by way of the Strait of Magellan. Therefore the United States paid the French company for its outworn equipment and rights, and then acquired a strip of land across the Isthmus that should be as much a part of the United States as is Alaska or any other section of the country; for if the canal were to be on foreign territory, control might be lost at the moment when most needed. A commission was appointed to manage affairs at the Canal Zone, and a civilian engineer sent to handle the actual work. He gave up the job; and his successor also resigned after a tussle with almost overwhelming handicaps of divided authority to hamper him.

Now this last resignation came when Roosevelt was president and Roosevelt had decided that the canal must be built and built at once. So he sent for William Howard Taft, his Secretary of War, and asked him to name the best army man to put in charge of the work. It didn't take Mr. Taft long to suggest that an army engineer, George Washington Goethals, was the man to be given the commission.

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President Roosevelt sent for Major Goethals and asked him if he thought he could get the canal built. The rather stocky, gray-haired, blue-eyed major hesitated a moment and then, looking the President straight in the eye, answered, "Is that an order from my Commander in Chief, Mr. President, or have I some choice in the matter?"

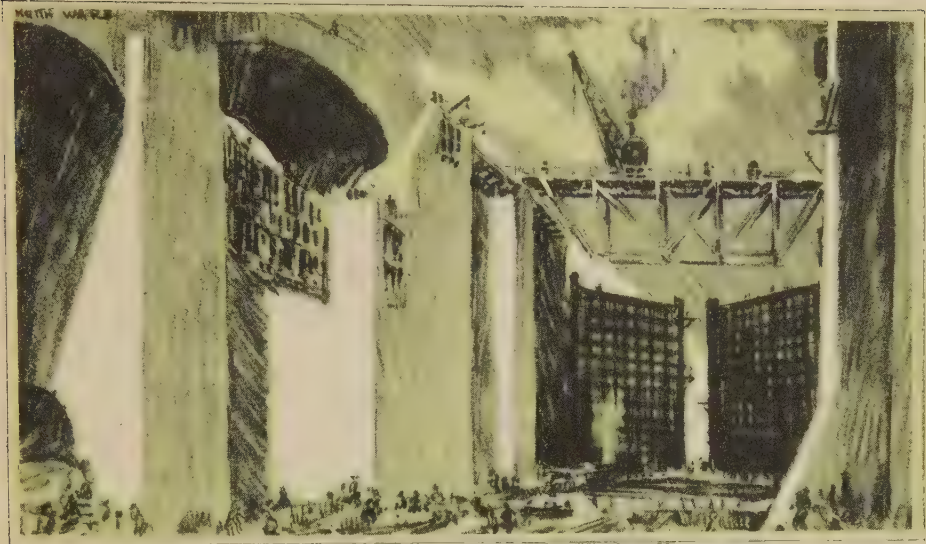
"Just what do you mean?" the President parried.

"I'd like to look over the job and see just what it is," came the answer.

"That is a good idea. Look it over, and then report back to me," concurred the President.

So Major Goethals journeyed to Panama. During his six weeks on the Isthmus the Major spent his time making soundings, studying the geology as well as the geography of the region. He examined the way in which the project was being handled, and watched the men who were doing the actual work. Then he went quietly back to Washington and let the President know that he was ready to report. Asked what he thought of the project, he summed up his opinion: "The job isn't intricate, it is just big."

So down to Panama went Goethals, now Colonel Goethals, Chief Engineer and also Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, which latter appointment put him in actual command. Men said that an army engineer could never succeed where civilians had failed, that the scheme would soon be more strangled with red tape than ever, that the men would have to salute so often that they wouldn't have time to dig. This might have been true of some army engineers, but it didn't fit George Washington Goethals. He was of sturdy Dutch extraction but he pronounced that name of his in the typically American style of "Gō-thals." He was graduated second in his class at West Point, taught there a short time before going on to the much-coveted appointment as student in the Engineering School for two years, and then was detailed to one task after another, getting wide experience in handling men as well as engineering problems. He built irrigation works in the West,



planned methods of curbing spring floods along the Ohio; coast fortifications claimed his time, and then there was a small canal to build. Usually when he got the work all planned and well under way he was ordered on to a new job and some other man carried through his plans. For a time he was instructor at West Point again, then was stationed at Washington as assistant to the chief engineer of the army.

He saw his job as part of a larger whole, so that always he worked in harmony with those in charge of other phases of the work, and did not feel his own particular project was all that mattered. But when he was given a piece of work to do he never permitted any interference from anyone except those to whom he was answerable. This was particularly well illustrated during the Spanish-American war. As chief engineer of the First Army Corps he was sent to Porto Rico and told to construct a wharf where supplies could be landed. A war vessel had been detailed to guard operations. When the new engineer arrived, he noted the lack of available wood for building, and he also was impressed by the extremely heavy surf that broke on the beach and would make

any building difficult. Moreover, he noted some flat-bottomed barges that had been captured from the enemy. These at once suggested to him the quickest and most economical way of building his wharf.

"Fill those barges with sand," he ordered, "and sink them as a foundation for the wharf."

Scarcely had the men begun work, when the commander of the man-of-war sent his aide to tell the engineer that this could not be done. But Goethals had been told to build that wharf, so he politely but firmly replied that he was acting under instructions from his commanding officer and could take orders from nobody else.

The outraged commander sent word that if his orders were not obeyed, the man-of-war would open fire.

"You'll have to fire, then," came the unperturbed answer, "because we shall not stop until we have built the wharf as we were instructed to do, and landed the stores."

Although no shots were fired, a complaint was lodged against Major Goethals, and he was directed to use wood instead of the barges. Sending back word that there was no wood to be had, the Major finished his work, despite threats of a court-martial and the silent but most evident displeasure of the admiral. Later, when questioned about the discomforts of working under such conditions, his characteristic answer was, "Well, we landed the supplies." After all, the thing that mattered most was to carry out successfully the task assigned to him.

Now all this work had been excellent preparation for the work at the Isthmus. In those days men talked much of the nine years of labor by the French and the expenditure of \$260,000,000, with barely a quarter of the work done, the payment of \$40,000,000 by the United States for the French rights and property, and the local complications by which Panama became independent of Colombia, and for \$10,000,000 sold to the United States a strip of land ten miles wide across the Isthmus. They talked too of the insanitary conditions that Colonel Gorgas was gradually clearing away, so that men could live in health

and comfort in the Canal Zone. But mostly they talked of the fine engineers who went down to Panama and then, after a time, gave up the job because they could not put it through as they thought it should be done. The conflict of authority had become a serious menace to the completion of the project.

Into this situation walked the forty-seven-year-old engineer, now a colonel, with his disarmingly quiet voice that nevertheless meant all of the few words it uttered, and keen eyes that saw many a bit of detail not meant for their scrutiny.

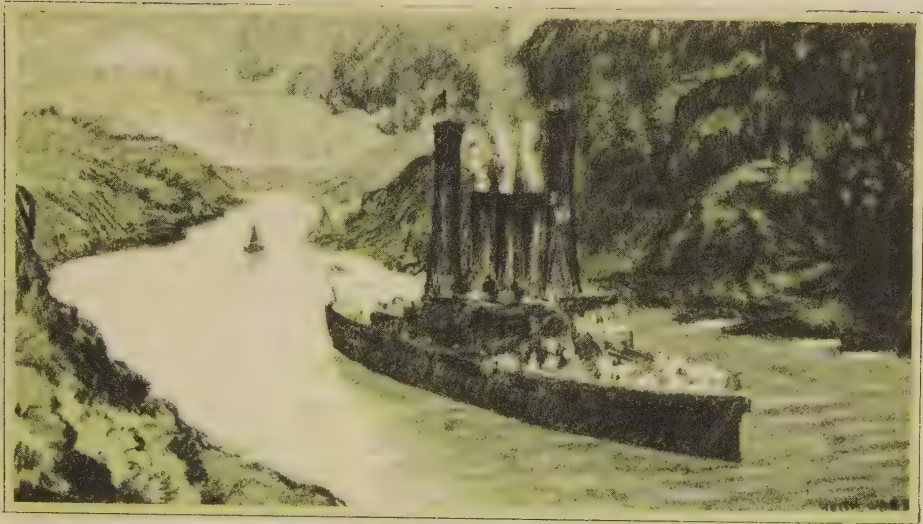
William Hoster thus describes him: "A tall, broad-shouldered ruddy-faced, angular man, soft-voiced, with closely cropped white hair and twinkling gray eyes. I believe in all those seven years (1907-1914) he wore the same shabby gray suit and disreputable soft hat that were familiar along every mile of the canal strip. The job was in the tropics, close to the equator, and he might appropriately have affected "whites" or espoused the khaki and puttees, or the uniform of his rank. But never in all the time he was engaged in relentlessly driving an opening through the backbone of a continent, despite the fact that it was an army job, was he seen in an army uniform."

Yet never did the discipline of army training serve to better purpose. The new engineer became the czar of the Canal Zone. Some of the other army men on the work felt humiliated and tried to oppose the new chief; others, broader-minded, were ready to work with him. Admiral Rousseau and Major General Hodges were among the latter. It was soon evident that the new leader was ready to give men the work they could do best and then leave them with full authority under their chief. There was no petty interference, nor, on his part, did he brook such interference from others. When some visiting congressman commented on the exceptionally good housing given the men and asked how each man's space was determined, Goethals replied that he roughly estimated a foot for each dollar of salary. "I get \$7,500," remarked the congressman. "How much space would I have?"

“Ah, but you wouldn’t be getting \$7,500 down here, you know, sir,” was the dry response.

But the actual workers on the Canal knew that they were getting real appreciation as well as pay. They were treated as human beings should be treated, with comfortable homes, clubs for men and women, libraries, good schools, and sanitary markets, as well as opportunities for social amusement. There were band concerts, motion pictures, athletic meets. The latest books and magazines were to be had; telephones and electric lights were provided; ice cream sodas, fresh meats, fruits and vegetables could be bought at fair prices. Sunday mornings saw men and women from all social groups visiting the home of Colonel Goethals to ask advice or register complaints, and he set aside that time to give individual conferences to all who came. Though the matter might seem trifling to others, he always contended that to the person who brought the trouble, it loomed large and deserved his fair consideration. So they all came: coolies from India, Englishmen, Spaniards, Mexicans, Italians, Americans, both whites and negroes, all sure of a fair hearing and honest treatment. Engineers on private works in the United States complained that Goethals had cornered the market on good workmen for engineering jobs and forced them to offer prohibitive salaries in order to attract men for their work.

But if the Colonel was considerate of individual grievances, he was equally ready to enforce military discipline in carrying out the work of building the Canal. Men who tried to manipulate union rules to dictate what would be done in the “hiring and firing” of workmen, or in any other matter relating to actual management of the Canal project found themselves under sailing orders. They were sent back to the United States at once as undesirable residents of the Canal Zone unless they were willing to accept working orders. Nor would the Colonel brook persons who threatened to undermine the social fabric with illicit liquor selling and gambling. A warning was given, and if that was not promptly heeded, the persons responsible for objectionable conditions



found themselves ordered out on the next vessel leaving port. Nor would he permit any business house to fill orders with goods under standard. Low-grade foodstuffs were returned to the shippers in the United States as promptly as were construction materials that fell below specifications. No business firm could make money by graft while Colonel Goethals was in command.

Goethals saw his work as a whole. Before he had more than started he had in his mind's eye the completed whole. Great landslides might hold up the work; threatened strikes might menace the project, but the chief went doggedly on with his plan. Political wrangling was the only thing he could not brook. When Taft, now Roosevelt's successor to the presidency, asked him whether he could build a lock canal, when men were quarreling as to whether lock or sea-level method were better, Goethals replied, "Mr. President, I can build a sea-level canal if you insist on it, or I can build a lock canal if you want that, and I can pack up my things and go back to the States if the people in Washington don't make up their minds mighty quickly as to just what type of a canal they do want to have built down here."

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And so, just as he planned from the beginning, Goethals built a lock canal as the most reasonable method of handling waters between two great bodies that were on greatly different levels, and would otherwise have made a mill-race in tumult when waters met. At Gatun, nine miles southwest of Colon, a dam eighty-five feet above sea level was built in the Chagres River to control that tidal difference by the formation of a lake behind the dam. Three small dams at Gatun lifted the ships to the lake level whence they could proceed under their own steam through other locks to the Pacific.

Great landslides at Culebra Cut, at Gold, and at Cucuracha Hills hampered the work and made it seem well nigh impossible of completion; the Chagres River had to be tamed and its flow diverted; but when others talked of how it never could be done, Goethals went quietly on seeing that it *was* done. What is more, he envisioned it for larger fleets and greater draught than were common in those days. The engineering work was finished seven months ahead of time and the canal opened to general traffic on August 15, 1914, just as the World War made need for this waterway more imperative than ever before.

Colonel Goethals was appointed first Civil Governor of the reorganized Canal Zone, but two years later, at his own request, he was retired and returned to the United States, only to be drafted for special war service. But men will remember him as the administrator who created a healthful, contented colony in tropic wilds; and as "The Man Who Dug the Ditch," the engineer whose work has saved vessels the long sea journey down around South America and brought the Atlantic and Pacific seaports nearer together by many a day's journey.







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